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# To the Reader.

SEeing theſe Epiſtles are now to the world made publike, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable to the world for my priuate meaning, chiefely for mine owne [illegible] leaſt beeing miſtaken, I fall in hazard of a iuſt and vniuerſall reprehenſion. For

Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent [illegible]
In mala deriſum ſemel exceptumque [illegible]

Three points are eſpecially therefore to be [illegible] why I entitle this worke Englands Heroicall [illegible] why I obſerue not the perſons [illegible] why I haue annexed notes to [illegible] title I hope carrieth reaſon in it ſelfe, For that [illegible] teſt perſons herein were Engliſh, or elſe their [illegible] obtained in Englande. And though (Heroicall) [illegible] vnderſtoode of demi-gods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whoſe parents were ſaid to be the one celeſtiall, the other mortall, yet is it alſo transferred to them, who for the greatnes of minde come neere to Gods. For to be borne of a celeſtiall Incubus, is nothing els but to haue a great and mighty ſpirit, far aboue the earthly weakenes of men, in which ſence Ouid (whoſe imitator I partly profeſſe to be) doth alſo vſe heroicall. For the ſecond, finding none to whom I haue dedicated any two Epiſtles, but haue theyr ſtates ouer-matched by them who are made to ſpeake in the Epiſtles, how euer the order is in dedication, yet in reſpect of theyr [illegible] the cauſe before recited, I hope they ſhall [illegible] ſeeing euery one is the firſt in their particular intereſt, hauing in ſome ſort, ſorted the complexion of the Epiſtles to the character of their iudgments to whom I dedicate them, excepting onely the blameſulnes of the perſons paſsion, in thoſe poynts wherein the paſsion is blameſull. Laſtly, ſuch mutuall difference being betwixt euery one of them, where or how they be marſhaled, how can I be iuſtly appeached of vnaduiſement. For the third, becauſe the worke might in truth be iudged Womaniſh, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue enter-wouen matters hiſtoricall, which vnexplaned, might defraud the minde of much content, as for example, in Queene Margarits Epiſtle to William de la Pole,

My Daizie flower, which once perfum'd the ayre.

Margarite in French ſignifies a Daizie, which for the alluſion to her name, the Queene did giue for her deuiſe; and this as others more, haue ſeemed to me not vnworthy the explaning. Yet in truth no doubt I had neede to excuſe other thinges before theſe, and moſt eſpecially, the reſt I ouerpaſſe to eſchue tediouſneſſe, [illegible] to ſpeake as malicious enuy may, for that in truth [illegible] them. If they be as harmleſly taken as I meant them, it ſhall ſuffice to haue onely touched the cauſe of the title of the dedications, and of the notes. Whereby emboldned to publiſh the reſidue, (theſe not being accounted in mens opinions reliſhleſſe) I ſhall not laſtly be afraid to beleeue or acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. D.

# To M. *Michaell Drayton.*

HOw can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, throwne his Inke away,
Deteſts the world and fortunes of men,
Becauſe they grow more hatefull day by day.
Yet with theſe broken religues, mated mind,
And what a filthy-greeued thought can ſay,
I giue the world to know, I here could find
A worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe verſe, an obiect for the proudeſt eye,
Diſdaine thoſe which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they ſhould [illegible]
The ſecret paſsions of a witty louer.
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe [illegible]
vvhom Beauty ſchooles to [illegible]

Once I had vow'd, (o who can all vowes keepe?)
Hence-forth to ſmother my vnlucky Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dies. Then doe as kindsfolke vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my now-dying-ſtile,
As I haue op'ned thy ſweet babes ere-while.

*E. Sc. Gent.*
*Duris decet [illegible]*

## To M. Michaell Drayton.

Ong haue I wish'd and hop'd my weaker Muſe,
(In nothing ſtrong but my vnhappy loue)
vvould giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the world as named, Poets vſe.
ill her faultleſſe belowe doth refuſe
[illegible] difference of praiſe
ring (like to many) to abuſe,
[illegible] ſhould onely raiſe
[illegible] of mine owne.
y with [illegible] (kind friend) on thee,
[illegible] approu'd, and better fortune knowne,
s me thy Muſe, my loues ſole heire muſt be.
o barren wombe embrace their neighbours young,
o dombe men ſpeake by them that haue a tongue.

*Thomas Haſſall Gent.*

# The Epiſtle of *Roſamond* to King *Henrie* the ſecond.

## The Argument.

Henry *the ſecond of that name, King of England, the ſonne of* Geffrey Plantaginet, *Earle of Aniou, &* Maude *the Empreſſe, hauing by long ſute and princely gifts, wonne (to his vnlawfull deſire) faire* Roſamond, *the daughter of the Lord* VValter Clyfford, *and to auoide the danger of* Ellinor *his iealous Queene, had cauſed a Labyrinth to be made within his pallace at VVoodſtocke, in the center whereof, hee had lodged his beautious paramore. VVhilſt the King is abſent in his wars at Normandie, this poore diſtreſſed Lady, incloſed in this ſolitary place, tucht with remorſe of conſcience, writes vnto the King of her diſtreſſe and miſerable eſtate, vrging him by all meanes and perſwaſions, to cleere himſelfe of this infamie, and her of the griefe of minde, by taking away her wretched life.*

IF yet thine eyes (great *Henry*) may endure
Theſe tainted lynes, drawne with a hand impure,
VVhich faine would bluſh, but feare keepes bluſhes back,
And therefore ſuted in diſpairing black,
This in loues name, ô that theſe lips might craue,
But that ſweet name (vile I) prophaned haue;

Puniſh my fault, or pitty mine eſtate,
Reade it for loue, if not for loue, for hate.
If with my ſhame thine eyes thou faine would'ſt feede,
Here let them ſurfeit, on my ſhame to reede;
This ſcribled paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble mee;
As this pure ground, whereon theſe letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleare and ſpotleſſe was mine innocence,
Now like theſe marks which taint this hatefull ſcroule,
Such the black ſins which ſpot my leprous ſoule.
O *Henry*, why by loſſe thus ſhould'ſt thou win?
To get by conqueſt? to enrich with ſin?
VVhy on my name this ſlaunder dooſt thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a King?
Fame neuer ſtoopes to things but meane and poore,
The more our greatnes, makes our fault the more.
Lights on the ground, themſelues doe leſſen far,
But in the ayre, each ſmall ſparke ſeemes a ſtar.
VVhy on a vvomans frailetie wouldſt thou lay
This ſubtile plot, mine honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy
vvith vile expence of kingly maieſtie?
T'was not my minde conſented to this ill,
Then had I beene tranſported by my will,
For what my body was enforſt to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my ſoule did not conſent vnto;
For through mine eyes, had ſhee her liking ſeene,
Such as my loue, ſuch had my louer beene.
True loue is ſimple, like his mother Truth,

Kindly affection, youth to loue with youth;
No ſharper corſiue to our blooming yeeres,
Then the cold badge of winter-blaſted haires.
Thy kingly power makes to withſtand thy foes,
But canſt not keepe backe age, with time it growes;
Though honour our ambitious ſexe doth pleaſe,
Yet in that honour, age a foule diſeaſe.
Nature hath her free courſe in all, and then,
Age is alike in Kings, and other men,
vvhich all the world will to my ſhame impute
That I my ſelfe did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay that gold was fuell to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling greene deſire,
O no; that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree,
That ſubtile ſerpent, that ſeducing deuill,
vvhich bad me taſte the fruite of good and euill;
That *Circe*, by whoſe magicke I was charm'd,
And to this monſtrous ſhape am thus transform'd;
That viperous hag, the foe to her owne kind,
That wicked ſpirit, vnto the weaker minde;
Our frailties plague, our natures onely curſe,
Hels deep'ſt damnation, the worſt euils worſe.
But *Henrie*, how canſt thou affect me thus
T'whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſſe name, with *Henries* name I found
Cut in the glaſſe with *Henries* Diamond,
That glaſſe from thence faine would I take away,
But then I feare the ayre would me betray;
Then do I ſtriue to waſh it out with teares,
But then the ſame more euident appeares.

Then doe I couer it with my guiltie hand,
VVhich that names witnes doth againſt me ſtand,
Once did I ſinne, which memory doth cherriſh,
Once I offended, but I euer perriſh.
VVhat greefe can be, but time doth make it leſſe?
But infamy time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes to paſſe the tedious irkeſome howres,
I climbe the top of VVoodſtocks mounting towres,
VVhere in a Turret ſecretly I lye
To view from far ſuch as doe trauaile by,
VVhether (me thinks) all caſt their eyes at mee,
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch hate the harmeles wals doe view,
As vnto death their eyes would me purſue.
The maried women curſe my hatefull life,
VVhich wrong a lawfull bed, a Queene, a wife:
The maidens wiſh, I buried quick may die,
The lothſome ſtaine to their virginitie.
VVell know'ſt thou what a monſter I would be,
VVhen thou didſt build thys Labyrinth for me,
VVhoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray:
Onely a Clue to guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I, circuler in ſinne.
As in the Tarras heere this other day
My mayd and I did paſſe the time away,
Mongſt many pictures which we paſſed by,
The ſilly girle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſt *Lucrece* picture, and deſires to know
VVhat ſhe ſhould be herſelfe that murdred ſo?
VVhy girle (quoth I) this is that Romane dame:

Not able then to tel the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltineſſe bewray;
VVith that I ſend the prating girle away,
Leaſt when my liſping guiltie tongue ſhould halt,
My lookes ſhould be the Index to my fault.
As that life blood which from the hart is ſent,
In beauties fielde pitching his crimſon Tent,
In louely ſanguine ſutes the Lilly cheeke,
VVhilſt it but for a reſting place doth ſeeke:
And changing often-times with ſweete delight,
Conuerts the white to red, the red to white.
The louely bluſh, the palenes doth diſtaine,
The palenes makes the bluſh more faire againe;
Thus in my breaſt a thouſand thoughts I carry,
VVhich in my paſsion diuerſly doe varry.
VVhen as the ſun hales towards the VVeſterne ſhade,
And the trees ſhadowes three times greater made,
Forth go I to a little Current neere,
VVhich like a wanton traile creepes here and there,
VVhere with mine angle caſting in my baite,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
VVith fearefull nibling flie th'inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reaſonleſſe thus warnd by nature be,
Yet I deuour'd the baite was layd for me;
Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
The bubling ſpring vvhich trips vpon the ſtones
Chides me away, leaſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that natiue puritie.
*Roſe of the world*, ſo dooth import my name,
*Shame of the world*, my lyfe hath made the ſame;

to th'vnchaſt this name ſhall giuen be,
Of *Roſamond*, deriu'd from ſinne and me.
The *Clyffords* take from me that name of theirs,
Famous for vertue many hundred yeeres.
They blot my birth with hatefull baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuſe,
Nor will a ſtrumpet ſhall theyr name abuſe.
Here in the garden wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine ſtands,
VVith all her Nimphes got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chaunce eſpide her;
This ſacred Image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphoſ'd man purſu'd
By his owne hounds; ſo by my thoughts am I,
vvhich chaſe me ſtill, which way ſo ere I flie.
Touching the graſſe, the honny-dropping dew,
vvhich fals in teares before my limber ſhue,
Vpon my foote conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, vvhy wentſt thou vnto ill?
Thus to no place in ſafetie can I goe,
But euery thing doth giue me cauſe of woe.
In that faire Casket of ſuch wondrous coſt
Thou ſentſt the night before my honour loſt,
*Amimone* was wrought, a harmeleſſe maid,
By *Neptune* that adulterous God betraid:
She proſtrate at his feete begging with prayers,
vvringing her hands, her eyes ſwolne vp with teares;
This was not the entrapping baite of men,
But by thy vertue gently vvarning then;
To ſhew to me for what intent it came,

Leaſt I therein ſhould euer keepe my ſhame.
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
vvas *Ioues* loue *I-o*, turnd into a Cow.
Yet was ſhe kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
So wakefull ſtill be *Iunos* iealouſies;
By this I well might haue fore-warned beene,
T'haue cleerd my ſelfe to thy ſuſpecting Queene,
VVho with more hundred eyes attendeth mee
Then had poore *Argus* ſingle eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitateſt *Ioue*,
Into a beaſt thou haſt transformd thy loue.
Nay worſer farre; (degenerate from kinde)
A monſter, both in body and in mind.
The vvaxen Taper which I burne by night,
vvith his dull vapory dimneſſe mocks my ſight;
As though the dampe which hinders his cleere flame,
Came from my breath, in that night of my ſhame,
vvhen it did burne as darkeneſſe vgly eye,
vvhen ſhot the ſtarre of my virginitie.
And if a ſtarre but by the glaſſe appeare,
I ſtraight intreate it not to looke in heere;
I am alreadie hatefull to the light,
It is enough, betray me not to night.
Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that by onely murdring me;
And let it iuſtly to my charge be ſayd,
Thy royall perſon I would haue betrayd;
Thou ſhalt not neede by circumſtance t'accuſe me,
If I deny it, let the heauens refuſe mee.
My life's a blemiſh which doth cloude thy name,
Take it away, and cleere ſhall ſhine thy fame;

Yeeld to my ſute, if euer pitty moou'd thee,
In this ſhew mercy, as I euer lou'd thee.

---

## *Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.*

*Well knew'ſt thou what a monſter I would bee,*
*When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for mee.*

IN the *Cretean* Labyrinth a monſter was incloſed, called a *Minotaur*, the hiſtory whereof is well knowne, but the Labyrinth vvas framed by *Dedalus*, with ſo many intricate waies, that being entered, one could eyther hardly or neuer returne, being in manner of a maze ſaue that it was larger, the waies being walld in on euery ſide, out of the which *Theſeus* by *Ariadnes* helpe (lending him a clue of thred) eſcaped. Some report that it was a houſe, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue, the chamber doores therein ſo deceitfullie enwrapped, & made to open ſo many ſundry waies, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſſible to returne.

Some haue held it to haue beene an Allegory of mans life, true it is that the compariſon will hold, for what liker to a Labyrinth the the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquitie, that there was indeede ſuch a building, though *Dedalus* being a name applied to the workmans excellencie, make it ſuſpected; for *Dedalus* is nothing els but ingenious, or artificiall. Herevpon it is vſed among the auncient Poets, for any thing curiouſly wrought.

*Roſamonds* Labyrinth, whoſe ruins together with her vvell beeing paued with ſquare ſtone in the bottome, and alſo her Tower from which the Labyrinth did runne, (are yet remaining,) was altogether vnder ground, beeing vaults arched and walled with brick and ſtone, almoſt inextricably wound one within another, by which if at any tyme her lodging were layde about by the queene, ſhee might eaſily auoyde perrill imminent, and if neede bee, by ſecrete iſſues take the ayre abroade, many furlongs round about Woodſtocke in Oxfordſhire, wherein it was ſituated. Thus much for *Roſamonds* Labyrinth.

*Whoſe ſtrange Meanders turned euery way.*

*Meander* is a riuer in *Lydia*, a prouince of *Natolia*, or *Aſia minor*, famous for the ſinuoſitie and often turning thereof, riſing from certaine hils in *Mæonia*, heere-vpon are intricate turnings by a tranſſumptiue and metonimicall kinde of ſpeech, called *Mæanders*, for this Riuer did ſo ſtrangely path it ſelfe, that the foote ſeemed to touch the head.

*Roſe of the world, ſo doth import my name,*
*Shame of the world, my life hath made the ſame.*

It might bee reported, how at *Godstow* where this Roſe of the world was ſumptuouſly interred, a certaine Biſhop in the viſitation of his Dioceſſe, cauſed the monument which had beene erected to her honour, vtterly to be demoliſhed, but be that ſeuere chaſtiſement of *Roſamond* then dead, at this time alſo ouerpaſſed, leaſt ſhe ſhould ſeeme to be the *Shame of the world*.

## *Henry to Roſamond.*

WHen firſt the Poſt arriued in my Tent,
And brought the Letters *Roſamond* had ſent,
Think frō his lips, but what ſweet cōfort came,
VVhē in mine eare he ſoftly breath'd thy name,
Straight I enioyne him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Roſamond* did well;
VVith new inquiries then I cut him ſhort
VVhen of the ſame he gladly would report,
That with the earneſt haſt my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe ſpoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To looſe no time whilſt I vnript the ſeale,
The more I read, ſtill doe I erre the more,
As though miſtaking ſomwhat ſayd before.
Miſsing the point, the doubtfull ſence is broken,
Speaking againe, what I before had ſpoken;
Still in a ſwound, my hart reuiues and faints,
Twixt hopes, diſpaires, twixt ſmiles, and deepe complaints.

As theſe ſad accents ſort in my deſires,
Smooth calmes, rough ſtormes, ſharpe froſtes, and raging fires,
Put on with boldnes, and put backe with feares,
My tongue with curſes, when mine eyes with teares.
O how my hart at that blacke line did tremble,
That blotted paper ſhould thy ſelfe reſemble;
O were there paper but neere halfe ſo white,
The Gods thereon their ſacred lawes would write
vvith pens of Angels wings, and for their inke,
That heauenly nectar, their immortall drinke.
Maieſticke courage ſtriues to haue ſuppreſt
This fearefull paſſion ſtird vp in my breſt,
But ſtill in vaine the ſame I goe about,
My hart muſt breake within, or woes breake out.
Am I at home purſu'd with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?
Is meager Enuy ſtabbing at my throne,
Treaſon attending when I walke alone?
And am I branded with the curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemn'd by dreadfull counſels dombe?
And by the pride of my rebellious ſonne,
Rich Normandy with armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my birth, vnfortunate my life,
Vnkind my children, moſt vnkind my wife.
Griefe, cares, old age, ſuſpition to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me,
So many woes, ſo many plagues to find,
Sicknes of body, diſcontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, ioy interdicted,
Baniſht, diſtreſs'd, forſaken, and afflicted:
Of all releefe hath fortune quite bereft me?

Onely my loue vnto my comfort left me,
And is one beauty thought ſo great a thing,
To mittigate the ſorrowes of a King?
Barr'd of that choiſe the vulgar often proue,
Haue we (then they) leſſe priuiledge in loue?
Is it a King, the wofull widdow heares?
Is it a King, dries vp the Orphans teares?
Is it a King, regards the Clyants cry?
Giues life to him by iuſtice domb'd to dye?
Is it his care, the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the nurſe her baby whilſt it ſleepes?
And that poore King, of all theſe hopes preuented,
Vnheard, vnhelp'd, vnpittied, vnlamented.
Yet let me be with pouerty oppreſt,
Of earthly bleſsings robd, and diſpoſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd, reiected, and reuild,
From Kingdome, Country, and from Court exild;
Let the worlds curſe vpon me ſtill remaine,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt againe;
All miſeries that wretched man may wound,
Leaue for my comfort, onely *Roſamond*,
For thee ſwift time her ſpeedy courſe doth ſtay,
At thy commaund the Deſtenies obey;
Pitty is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feete, euen mercy proſtrate lyes;
If I were feeble, rheumatick or cold,
Theſe were true ſignes that I were waxed old,
But I can march all day in maſſy ſteele,
Nor yet my armes vnweeldy weight doe feele,
Nor wak'd by night, with bruiſe or bloody wound,
The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground;

For very age had I laine bedred long,
One ſmile of thine againe could make me yong.
VVere there in Art a power but ſo diuine
As is in that ſweet Angel-tongue of thine,
That great inchantreſſe which once tooke ſuch paines,
To force young blood in *Æſons* wither'd vaines,
And from groues, mountaines, medowes, marſhe and fen,
Brought all the ſimples were ordaind for men, (weeds,
And of thoſe plants, thoſe hearbes, thoſe flovvers, thoſe
Vſed the roots, the leaues, the iuice, the ſeeds,
And in this powerfull potion that ſhe makes,
Puts blood of men, of beaſts, of birds, of ſnakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone ſo far,
To ſeeke the ſoiles where all thoſe ſimples are,
One accent from thy lips, the blood more warmes,
Then all her philtres, exorciſmes, and charmes.
Thy preſence hath repaired in one day,
VVhat many yeares and ſorrowes did decay,
And made freſh beauties faireſt branches ſpring
From wrinckled furrowes of times ruining.
Euen as the hungry vvinter-ſtarued earth
VVhen ſhe by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day vpon the darke world creepes,
One bloſſome forth after another peepes,
Till the ſmall flower whoſe roote is now vnbound,
Gets from the froſty priſon of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powerfull noone,
Deck'd in freſh colours, ſmiles vpon the ſunne.
Neuer vnquiet care lodg'd in that breſt,
VVhere but one thought of *Roſamond* did reſt;
Nor thirſt, nor trauaile, which on war attend,

Ere brought the long day to deſired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine liue,
VVhere hope of thee, did any comfort giue.
Ah what iniuſtice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltleſſe dooſt condemne for me?
VVhen only ſhe (by meanes of my offence)
Redeemes thy pureneſ, and thy innocence,
VVhen to our wils perforce obey they muſt,
That iuſt in them, what ere in vs vniuſt;
Of what we do, not them account we make,
This ſerues for all; they doe it for our ſake,
And what to worke a Princes will may merrit,
Hath deep'ſt impreſsion in a gentle ſpirit:
Our powerfull wils drawne by attractiue beauty,
They to our wils arm'd by ſubiectiue duty.
And true affection doth no bound reteine,
For this is ſure, firme loue had neuer meane;
And whilſt the cauſe by reaſon is diſputed,
Reaſon it ſelfe, by loue is moſt confuted.
If't be my name that doth thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne names friend;
And if't be that which thou doſt only hate,
That name, in my name, laſtly hath his date.
Say tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it.
Say that of all names tis a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now it is not ſo.
And when all this is done, I know twill greeue thee,
And therefore (ſweet) why ſhould I now beleeue thee?
Nor ſhouldſt thou thinke thoſe eyes with enuy lower,
VVhich paſsing by thee, gaze vp to thy tower,

But rather praiſe thine owne which be ſo cleere,
vvhich from the Turret like two ſtars appeare;
And in their mouings, like a Chriſtall glaſſe,
Make ſuch reflection vnto all that paſſe,
Aboue thy ſunne doth ſhine, beneath thine eyes,
As though two ſunnes at once, ſhin'd in two skyes.
The little ſtreame which by thy tower doth glide,
vvhere oft thou ſpend'ſt the weary euening tide,
To view thee well his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoone away;
And with ſalutes thy ſelfe would gladly greete,
And offer vp thoſe ſmall drops at thy feete;
But finding that the enuious banks reſtraine it,
T'excuſe it ſelfe doth in this ſort complaine it,
And therefore this ſad bubling murmur keepes,
And in this ſort within the channell weepes.
And as thou dooſt into the water looke,
The fiſh which ſee thy ſhadow in the brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine eye.
And that ſweet name which thou ſo much dooſt wrong,
In time ſhall be ſome famous Poets ſong;
And with the very ſweetnes of that name,
Lyons and Tygers, men ſhall learne to tame.
The carefull mother from her penſiue breſt
vvith *Roſamond* ſhall bring her babe to reſt,
The little birds, (by mens continuall ſound)
Shall learne to ſpeake, and prattle *Roſamond*;
And when in Aprill they begin to ſing,
vvith *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the ſpring;
And ſhe in whom all rarities are found,

Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond*.
The little flowers which dropping honied dew,
vvhich (as thou writ'ſt) doe weepe vpon thy ſhue,
Not for thy fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) doe mone,
But weepe for griefe that thou ſo ſoone art gone,
For if thy foote tuch Hemlock as it goes,
That Hemlock's made more ſweeter then the Roſe,
Of *Ioue* or *Neptune* how they did betray,
Nor ſpeake of *I-o*, or *Amimone*,
vvhen ſhe for whom *Ioue* once became a Bull,
Compar'd with thee had beene a tawny trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he, nor ſhe, nere halfe ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou knowſt) my care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealous *Ellenor*;
The Labyrinths conueyance guides thee ſo,
(vvhich only *Vaban*, thou and I doe know)
If ſhe doe guard thee with a hundred eies,
I haue an hundred ſubtile *Mercuries*
To watch that *Argus* which my loue doth keepe,
Vntill eye, after eye, fall all to ſleepe.
Thoſe ſtars looke in by night, looke in to ſee,
vvondring what ſtar here on the earth ſhould be.
As oft the moone amidſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly light,
And by the curtaine help'd mine eye to ſee
vvhat enuious night and darknes hid from mee;
vvhen I haue wiſh'd that ſhe might euer ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enioy the day,
vvhat ſhould I ſay? words, teares, and ſighs be ſpent,
And want of time doth further helps preuent:

My campe reſounds with fearefull ſhocks of war,
Yet in my breaſt the worſer conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignall to the battailes ſound,
The bleſſed name of beautious *Roſamond.*
Accurſed be that hart, that tongue, that breath,
Should thinke, ſhould ſpeake, or whiſper of thy death:
For in one ſmile, or lower from thy ſweet eye,
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victory.
Sweet VVoodſtocke, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Bleſſed in her, in whom thy King is bleſt;
For though in Fraunce a while my body bee,
(Sweet Paradice) my hart remaines in thee.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtory.*

*Am I at home purſued with priuate hate,*
*And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?*

R*Obert* Earle of *Leiceſter*, who tooke part with young King *Henry*, entred into England with an Army of 3. thouſand Flemmings, and ſpoiled the Countries of Norfolke and Suffolke, being ſuccoured by many of the Kings priuate enemies.

*And am I branded with the curſe of Rome?*

King *Henry* the ſecond, the firſt *Plantagenet*, accuſed for the death of *Thomas Becket*, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſlayne in the Cathedrall Church, was accurſed by Pope *Alexander*, although hee vrged ſufficient proofe of his innocencie in the ſame, and offered to take vpon him any pennance, ſo hee might eſcape the curſe and interdiction of the Realme.

*And by the pride of my rebellious ſonne,*
*Rich Normandy with armies ouer-runne.*

*Henry* the young King, whom King *Henry* had cauſed to bee crowned in his life, (as hee hoped) both for his owne good and the good of his Subiectes, which indeede turned to his owne ſorrowe, and the trouble of the whole Realme, for hee rebelled againſt him, and rayſing a power, by the meanes of *Lewes* King of Fraunce, and

William king of Scots who tooke part with him, inuaded Normandy.

*Vnkind my children, most vnkind my wife.*

Neuer King more vnfortunate then King *Henry*, in the disobedience of his children; first *Henry*, then *Geffrey*, then *Richard*, then *Iohn*, all at one time or other, first or last, vnnaturally rebelled against him; then the iealousie of *Ellinor* his queene, who suspected his loue to *Rosamond*, which greeuous troubles the deuout of those times, attributed to happen vnto him iustly, for refusing to take vpon him the gouernment of Ierusalem, offered vnto him by the Patriarke there, which Country was mightily afflicted by the Souldanes.

*Which onely* Vahan *thou and I yet know.*

This *Valyan* was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Pallace at VVoodstocke, and much of the Kings Iewels and treasure, to whom the King committed many of his secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his loue vnto his charge.

FINIS.

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# King *Iohn* to *Matilda*.

## The Argument.

*After that King* Iohn *had assailed by all meanes possible to win the faire and chast* Matilda, *to his vnchast and vnlawfull bedde, and by vniust courses and false accusations had banished the Lord* Robert Fitzwater *her noble Father and many other of his alies, who iustly withstoode the desires of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his faire and vertuous daughter; this chast Lady still solicited by this lasciuious King, flies vnto* Dunmow *in Essex, where in a*

*Dunmow, ſhe becomes a Nun; whether the King (ſtill perſiſting in his ſute) ſolicites her by his Epiſtle; her reply confirmes her vowed and inuincible chaſtitie, making knowne to the King her pure vnſpotted thoughts.*

When theſe my letters come vnto thy view,
Thinke them not forc'd, or faind, or ſtrange, or new,
Thou know'ſt no way, no meanes, no courſe exempted,
Left now vnſought, vnprou'd, or vnattempted,
All rules, regards, all ſecrets, helpes of Arte,
vvhat knowledge, vvit, experience can impart;
And in the old vvorlds Ceremonies doted,
Good dayes for loue, times, howres, & minutes noted;
And where Arte left, loue teacheth more to finde,
By ſignes in preſence to expreſſe the minde.
Oft hath mine eye, told thine eye, beautie grieu'd it,
And begd but for one looke to haue relieu'd it;
And ſtill with thine eyes motion, mine eye mou'd,
Labouring for mercie, telling how it lou'd.
If bluſh'd, I bluſh'd, thy cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whitenes anſwered thine;
If ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, alike both paſsion proue,
But thy ſigh is for griefe, my ſigh for loue;
If a word paſt, that inſufficient were,
To helpe that word, mine eye let forth a teare,
And if that teare did dull or ſenceleſſe proue,
My hart would fetch a ſigh, to make it moue.
Oft in thy face, one fauour from the reſt
I ſingled forth that likes my fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe lik'd before;

Then one that doth deriue all wonder thence,
Then one whoſe rarenes paſſeth excellence.
VVhilſt I behold thy Globe-like rouling eye,
Thy louely cheeke (me thinks) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tels me, thoſe but ſhadowes and ſuppoſes,
And bids me thether come and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to mee,
To come to it, if wonders I will ſee.
Now haue I done, and now thy dimpled chin
Againe doth tell me I but new begin,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy lip,
Leaſt wondring leaſt, the great'ſt I ouerſlip,
My gazing eye, on this and this doth craze,
VVhich ſurfets, yet cannot deſire appeaſe.
Then like I browne, (ô louely browne thy haire)
Onely in brownenes, beautie dwelleth there.
Then loue I blacke, thine eye-ball blacke as Iet,
Then cleere, that ball is there in Chriſtall ſet,
Then white, but ſnow, nor ſwan, nor Iuory pleaſe,
Then are thy teeth more whiter then all theſe;
In browne, in blacke, in purenes, and in white,
All loue, all ſweetes, all rarenes, all delight;
Thus thou vile theefe, my ſtolne hart hence do'ſt carry,
And now thou flieſt into ſanctuary;
Fie peeuiſh girle, ingratefull vnto nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature
That thou her glory ſhould increaſe thereby,
And thou alone dooſt ſcorne ſocietie?
VVhy, heauen made beauty like herſelfe to view,
Not to be lock'd vp in a ſmoky Mew,
A roſy-tainted feature is heauens gold

VVhich all men ioy to touch, all to behold,
It was enacted when the world begun
That ſo rare beautie ſhould not liue a Nun.
But if this vow thou needs wilt vndertake,
O were mine armes a Cloiſter for thy ſake,
Still may his paines for euer be augmented,
This ſuperſtition that at firſt inuented ;
Ill might he thriue that brought this cuſtome hether,
That holy people might not liue together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
vvhen holy women, liu'd with holy men;
But Kings in this, yet priuiledg'd may be,
Ile be a Monke, ſo I may liue with thee;
VVho would not riſe to ring the mornings knell,
vvhen thy ſweet lips might be the ſacring bell?
Or what is he not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips, might feaſt his lips at laſt?
VVho vnto Mattens, early would not riſe,
That might reade by the light of thy faire eyes?
On worldly pleaſures who would euer looke,
That had thy curles his beades, thy browes his booke?
VVert thou the Croſſe, to thee who would not creepe?
And wiſh the croſſe, ſtill in his armes to keepe.
Sweet girle, Ile take this holy habite on me,
Of meere deuotion that is come vpon me ;
Holy *Matilda*, thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy ſeruant, and my bed thy ſhrine,
VVhen I doe offer, be thy breſt the Altar,
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhal be my Pſalter.
The beades that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
VVhich we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes,

And when an *Aue* comes to ſay Amen,
VVe will begin, and tell them or'e againe.
Now all good fortune giue me happy thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t'abſolue thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while,
Thou took'ſt this vow to equall my deſire
Becauſe thou wouldſt haue me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy ſiſter, and a holy brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe vnto me alone,
Shee is moſt chaſt, that's but enioy'd of one.
Yea ; now thy true deuotion doe I find,
And ſure in this I much commend thy minde ;
Elſe hee[illegible] dooſt but ill enſample giue,
And in a Nunny heere thou ſhouldſt not liue.
Is't poſsible the houſe that thou art in
Should not be tucht, (though with a veniall ſin)
VVhen ſuch a ſhee-prieſt comes her maſſe to ſay,
Twentie to one they all forget to pray ?
VVell may we wiſh, they would their harts amend,
vvhen wee be vvitnes that theyr eyes offend,
All creatures haue deſires, or elſe ſome lie,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Dooſt thou not thinke our Anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe religious Cels did firſt deuiſe ?
As Hoſpitals were for the ſore and ſicke,
Theſe for the crook'd, the hault, the ſtigmatick,
Leaſt that their ſeede mark'd with deformitie,
Should be a blemiſh to poſteritie.
VVould heau'n her beautie ſhould be hid from ſight,

Nero

Nere would ſhe thus herſelfe adorne with light,
VVith ſparkling lamps; nor would ſhe paint her throne
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd vpon:
And when the golden glorious ſun goes downe,
vvould ſhee put on her ſtar-beſtudded crowne;
And in her masking ſute the ſpangled skie,
Come forth to bride it in her reuelrie;
And gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that fayre, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer themſelues of purpoſe to be ſeene;
In ſinks and vaults, the vgly Toades doe dwell,
The deuils ſince moſt vgly, they in hell;
Our mother earth, nere glories in her fruite,
Till by the ſun clad in her Tinſel ſute.
Nor doth ſhee euer ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her imbrace:
vvhich proues ſhee hath a ſoule, ſence, and delight
Of generations feeling appetite.
VVell hypocrite (infaith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
vvhat ere thy tongue ſay, thy hart ſaith no leſſe.
Note but this one thing, (if nought els perſwade)
Nature of all things male, and female made,
Shewing herſelfe in our proportion plaine,
For neuer made ſhee any thing in vaine;
For as thou art, ſhould any haue beene thus,
Shee would haue left enſample vnto vs.
The Turtle that's ſo true and chaſt in loue,
Shewes by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue,
Th'arabian Bird, that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſt becauſe ſhee is alone;

But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes doe,
But therefore made a martyr in deſire,
And doth her pennance laſtly in the fire;
So may they all be roſted quicke that be
Apoſtataes to nature, as is ſhe.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(vvoo'd, ſu'd, and ſought by him that now ſeekes thee)
But of thy minde, and heere I vndertake
Straight to erect a Nunry for her ſake;
O hadſt thou taſted of theſe rare delights
Ordaind each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights,
To haue their beauties, and theyr wits admird,
(vvhich is by nature, of your ſexe deſird)
Attended by our traines, our pompe, our port,
Like Gods ador'd abroade, kneeld to in court,
To be ſaluted with the cheerefull cry,
Of highnes, grace, and ſoueraigne maieſty:
But vnto them that know not pleaſures price,
Al's one, a priſon, and a Paradice.
If in a dungion, cloſd vp from the light,
There is no difference twixt the day and night,
vvhoſe pallate neuer taſted daintie cates,
Thinks homely diſhes princely delicates.
Alas poore girle, I pitty thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liu'd diſconſolate;
VVhy now at length let yet thy hart relent,
And call thy Father backe from baniſhment;
And with thoſe princely honours heere inueſt him,
That aukeward loue, not hate hath diſpoſſeſt him.
Call from exile, thy deere alies and friends,

To whom the furie of my griefe extends;
And faſhion take my counſaile in this caſe,
I make no doubt thou ſhalt haue better grace,
And leaue that *Dunmow*, that accurſed Cell,
There let blacke night, and melancholy dwell;
Come to the Court, where all ioyes ſhall receiue thee,
And till that howre, yet with my griefe I leaue thee.

### ❧ *Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.*

THis Epiſtle of K. *Iohn* to *Matilda*, is much more poeticall then hiſtoricall, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the time, or ſtate, touching onely his loue to her, & the extremity of his paſsions forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the humor of this king; as it hath been truly noted by the beſt & moſt autenticall writers; whoſe nature & diſpoſition, is trulieſt diſcerned in the courſe of his loue; firſt ieſting at the ceremonies of the ſeruices of thoſe times, then going about by all ſtrong and probable arguments, to reduce her to pleaſures and delights, next with promiſes of honour, which he thinketh to be laſt and greateſt meane, and to haue greateſt power in her ſexe; with promiſe of calling home of her friends, which hee thought might be a great inducement to his deſires.

## *Matilda* to King *Iohn*.

NO ſooner I, receiu'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But ſuddaine feare my bloodleſſe vaines doth fill,
As though diuining of ſome future ill,
And in a ſhiuering extaſie I ſtood,
A chilly coldnes runnes through all my blood;
Opening thy letters, I ſhut vp my reſt,

And let ſtrange cares into my quiet breſt,
As though thy hard, vnpittying hand had ſent me,
Some new deuiſed torture to torment me;
vvell had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Caſt out with thoſe things thou remembreſt not:
And that proud beauty, which inforſt me hether,
Had with my name, now periſh'd both together:
But ô (I ſee) our hoped good deceaues vs,
But what we would forgoe, that ſildome leaues vs;
Thy blamefull lines, beſpotted ſo with ſin,
Mine eyes would clenſe, ere they to reade begin:
But I to waſh an Indian goe about,
For ill ſo hard ſet on, is hard got out.
I once determind, ſtill to haue beene mute,
Only by ſilence to refell thy ſute,
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For ſome will ſay that ſilence doth conſent:
Deſire, with ſmall incouraging growes bold,
And hope, of euery little thing takes hold.
I ſet me downe at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen, nor paper can I find;
For dread and paſsion, are ſo powerfull ore me,
That I diſcerne not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the waxe,
This at command, and now inuention lacks,
This ſentence ſerues, and that my hand out-ſtrikes,
That pleaſeth well, and this aſmuch miſlikes,
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note;
I hope, diſpaire, take courage, faint, diſdaine,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I faine:

Now thus it muſt be, and now thus; and thus,
Bold, ſhamefaſt, fearleſſe, doubtfull, timerous;
My faint hands writing, when my full eye reedes,
From euery word ſtrange paſsion ſtill proceedes.
O when the ſoule is fettered once in wo,
Tis ſtrange what humors it doth force vs to;
A teare doth drowne a teare, ſigh, ſigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other;
Th'ouer-watched weakenes of a ſicke conceite,
Is that which makes ſmall beauty ſeeme ſo great,
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
vvhich crook'd ſeeme ſtraight, if ſtraight ſeeme contrary,
And this our vaine imagination ſhowes it
As it conceiues it, not as iudgement knowes it,
(As in a Mirrhor, if the ſame be true)
Such as your likenes, juſtly ſuch are you;
But as you change your ſelfe, it changeth there,
And ſhowes you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your ſhadow moue,
If frowne or ſmile; ſuch the conceite of loue.
VVhy tell me, is it poſsible the mind
A forme in all deformity ſhould find?
VVithin the compaſſe of mans face we ſee
How many ſorts of ſeuerall fauors be;
And that the chin, the noſe, the brow, the eye,
If great, if ſmall, flat, ſharpe, or if awry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
And makes a mighty difference in the face;
And in the world, ſcarce two ſo likely are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,

A

A iudging ſight doth ſoone diſtinguiſh either.
How woman-like a weakenes is it then?
O what ſtrange madnes ſo poſſeſſeth men
Bereft of ſence: ſuch ſenceleſſe wonders ſeeing,
vvithout forme, faſhion, certainty or being?
For which ſo many die to liue in anguiſh,
Yet cannot liue if thus they ſhould not languiſh;
That comfort yeelds not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that liues not, and a death that dies not;
That hates vs moſt, when moſt it ſpeakes vs faire,
Doth promiſe all things, alwaies payes with ayre,
Yet ſomtime doth our greateſt griefe appeaſe,
To double ſorrow after little eaſe.
Like that which thy laſciuious will doth craue,
vvhich if once had, thou neuer more canſt haue;
vvhich if thou get, in getting thou dooſt waſt it,
Taken, is loſt, and periſh'd if thou haſt it;
vvhich if thou gain'ſt, thou nere the more haſt won,
I looſing nothing, yet am quite vndon;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King reſtores, though he a kingdom gaue me,
Dooſt thou of father and of friends depriue me?
And tak'ſt thou from me, all that heauen did giue me?
VVhat nature claimes, by blood, alies, or neerenes,
Or friendſhip challenge, by regard or deerenes.
Mak'ſt me an Orphan ere my father die?
A wofull widdow in virginitie?
Is thy vnbrideled luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flattering tongue bewailes my fall.
The dead mans tombe with fained teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill,

To harbor hate in ſhew of ſweeteſt things,
So in the Roſe the poiſned ſerpent ſtings.
To lurke far off, yet lodge deſtruction by,
The Baſiliske doth poyſon with the eye;
To call for ayde, and then to lie in waite,
So the Hiena murthers by deceit;
By ſweet inticements, ſodaine death to bring,
So from the Rocks th'alluring Mermaids ſing;
In greateſt wants, t'inflict the greateſt woe,
This is the worſt that tiranny can doe.
But where the boiſtrous raging ſtorme preuailes,
In vaine is vſe of Ankors, oares, or ſailes;
Aboue vs, bluſtring winds, and dreadfull thunder,
Guſts, flawes, and ſurges, ſtill are working vnder;
Here on this ſide, the furious tempeſts flie,
There Rocks and ſands, and dangerous whir-pooles lie.
Is this the meane that maieſty approues,
And in this ſort doe Princes wooe their loues?
VVith rareſt muſick, which the hearing charmes,
Fill they our eares, with noiſe of clattering Armes?
To pleaſe the ſmell with odours ſweet perfuming,
The ſmoky ſteame, of Towers with fire conſuming?
For pompous triumphs, to delight the eye,
Preſent vs murther, and black tragedie?
To pleaſe the taſte, and ſtir the youthfull blood,
Giue they vs teares for drink, and ſighs for food,
To pleaſe the tuch, they cares to vs allow?
Our hands may feele the wrinckles in our brow,
And for ſweet friends to nouriſh our content,
Mue they vs vp, ſend them to baniſhment.
Mildnes would better ſute with maieſty,

Then raſh reuenge, and rough ſecurity;
For vertue is more amiable, more ſweet
vvhen vertue, and true maieſty doe meet;
For from the proſpect of a kingly throne
Vertue ſees much, ſhe hath to build vpon.
O in what ſafety Temperance doth reſt
vvhen it findes harbour in a kingly breſt;
How deere is mercy, hauing power and will,
vvhen pitty helps where equity doth kill?
If pitty praiſefull in vnhelping men,
In powerfull Kings, how glorious is it then?
Alas, and fled I hether from my fo,
That innocence ſhould be betrayed ſo?
Is Court and Countrey both her enemy,
And no place found to ſhroud in chaſtity?
Each houſe for luſt, a harbor and an Inne,
Each Citty is a ſanctuary for ſinne;
And all doe pitty beauty in diſtreſſe,
If beauty chaſt, then only pittileſſe.
And thus is beauty made the ſtale of luſt,
Or vnreleeued, periſh needes ſhe muſt.
Laciuious Poets, which abuſe the truth,
vvhich oft teach age to ſin, infecting youth,
For the vnchaſt make trees and ſtones to mourne,
Or as they pleaſe, to other ſhapes doe turne:
*Cinyras* daughter, whoſe inceſteous mind,
Made her wrong nature, and diſhonour kind;
Long ſince by them is turnd into a Mirrh,
vvhoſe dropping liquor euer weepes for her:
And in a fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault ſo vile, and monſterous before,

Si

*Silla*, which once her father did betray,
Is now a bird, (if all be true they ſay.)
Shee that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamorphiz'd into Frankenſence.
Other, to flowers, to odours, and to gum,
At leaſt *Ioues* Lemmon is a ſtar become:
And more; they faine a thouſand fond excuſes,
To hide their ſcapes and couer their abuſes,
The virgine onely they obſcure and hide,
vvhilſt the vnchaſt, by them are deifide;
Yet if a *Veſtals* name be once expreſt,
She muſt be ſet together with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
That fauour ſoone is vaniſhed and paſt;
That Roſie-bluſh, lapp'd in a Lilly-vale,
Now with the Morphew ouer-growne and pale,
And downe my cheeks with ſhowers of ſwelling teares,
Remaine the furrowes that continuance weares,
And in the circles of my withered eyes,
In aged wrinkles beauty buried lyes:
And in my grace, my preſence, ieſture, cheere,
Ruine, diſtreſſe, woe, anguiſh, doth appeare.
That breſt, that hand, that cheeke, that eye, that brow,
Faded, decayed, fallen, darkned, wrinkled now:
Such was my beauty once, now is it ſuch,
Once thought moſt rare, now altred more then much:
Nor I regard all that thou canſt proteſt,
My vowe is taken, I a Nun profeſt,
This *Veſtall* habite doth content me more
Then all the robes that yet I euer wore.
Had *Roſamond*, (a recluſe of our ſort)

Taken our Cloiſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy vale,
vvhich ſhe (alas) too looſely ſet to ſale,
She neede not like an vgly Minotaur,
Haue beene lock'd vp from iealious *Ellinor*,
But beene as famous by thy mothers wrongs,
As by thy father ſubiect to all tongues.
To ſhadow ſinne, might can the moſt pretend,
Kings, but the conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger hand reſtraines our wilfull powers,
A will muſt rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine deſires doe wooe
For vertues ſake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my Father choſe to liue exild,
Before his eyes ſhould ſee my youth defild?
And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Towers and Caſtles razd with fire:
Yet neuer tuch'd with griefe, ſo onely I,
Exempt from ſhame might with true honour die.
And ſhall this iewell which ſo deerely coſt,
Now after all, by my diſhonour loſt?
No, no, his reuerend words, his holy teares,
Yet in my ſoule too deepe impreſſion beares:
No, no, his fare-well at his laſt depart,
More deepely is ingrauen in my hart,
Nor ſhall that blot, by me his name ſhall haue,
Bring his gray haires with ſorrow to his graue,
Rather with pitty weepe vpon my Tombe,
Then for my birth to curſe my mothers wombe,
Though *Dunmowe* giue no refuge heere at all,
*Dunmowe* can giue my body buriall.

If all remorſeleſſe, no teare-ſhedding eye,
My ſelfe will moane my ſelfe; ſo liue, ſo dye.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

THis Epiſtle, containeth no particuler points of hiſtory, more then the generality of the argument layeth open, for after the baniſhment of the Lord *Robert Fitzwater*, and that *Matilda* was become a Recluſe at Dunmowe, (from whence this reply is imagined to bee written,) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his ſute, *Matilda* with this chaſt & conſtant deniall, hopeth yet at length to find ſome comfortable remedy, & to rid her ſelfe of doubts, by taking vpon her this monaſtick habite, & to ſhew that ſhe ſtill beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his luſt, ſhe remembreth him of her fathers baniſhment, & the lawleſſe exile of her alies and friends.

*Doſt thou of Father and of friends depriue me?*

Then complaining of her diſtreſſe, that flying thether, thinking there to find ſeleefe, ſhe ſees her relfe moſt aſſayld where ſhee hoped to haue found moſt ſafety.

*Alas, and fled I hether from my foe,*
*That, &c,*

After againe, ſtanding vpon the preciſe points of conſcience, not to caſt off this habite ſhe had taken.

*My vow is taken, I a Nun profeſt.*

And at laſt laying open more particulerly the miſeries ſuſtained by her Father in England, the burning of his Caſtles and houſes, which ſhe proueth to be for her ſake: as reſpecting onely her honor, more then his natiue Countrey and his owne fortunes.

*And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,*
*Behold his Towers and Caſtles ſet on fire.*

Knitting vp her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant reſolution.

*Though* Dunmow *giue no refuge heere at all,*
Dunmow *can giue my body buriall.*

FINIS.

# To the vertuous Lady, the Ladie *Anne Harrington*: wife to the honourable Gentleman, Sir Iohn Harrington Knight.

*MY ſinguler good Lady, your many vertues known in generall to all, and your gracious fauours to my vnwoorthy ſelfe, haue confirmed that in me, which before I knewe you, I onely ſawe by the light of other mens judgements. Honour ſeated in your breaſt, findes herſelfe adorned as in a rich pallace, making that excellent which makes her admirable; which like the ſunne (from thence) begetteth moſt precious things of this earthly worlde, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. VVorth is beſt diſcerned by the worthy, deiected mindes want that pure fire which ſhould giue vigor to vertue. I referre to your great thoughts, (the vnpartiall Iudges of true affection) the vnfained zeale I haue euer borne to your honorable ſeruice; and ſo reſt your Ladiſhips humbly at commaund.*

Michaell Drayton.

# Queene *Iſabell* to *Mortimer*.

## The Argument.

*Queene* Iſabell, *(the wife of* Edward *the ſecond, called* Edward Carnaruan,*) being the daughter of* Phillip de Beau, *King of Fraunce, forſaken by the King her husbande, who delighted onely in the company of* Piers Gaueſton, *his minion and fauorite; and after his death ſeduced by the euill counſaile of the* Spenſers. *This Queene thus left by her husband, euen in the glory of her youth, drew into her eſpeciall fauour* Roger Mortimer, *Lorde of VVigmore, a man of a mightie and inuincible ſpirit. This Lord* Mortimer *riſing in armes againſt the King, with* Thomas *Earle of Lancaſter, and the Barons, was taken ere he could gather his power, and by the King committed to the Tower of London. During his impriſonment, he ordained a feaſt in honor of his birth-day, to which he inuited* Sir Stephen Segraue, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and the reſt of the officers, where, by meanes of a drinke prepared by the Queene, he caſt them all into a heauie ſleepe, and with ladders of cords beeing ready prepared for the purpoſe, he eſcapeth, and flieth into Fraunce, whether ſhee ſendeth this Epiſtle, complaining her owne misfortunes, and greatly reioycing at his ſafe eſcape.*

THough ſuch ſweet comfort comes not now from her
As Englands Queene hath ſent to *Mortimer*,
Yet what that wants, which might my power approue,
If lines can bring, this ſhall ſupply with loue.

Me thinks affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume theſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I faine would finde the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhewes me where the error is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeſſeth euery ſence,
But finding thy deere blood preſeru'd thereby,
And in thy life, my long-wiſh'd liberty,
VVith that ſweet thought my ſelfe I onely pleaſe
Amidſt my griefe; which ſometimes giues me eaſe,
Thus doe extreameſt ils a ioy poſſeſſe,
And one woe makes another woe ſeeme leſſe.
That bleſſed night, that milde aſpected howre,
vvherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the Tower,
Shall conſecrated euer-more remaine;
VVhat gentle Planet in that howre did raigne,
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
VVhich was chiefe Lord of the Aſcendant then.
O how I feard that ſleepie iuyce I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent;
Or that ſome vnſeene miſtery might lurke,
vvhich wanting order, kindly ſhould not worke;
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadfull poyſoned lees
That cloſ'd the euer-waking Dragons eyes,
Or I had had thoſe ſence-bereauing ſtalkes
That grow in ſhady *Proſerpines* darke walkes;
Or thoſe blacke weedes on *Lethe* bankes below,
Or *Lunary* that doth on *Latmus* flow;
Oft did I feare this moiſt and foggy Clime,
Or that the earth, waxt barraine now with time
Should not haue hearbes to helpe me in this caſe,

Such as doe thriue on Indias parched face.
That morrow, when the bleſſed ſunne did riſe,
And ſhut the lids of all heauens leſſer eyes,
Forth from my pallace by a ſecret ſtaire
I ſteale to Thames, as though to take the ayre;
And aske the gentle flood as it doth glide,
Or thou didſt paſſe, or perriſh by the tide?
If thou didſt perriſh, I deſire the ſtreame
To lay thee ſoftly on her ſiluer teame,
And bring thee to mee to the quiet ſhore,
That with her teares, thou might'ſt haue ſome teares more.
VVhen ſuddainly doth riſe a rougher gale,
vvith that (me thinks) the troubled waues looke pale,
And ſighing with that little guſt that blowes,
vvith this remembrance ſeeme to knit their browes.
Euen as this ſuddaine paſsion doth affright me,
The cheerefull ſunne breakes from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottome euident appeare,
As it would tell me, that thou waſt not there,
VVhen as the water flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeeme to tell me, thou art ſafe on land.
Did Bulloyne once a feſtiuall prepare
For England, Almaine, Cicile, and Nauarre?
VVhen Fraunce enuied thoſe buildings (onely bleſt)
Grac'd with the Orgies of my bridall feaſt,
That Engliſh *Edward* ſhould refuſe my bed
For that inceſtuous ſhameles *Ganimed*?
And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To ſet that girle-boy, wanton *Gaueſton*,
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glaſſe aſſures me no ſuch difference is,

That a foule vvitches baſtard ſhould thereby
Be thought more worthy of his loue then I.
VVhat doth auaile vs to be Princes heires,
vvhen we can boaſt our birth is onely theirs?
VVhen baſe diſſembling flatterers ſhall deceiue vs,
Of all our famous Aunceſtors did leaue vs;
And of our princely iewels and our dowers,
vvee but enioy the leaſt of vvhat is ours;
vvhen Minions heads muſt weare our Monarches crowns,
To raiſe vp dunghils with our famous townes;
VVhen beggers-brats are wrapt in rich perfumes,
And ſore aloft, impt with our Eagles plumes;
And ioynd with the braue iſſue of our blood,
Alie the kingdome to their crauand brood.
Did *Lonſhankes* purchaſe with his conquering hand,
Albania, Gaſcoyne, Cambria, Ireland?
That young *Carnaruan* (his vnhappy ſonne)
Should giue away all that his Father wonne?
To back a ſtranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue alies and branches of the crowne?
And did great *Edward*, on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterward ſhould liue,
That that proude *Gaſcayne*, baniſhed the Land,
No more ſhould tread vpon the Engliſh ſand?
And haue theſe great Lords in the quarrell ſtood,
And ſeald his laſt will with theyr deereſt blood,
That after all this fearefull maſſaker,
The fall of *Beuchamp, Laſy, Lancaſter*,
Another faithleſſe fauorite ſhould ariſe
To cloude the ſunne of our Nobilities?
And gloried I in *Gaueſtons* great fall,

That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceede in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
vvhich in his place and Empire ſhould ſucceede;
That wanting one a kingdoms wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, this now ſhall make an end;
To waſt all that our father won before,
Nor leaue our ſonne a ſword to conquer more.
Thus but in vaine we fondly doe reſiſt,
VVhere power can doe (euen) all things as it liſt,
And with vniuſt men to debate of lawes,
Is to giue power to hurt a rightfull cauſe;
VVhilſt parliaments muſt ſtill redreſſe their wrongs,
And we muſt ſtarue for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fuell to their fond exceſſe,
And we muſt faſt to feaſt their wantonneſſe.
Think'ſt thou our wrongs then inſufficient are
To moue our brother to religious war?
And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine;
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all accur, to put backe all excuſe.
The Siſters wrong, ioynd with the brothers right,
Me thinks might vrge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe people ſenceleſſe of our harmes
vvhich for our country oft haue manag'd armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot?
Or the bold Brittaines loſt the vſe of ſhot?
The big-bon'd Almaines, and ſtout Brabanders,
Their warlike Pikes, and ſharp-edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the Pickards let their Croſbowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Theſſalie?

Or if a valiant Leader be theyr lack,
vvhere thou art preſent, who ſhould driue them backe?
I doe coniure thee by what is moſt deere,
By that great name of famous *Mortimer*,
By ancient *VVigmors* honorable Creſt,
The Tombes where all thy famous Grandſires reſt;
Or if then theſe, what more may thee approue,
Euen by thoſe vowes of thy vnfained loue,
That thy great hopes may moue the Chriſtian King,
By forraine Armes ſome comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of traytors that rebell
Againſt the right of princely *Iſabell*.
Vaine vvitleſſe woman, why ſhould I deſire
To adde more ſpleene to thy immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To ſhake the pillers of thine owne eſtate,
vvhen whatſoeuer we intend to doe,
To our misfortune euer ſorts vnto;
And nothing els remaines for vs beſide,
But teares and Coffins onely to prouide,
VVhen ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* beares that name
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerued ſhame;
And whilſt cleere Trent her wonted courſe ſhall keepe,
For our ſad fall, her chriſtall drops ſhall weepe.
All ſee our ruine on our backs is throwne,
And to our ſelues our ſorrowes are our owne,
And *Torlton* now whoſe counſell ſhould direct,
The firſt of all is ſlandred with ſuſpect;
For dangerous things diſſembled ſildome are
vvhich many eyes attend with buſie care.
VVhat ſhould I ſay? my griefes do ſtill renew,

And but begin when I ſhould bid adiew,
Few be my words, but manifold my woe;
And ſtill I ſtaie, the more I ſtriue to goe.
As accents iſſue forth, griefes enter in,
And where I end, me thinks I but begin;
Till then faire time ſome greater good affords,
Take my loues payment in theſe ayrie words.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.*

*O how I feard that ſleepie drinke I ſent,*
*Might yet want power to farther thine intent.*

MOrtimer beeing in the Tower, and ordayning a feaſt in honour of his birth-day, as he pretended, and inuiting there-vnto Sir *Stephen Segraue* Conſtable of the Tower, with the reſt of the officers belonging to the ſame, he gaue them a ſleepie drinke, prouided him by the queene, by which meanes he got liberty for his eſcape.

*I ſteale to Thames, as though to take the ayre,*
*And aske the gentle ſtreame as it doth glide,*

*Mortimer* being got out of the Tower, ſwam the riuer of Thames into Kent, whereof ſhe hauing intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three yeeres.

*Did Bulloyne once a feſtiuall prepare,*
*For England, Almaine, Cicile and Nauarre?*

*Edward Carnaruan*, the firſt prince of Wales of the Engliſh blood, married *Iſabell*, daughter of *Phillip* the faire, at Bulloyne, in the preſence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicile, with the chiefe Nobility of Fraunce, and Englande, which marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding pompe and magnificence.

*And in my place, vpon his regall throne,*
*To ſet that girle boy, wanton* Gaueſton.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonneſſe of *Gaueſton*, the Kings Minion; his behauiour and attire euer ſo womanlike, to pleaſe the eye of his laſciuious Prince.

*That a foule witches baſtard ſhould thereby,*

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobility, in the diſgrace of *Piers Gaueſton*, that his mother was conuicted of witchcraft, & burned for the ſame, and that *Piers* had bewitched the King.

*Albania, Gaſcoyne, Cambria, Ireland.*

Albania, Scotland ſo called of *Albanact*, the ſecond ſonne of *Brutus*, and Cambria, Wales, ſo called of *Camber* the third Sonne, the foure Realms & Countries, brought in ſubiection by *Edward Longſhanks.*

*When of our Princely iewels and our dowers,*
*We but enioy the leaſt of what is ours,*

A complaint of the prodigality of King *Edward*, giuing vnto *Gaueſton* the iewels & treaſure which was left him by the auntient kings of England; & enriching him with the goodly Manor of Wallingford, aſſigned as parcell of the dower, to the Queens of this famous Ile.

*And ioynd with the braue iſſue of our blood,*
*Alie our kingdome to their crauand brood.*

*Edward* the ſecond, gaue to *Piers Gaueſton* in mariage, the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Glocester, begotte of the Kings ſiſter, *Ioane* of Acres, married to the ſaid Earle of Glocester.

*Should giue away all that his father wone*
*To backe a ſtranger.*

King *Edward* offered his right in Fraunce to *Charles* his brother in law, and his right in Scotland to *Robert Bruſe*, to be ayded againſt the Barrons, in the quarrell of *Piers Gaueſton.*

*And did great Edward on his death-bed giue.*

*Edward Longſhanks* on his death-bed at Carlile, commanded yong *Edward* his ſonne on his bleſsing, not to call backe *Gaueſton*, which (for the miſguiding of the Princes youth) was before baniſhed by the whole counſell of the land.

*That after all this fearefull maſſaker,*
*The fall of* Beuchamp, Laſy, Lancaſter.

*Thomas*, Earle of Lancaſter, *Guy*, Earle of Warwick, & *Henry* Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their oaths before the deceaſed King at his death, to withſtand his ſonne *Edward* if hee ſhould call *Gaueſton* from exile, being a thing which he much feared: now ſeeing *Edward* to violate his fathers commandement, riſe in Armes againſt the king, which was the cauſe of the ciuill war, & the ruine of ſo many Princes.

*And gloried I in* Gaueſtons *great fall,*
*That now a* Spenſer *ſhould ſucceede in all.*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the Father & the Sonne, after the death of *Gaueſton*, became the great fauorits of the king, the ſonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the Father Earle of Wincheſter.

*And if they were, yet* Edward *doth detaine*
*Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine.*

*Edward Longſhanks*, did homage for thoſe Citties and Territories to the French King, which *Edward* the ſecond neglecting, moued the French king, by the ſubordination of *Mortimer*, to ceaſe thoſe Countries into his hands.

*By auntient* Wigmores *honourable Creſt.*

*Wigmore* in the marches of Wales, was the auntient houſe of the *Mortimers*, that noble and couragious family.

*That ſtill ſo long as* Borrough *beares that name.*

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrow giuen to the Barrons, by *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of Carlill, at Borrough bridge, after the battaile at Burton.

*And* Torlton *now, whoſe counſels ſhould direct.*

This was *Adam Torlton*, Biſhop of Herford, that great Polititian, who ſo highly fauored the faction of the Queene & *Mortimer*, whoſe euill counſell afterward wrought the deſtruction of the king.

## *Mortimer* to Queene *Iſabel*.

AS thy ſalutes my ſorrowes doe adiourne,
So backe to thee their intereſt I returne;
Though not in ſo great bounty (I confeſſe)
As thy heroicke princely lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death?
From murthers rage thou didſt me once repriue,

Now in exile, my hopes thou dooſt reuiue;
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I giue it back to you;
Nere my eſcape had, I aduentur'd thus,
As did the skie-attempting *Dædalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafety to my flight,
Haue made a night of day, a day of night.
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring wall,
vvhich held without, my hopes; within, my fall;
Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eyes with feare to looke vpon;
But that thy beauty (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine.
Drawne by the ſunne of thy celeſtiall eyes,
vvith fiery wings made paſſage through the skyes:
The heauens did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtopt her tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd her that it ſhould be ſo;
The hollow murmuring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, whilſt all things ſlept;
One billow bore me, and another draue me,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue me;
The briſling Reedes, mou'd with the ayre did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to bide me,
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauy cheere,
And would not let one little ſtar appeare,
But ouer all, her ſmoky mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled vp the world;

And the pure ayre became ſo calme and ſtill
As it had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing diſpos'd vnto my reſt,
As when on Seas the *Alcion* builds her neſt.
And thoſe rough waues which late with fury ruſht,
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſodainly are huſht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his ſurges out ſo long
As Nature is in bringing forth her yong;
Nor let the *Spenſers* glory in my chance
That thus I liue an exile now in France:
That I from England baniſhed ſhould be,
But England rather baniſhed from me:
More were her want, France our great blood ſhould beare,
Then Englands loſſe ſhould be to *Mortimer*.
My Grandſire was the firſt ſince *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-table laſtly did ordaine;
To whoſe great Court at Kenelworth did come
The peereleſſe knighthood of all Chriſtendome:
vvhoſe Princely order, honored England more
Then all the conqueſts ſhe atchiu'd before.
Neuer durſt Scot ſet foot on Engliſh ground,
Nor on his backe did Engliſh beare a wound,
vvhilſt *VVigmore* flouriſht in our Princely hopes,
And whilſt our Enſigne march'd with *Edwards* troupes:
vvhilſt famous *Longſhanks* bones (in fortunes ſcorne)
As ſacred reliques to the field were borne;
Nor euer did the valiant Engliſh doubt,
vvhilſt our braue battailes guarded them about.
Nor did our wiues and wofull mothers mourne
The Engliſh blood that ſtained *Banocksburne*,
vvhilſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,

vvhole dayes and nights in banqueting were ſpent:
Vntill the Scots (which vnder ſafegard ſtood)
Made lauiſh hauocke of the Engliſh blood:
And battered helmes lay ſcattered on the ſhore,
vvhere they in conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand kingdoms will we ſeeke from far,
As many Nations waſt with ciuill war,
vvhere the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-nimph ſings,
Or wel-rigd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their ankers through the ſandy foame,
About the world in euery Clime to roame,
And thoſe vnchriſtned Countries call our owne,
vvhere ſcarce the name of England hath been knowne;
And in the dead-ſea ſinke our houſes fame,
From whoſe ſterne waues we firſt deriu'd our Name,
Before foule black-mouth'd infamy ſhall ſing
That *Mortimer* ere ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd fury backe,
To ſeeke his ſpoile, who ſought our vtter ſacke:
And come to beard him in our natiue Ile,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile.
And after all theſe boiſtrous ſtormy ſhocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulky Rocks.
Nor will we come like Pyrats, or like theeues,
From mountaine Forreſts, or ſea-bordering Cleeues,
But fright the ayre with terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field aduance our plumy Creſt,
And march vpon faire Englands flowry breſt;
And Thames which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy treſſes on her brim,

Shall beare my Nauy, vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the powerfull tide;
vvhich fertile Eſſex, and faire Kent ſhall ſee,
Spreading her flags along the pleaſant lee,
vvhen on her ſtemming poopes ſhe proudly beares,
The famous Enſignes of the Belgicke peeres.
And for the hatefull ſacreligious ſin
vvhich by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,
The Cannon text ſhall haue a common gloſſe,
Receits in parcels, ſhall be paid in groſſe.
This doctrine preach'd, *who from the Church doth take,*
*At leaſt ſhall treble reſtitution make*:
For which Rome ſends her curſes out from far,
Through the ſterne throate of terror-breathing war,
Till to th'vnpeopled ſhores ſhe brings ſupplies
Of thoſe induſtrious Romaine Colonies.
And for his homage, by the which of old
Proud *Edward* Guyne and Aquitaine doth hold,
*Charles* by inuaſiue armes againe ſhall take,
And ſend the Engliſh forces o're the Lake;
vvhen *Edwards* fortune ſtands vpon this chaunce,
To looſe in England, or expuls'd from Fraunce;
And all thoſe townes great *Longſhanks* left his ſon,
Now loſt againe, which once his father won.
VVithin their ſtrong percullisd Ports ſhall lie,
And from their wals his ſieges ſhall defie.
And by that firme and vndiſſolued knot,
Betwixt the neighbouring French, and bordering Scot,
*Bruſe* now ſhall bring his redſhanks from the ſeas,
From th'Iled Orcad's, and the Hebrydes,
And to his VVeſterne Hauens giue free paſſe,

To land the warlike Iriſh *Galiglaſſe*:
Marching from Tweed to ſwelling Humber ſands,
vvaſting along the Northerne netherlands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his power ſuſtaine,
Conſum'd with ſlaughter in his bloody raigne,
Our warlike ſword ſhall driue him from his throne,
vvhere he ſhall lie for vs to tread vpon:
And thoſe great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh Saints,
And by the ſuperſtitious people, thought,
That by their Reliques, miracles are wrought,
And thinke that flood much vertue doth retaine,
vvhich tooke the blood of famous *Bohun* ſlaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhor their King.
Nor ſhall a *Spenſer* (be he nere ſo great)
Poſſeſſe our VVigmore, our renowned ſeate,
To raze the auntient Trophies of our race,
vvith our deſerts their monuments to grace;
Nor ſhall he leade our valiant marchers forth,
To make the *Spenſers* famous in the North:
Nor be the Gardants of the Brittiſh pales,
Defending England, and preſeruing VVales.
At firſt our troubles ſeemed calme enough,
But now are growne more boyſtrous and more rough,
vvith graueſt counſell all muſt be directed,
vvhere plaineſt ſhewes are openly ſuſpected;
For where miſhaps our errors doth aſſault,
There doth it eaſilieſt make vs ſee our fault.
Then (ſweet) repreſſe all fond and wilfull ſpleene,
Two things to be a woman, and a Queene:

Keepe cloſe the cyndars, leaſt the fire ſhould burne,
It is not this which yet muſt ſerue our turne.
And if I doe not much miſtake the thing,
The next ſupply ſhall greater comfort bring;
Till when I leaue my Princeſſe for a while,
Liue thou in reſt, though I liue in exile.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

*Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death.*

ROger Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had ſtoode publiquely condemned, for his inſurrection with *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter, and *Bohun* Earle of Herford, by the ſpace of three moneths; and as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to haue beene ſhortly after, which he preuented by his eſcape.

*Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue.*

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* Lord of Wigmore, and his vncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the Weſt, the queene (by meanes of *Torlton* Biſhop of Hereford, and *Becke* Biſhop of Dureſme and Patriarke of Ieruſalem, beeing then both mighty in the ſtate, vpon the ſubmiſſion of the *Mortimers*, ſomewhat pacified the king, and now ſecondly ſhe wrought meanes for his eſcape.

*Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone,*

With ſtrong ladders made of cords prouided him for the purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower; which when the ſame were found faſtened to the wals, in ſuch a deſperate attempt they bred aſtoniſhment to the beholders.

*Nor let the* Spenſers *glory in my chance.*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the Father and the ſonne, then beeing ſo highly fauored of the King, knew that their greateſt ſafety came by his exile, whoſe high and turbulent ſpirit, could neuer brook any corriuall in greatnes.

*My Grandſire was the firſt ſince* Arthurs *raigne,*
*That the round-table laſtly did ordaine.*

*Roger Mortimer*, called the great Lorde *Mortimer*, Grandfather to this *Roger*, which was afterwarde the first Earle of March, reerected againe the Round-table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of King *Arthurs* table, with the retinue of a hundred Knights, and a hundred Ladyes in his house, for the entertayning of ſuch aduenturers as came thether from all parts of Chriſtendome.

*Whilſt famous* Longſhanks *bones in fortunes ſcorne,*

*Edward Long-ſhankes* willed at his death, that his body ſhoulde bee boyled the fleſh from the bones, and that the bones ſhould be borne to the warres in Scotland, which he was perſwaded vnto by a prophecie, which told that the Engliſh ſhould ſtill be fortunate in conqueſt, ſo long as his bones were carried in the field.

*The Engliſh blood that ſtained* Banocksburne.

In the great voyage *Edward* the ſecond made againſt the Scots, at the battell at Striueling, neere vnto the riuer of Banocksburne in Scotland, where there was in the Engliſh campe ſuch banquetting & exceſſe, ſuch riot and miſorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduantage) gaue to the Engliſh a great ouerthrow.

*And in the Dead-ſea, ſinck our houſes fame,*
*From whoſe, &c.*

*Mortimer*, ſo called of *Mare Mortuum*, & in French *Mortmer*, in Engliſh the *Dead-ſea*, which is ſaid to be where Sodome & Gomorra once were, before they were deſtroyed by fire from heauen.

*And for that hatefull ſacriligious ſin,*
*Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in.*

*Gauſtelinus* and *Lucas*, two Cardinals, ſent into England frō Pope *Clement*, to appeaſe the ancient hate betweene the King and *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter, to whoſe Embaſſy the King ſeemed to yeeld, but after theyr departure he went backe from his promiſes, for which he was accurſed at Rome.

*Of thoſe induſtrious Romaine Colonies.*

A Colony is a ſort or number of people, that come to inhabite a place before not inhabited, whereby he ſeemeth here to prophecie of the ſubuerſion of the Land: the Pope ioyning with the power of other Princes, againſt *Edward*, for the breach of his promiſe.

Charles *by inuaſiue armes againe ſhall take*

*Charles* the French King, mooued by the wrong doone vnto hys ſiſter, ceazeth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of England, into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by *Mortimer*, who ſolicited her cauſe in Fraunce, as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the gloſſe vpon this poynt.

*And thoſe great Lords now after their attaints,*
*Canonized amongſt the Engliſh Saints.*

After the death of *Thomas* Earle of Lancaſter at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques: as they did of the body of *Bohun* Earle of Herford, ſlaine at Borough bridge.

FINIS.

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# *Edward* the black Prince to *Alice* Counteſſe of Saliſburie.

## * The Argument.

*Alice, Counteſſe of Saliſbury, remaining at Roxborough Caſtle in the North, in the abſence of the Earle her husband, who was by the Kings command ſent ouer into Flanders, & there deceaſed ere his return; This Lady being beſieged in her Caſtle by the Scots,* Edward *the black Prince being ſent by the king his father to relieue the North-parts with an Army, & to remoue the ſiege of Roxborough, there fell in loue with the Counteſſe; when after ſhe returned to London, he ſought by diuers & ſundry means to win her to his youthful pleaſures, as by forcing the Earle of Kent her father, and her mother, vnnaturally to becom his agents in his vaine deſire; where after a long and aſſured triall of her inuincible conſtancie, he taketh her to his wife, to which end, hee only frameth this Epiſtle.*

Receiue

R Eceiue theſe papers, from thy wofull Lord,
VVith far more woes, then they with words are ſtor'd,
VVhich if thine eye with raſhnes doe reproue,
They'le ſay they came from that imperious loue.
In euery letter thou maiſt vnderſtand,
vvhich Loue hath ſign'd and ſealed with his hand;
And where to farther proceſſe he refers,
In blots ſet downe, for other Characters,
This cannot bluſh, although you doe refuſe it,
Nor will reply how euer you ſhall vſe it;
Al's one to this, though you ſhould bid diſpaire,
This ſtill intreates you, this ſtill ſpeakes you faire;
Haſt thou a liuing ſoule? a humaine ſence?
To like, diſlike, proue, order, and diſpence,
The depth of reaſon, ſoundly to aduiſe,
To loue things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe;
The tuch of iudgement, which ſhould all things proue,
And haſt thou touch'd, yet not allow'ſt my loue.
Sound moues his ſound, voice, doth beget his voice,
One Eccho makes another to reioyce,
One wel-tun'd-ſtring, ſet truely to his like,
Strooke neere at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our affections iar?
vvhat oppoſition doth beget this war?
I know that nature franckly to thee gaue,
That meaſure of her bountie that I haue,
And with that ſence ſhe lent, ſhee likewiſe lent
Each one his organ, each his inſtrument,
But euery one, becauſe it is thine owne,
Doth priſe it ſelfe, vnto it ſelfe alone.
Thy dainty hand when it, it ſelfe doth tuch,

That feeling tels it there was neuer ſuch;
VVhen in thy glaſſe, thine eye it ſelfe doth ſee,
That thinks there's none, like to it ſelfe can be,
And euery one, doth iudge it ſelfe diuine,
Becauſe that thou dooſt challenge it for thine;
And each it ſelfe, *Narciſſus* like doth ſmother,
And loues it ſelfe, not like to any other;
Fie be not burnd thus in thine owne deſire,
Tis needleſſe, beautie ſhould it ſelfe admire,
The ſunne, by which all creatures lightned be,
And ſeeth all, it ſelfe yet cannot ſee;
And his owne brightneſſe, his owne foile is made,
And doth become the cauſe of his owne ſhade,
VVhen firſt thy beauty, by mine eye was prou'd
It ſaw not then, ſo much to be belou'd,
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each looke of one, doth many beauties make;
In little cercle ts firſt it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine eyes,
And in his Gyring compaſſe as it goes,
So more, and more, the ſame in greatneſſe growes,
And as it more at liberty is let,
The motion ſtill doth other formes beget;
Vntill at length, looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold;
Art thou offended that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cauſe, th'effect is ſoone remou'd;
Indent with beauty, how farre to extend,
Set downe deſire, a limmit where to end,
Then charme thine eyes, theyr glances ſhall not wound,
Teach reaſon how, the depth of loue to ſound;

If thou doe this, nay then thou ſhalt doe more,
And bring to paſſe what neuer was before;
VVreſt plaineſt words, to an ambiguous ſence,
Let foule vnkindnes neuer breede offence;
Make anguiſh ſportiue, crauing all delight,
Mirth ſolemne, ſullen, and inclind to night,
Ambition lowly, enuy ſpeaking well,
Loue his reliefe of nigardize to ſell;
Our warlike fathers did theſe forts deuiſe,
As ſureſt holds againſt our enemies,
The ſafeſt places, for your ſexe to reſt,
Feare ſoone is ſetled in a vvomans breſt,
Thy breaſt is of another temper farre,
And then thy caſtle fitter for the warre.
Thou dooſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy breſt,
That keepes out foes, but doth thy friendes incloſe,
But thy breſt keepes out both thy friendes and foes;
That may be batter'd, or be vndermin'd,
Or by ſtraite ſiege, for want of ſuccoure pin'd,
But thy hart is, inuinſible to all,
And more defenſiue then thy caſtle wall;
Of all the ſhapes that euer *loue* dyd proue,
vvherewith he vs'd to entertaine his loue;
That likes me beſt, when in a golden ſhower,
He raind himſelfe on *Danae* in her Tower,
Nor did I euer enuy his command,
In that he beares the thunder in his hand:
But in that ſhowrie ſhape I cannot be,
And as he came to her, I come to thee,
Thy Tower with foes, is not begert about,

If thou within, they are beſieg'd without,
One haire of thine more vigor doth retaine
To binde thy foe, then with an yron chaine;
VVho might be gyu'd in ſuch a golden ſtring,
vvould not be captiue, though he were a King:
Hadſt thou all India heap'd vp in thy fort,
And thou thy ſelfe beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'le follow thee, and let the treaſure lie,
I cannot thinke what force thy Tower ſhould win,
If thou thy ſelfe dooſt gaurd the ſame within,
Thine eye containes artillery at will,
To kill whereuer thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds theyr harts
Then they can thee, though with a thouſand darts;
For there entrenched little *Cupid* lies,
And from thoſe Turrets all the world defies,
And when thou letſt downe that tranſparent lid,
Of entrance there an Armie doth forbid,
And as for famine, thou needſt neuer feare,
VVho thinks of want when thou art preſent there;
Thy only ſight giues ſpirit vnto the blood,
And comforts life, though neuer taſting food.
And as thy ſouldiers keepe theyr watch and ward,
So chaſtity thy inward breſt doth guard;
Thy modeſt pulſe ſerues as a larum bell,
vvhich watched by a wakefull Sentinell
Is ſtirring ſtill with euery little feare,
vvarning if any enemie be neare;
Thy vertuous thoughts, when all the others reſt,
Like carefull skouts paſſe vp and downe thy breſt,

And ſtill they round, about that place doth keepe,
vvhilſt all the bleſſed gariſon doe ſleepe.
But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt robd, and flieſt vnto this hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this fort deuiſe,
That thou in ſafety, here might'ſt tyranize;
Yes, thou haſt robd the heauen, and earth, of all,
And they againſt thy lawleſſe theft doe call;
Thine eye, which thus with mine eye maketh wars,
Hath that tranſlucence from the glorious ſtars;
Thy breath, for which my breath to ſighs conſumes;
Hath robd ſweet flowers of odors and perfumes;
Thy cheeke, for which my cheeke ſuch penance proues,
Doth take all whitenes both from Swans and Doues;
Thy skin for which, on mine, age furrowes brings,
Of ſimple purenes robd the chriſtall ſprings.
Thy lips from mine, that in thy maske be pent,
Hath filch'd the bluſhing from the orient;
O mighty Loue! bring hether all thy power,
And fetch this heauenly theefe out of her Tower,
For if ſhee may be ſuffered in this ſort,
Heauens ſtore will ſoone be hoarded in this fort;
VVhen I arriu'd before that ſtate of loue,
And ſaw thee on the battlement aboue,
I thought there was no other heauen but there,
And thou an Angell didſt from thence appeere,
But when my reaſon did correct mine eye,
That thou wert ſubiect to mortality,
I then excus'd the Scot before had done,
No maruaile though, he would the fort haue won,
Perceiuing well thoſe enuious walles did hide

More vvealth then was in all the world beſide;
Againſt thy foe, I came to lend thee ayde,
And thus to thee my ſelfe, my ſelfe betraid;
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to rayſe,
There's no aſſault that not my breſt aſsayes,
Loue growne extreame, doth finde vnlawfull ſhifts,
The Gods take ſhapes, and doe allure with gifts,
Commaunding *Ioue*, that by great *Stix* doth ſweare,
Forſworne in loue, with louers othes doth beare,
Loue cauſeleſſe ſtill, doth aggrauate his cauſe,
It is his law to violate all lawes;
His reaſon is, in onely wanting reaſon,
And were vntrue, not deeply tuch'd with treaſon;
Th'vnlawfull meanes, doth make his lawfull gaine,
Hee ſpeakes moſt true, when he the moſt doth faine;
Pardon the faults that haue eſcap'd by mee,
Againſt fayre vertue, chaſtitie, and thee;
If Gods can theyr owne excellence excell,
It is in pardoning mortals that rebell.
VVhen all thy trials are inroul'd by fame,
And all thy ſexe made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captiue, ſhall be brought hereby
To adorne the tryumph of thy chaſtitie;
I ſue not now thy Paramore to be,
But as a husband to be *linck'd* to thee.
I am Englands heyre, I thinke thou wilt confeſse,
VVert thou a Prince, I hope I am no leſſe;
But that thy birth doth make thy ſtocke diuine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt, my blood as good as thine;
Diſdaine me not, nor take my loue in ſcorne,
VVhoſe browe a crowne heereafter may adorne.

But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt reſtore,
Onely I craue, what ere I did intend,
In faithfull loue, now happily may end.
Farewell ſweet Lady, ſo well mayſt thou fare,
To equall ioy with meaſure of my care;
Thy vertues more, then mortall tongue can tell,
A thouſand, thouſand times, farewell farewell.

## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

*Receiue theſe papers from thy wofull Lord.*

B*Andello*, by whom this hiſtory was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples cuſtome in that clime, rather to faile ſometime in the truth of circumſtance, then to forgoe the grace of theyr conceite; in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the Satyriſt.

*Et quicquid Græcia mendax,*
*Audet in hiſtoria.*

Thinking it to be a greater triall that a Counteſſe ſhould be ſude vnto by a king, then by the ſonne of a king, and conſequently, that the honour of her chaſtity ſhould be the more, hath cauſd it to be generally taken ſo; but as by *Polidore, Fabian*, and *Froiſard*, appeares the contrary is true. Yet may *Bandello* be very well excuſed as beeing a ſtranger, whoſe errors in the truth of our hiſtory are not ſo materiall, that they ſhould neede an inuectiue, leaſt his wit ſhould be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not leſſe were euery part a fiction. Howbeit, leaſt a common errour ſhould preuaile againſt a truth, theſe Epiſtles are conceiued in thoſe perſons who were indeede the actors: to wit, *Edward* ſirnamed the *blacke Prince*, not ſo much of his complexion, as of the diſmall battels which he fought in Fraunce, (in lyke ſence as we may ſay a black day) for ſome tragicall euent, though the ſunne ſhine neuer ſo bright therein. And *Alice* the Counteſſe of Saliſbury, who as it is certaine was beloued of Prince *Edward*, ſo it is as certaine that many points now currant in the receiued ſtory can neuer hold together, with likelihood of ſuch enforcement, had it not beene ſhewed vnder the title of a king.

*And when thou let'ſt downe that tranſparent lid.*

Not that the lid is tranſparent, for no part of the skin is tranſparent, but for the gemme which that cloſure is ſayd to containe is tranſparent, for otherwiſe how could the mind vnderſtand by the eye, ſhould not the images ſlide through the ſame, and repleniſh the ſtage of the fantaſie? but this belongs to *Opticks*. The Latines call the eye lid *cilium* (I will not ſay of *celando*) as the eye brow *ſupercilium*, and the haire on the eye lids *palpebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which haue their diſtinct and neceſſary vſes.

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## *Alice* Counteſſe of Salisbury to the blacke Prince.

AS one would grant ; yet gladly would deny,
Twixt hope and feare, I doubtfully reply ;
A womans weakenes, leaſt I ſhould diſcouer,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a louer ;
And ſome ſay loue, with reaſon doth diſpence,
And wreſt our plaine words to another ſence :
Thinke you not then, poore women had not neede
Be wel aduis'd to write, what men ſhould reede,
vvhen being ſilent moouing but awry,
Giues cauſe of ſcandall and of obloquy ;
vvhilſt in our harts, our ſecret thoughts abide,
Th'enuenom'd tongue of ſlander yet is tide,
But if once ſpoke, deliuered vp to fame,
Hers the report, but ours returnes the ſhame.
About to write, yet newly entring in,
Me thinks I end ere I can well begin ;

VVhen I would end, then ſomthing makes me ſtay,
And then me thinks, I ſhould haue more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remaineth in my breſt,
For want of words that cannot be expreſt;
vvhat I would ſay; and ſaid to thee, I faine,
Then in thy perſon I reply againe.
Then in thy cauſe, vrge all I can obiect,
Then what againe, mine honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry paſsions doe I try;
Striuing to hate, you forcing contrary;
Being a Prince, I blame you not to proue,
The greater reaſon to obtaine your loue.
That greatnes which doth challenge no deniall,
The onely reſt that doth allow my triall:
*Edward* ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capitall.
To men is granted priuiledge to tempt,
But in that charter, women be exempt:
Men win vs not, except we giue conſent;
Againſt our ſelues except, our ſelues are bent.
VVho doth impute it as a fault to you?
You proue not falſe, except we be vntrue;
It is your vertue, being men to try,
And it is ours, by vertue to deny.
Your fault it ſelfe, ſerues for the faults excuſe,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
Beauty a begger, fie it is too bad,
vvhen in it ſelfe ſufficiencie is had,
It was not made to lure the wandring eye,
But an attyer t'adorne ſweet modeſty:
If modeſty and women once doe ſeuer,

Farewell our fame, farewell our name for euer.
Let Iohn and Henry, Edwards inſtance be,
*Matilda* and faire *Roſamond* for me:
Alike both woo'd, alike ſu'd to be wonne,
Th'one by the father, th'other by the ſonne.
*Henry* obtaining, did our weakenes wound,
And layes the fault, on wanton *Roſamond*;
*Matilda* chaſt, in life, and death all one,
By her deniall, layes the fault on *Iohn*,
By theſe we proue, men acceſſary ſtill,
But women onely principals of ill.
VVhat prayſe is ours, but what our vertues get?
If they be lent, ſo much we be in debt,
vvhilſt our owne honours, vertue doth defend,
All force too weake, what euer men pretend:
If all the world elſe, ſhould ſuborne our fame,
Tis we our ſelues that ouerthrow the ſame:
And howſoere, although by force you win,
Yet on our weakenes ſtill returnes the ſinne.
You are a vertuous Prince, ſo thought of all,
And ſhall I then, be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me dye,
Then ſuch a ſinne, vpon my ſoule ſhould lye.
VVhere is great *Edward*? whether is he led?
At whoſe victorious name, whole Armies fled:
Is that braue ſpirit, that conquer'd ſo in France,
Thus ouercome, and vanquiſh'd with a glance?
Is that great hart, that did aſpire ſo hie,
So ſoone tranſperſed with a womans eye?
He that a King, at Poyƈters battell tooke,
Himſelfe led captiue with a wanton looke?
Twice as a bride, to Church I haue been led,

Twice haue two Lords, enioyd my Bridall bed;
How can that beauty yet, be vndeſtroyd,
That yeares haue waſted, and two men enioyd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Princes ſtore,
Of which two ſubiects were poſſeſs'd before?
Let Spaine, let France, or Scotland ſo prefer,
Their infant Queenes, for Englands dowager,
That blood ſhould be, much more then halfe diuine,
That ſhould be equall, euery way with thine:
Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reproue you,
As mine owne life, ſo deerely doe I loue you.
My noble husband, which ſo loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuerent *Mountague*,
Nere mothers voice, did pleaſe her babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell;
I haue made ſhort the houres, that time made long,
And chain'd mine eares, vnto his pleaſing tong,
My lips haue waited, on your prayſes worth,
And ſnatch'd his words, ere he could get them forth;
vvhen he hath ſpoke, and ſomthing by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay;
I kept in mind, where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him, the reſidue to tell;
Oft he would ſay, how ſweet a Prince is hee,
vvhen I haue prayſ'd him, but for prayſing thee,
And to proceede, I would entreate and wooe,
And yet to eaſe him, helpe to prayſe thee too:
Muſt ſhe be forc'd, t'exclaime th'iniurious wrong,
Offred by him, whom ſhe hath lou'd ſo long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſweare,
*Edward* will bluſh, when he his fault ſhall heare.

Iudge now that time doth youths deſire aſſwage,
And reaſon mildly quench'd the fire of rage;
By vpright iuſtice, let my cauſe be tride,
And be you iudge if I not iuſtly chide,
That not my fathers graue and reuerent yeares,
His bending knee, his cheeke-bedewing teares,
His prayers, perſwaſions, nor intreats could win,
To free himſelfe as guiltleſſe of my ſin.
My mothers cries, her ſhreeks, her pitteous mones,
Her deepe-fetch'd ſighs, her ſad hart-breaking grones,
Thy luſtfull rage, thy tiranny could ſtay,
Mine honours ruine, further to delay;
Haue I not lou'd you? ſay: can you ſay no,
That as mine owne preſeru'd your honour ſo?
Had your fond will, your foule deſires preuail'd,
vvhen you by them my chaſtity aſſaild:
Though this no way could haue excus'd my fault,
True vertue neuer yeelded to aſſault,
Yet what a thing were this it ſhould be ſaid,
My parents ſin ſhould to your charge be laid:
And I haue gain'd my liberty with ſhame,
To ſaue my life, made ſhipwrack of my name.
Did Roxborough once vaile her towring fane,
To thy braue enſigne, on the Northerne plaine?
And to thy trumpet ſounding from thy Tent,
Often replide, with ioy, and merriment?
And did receaue thee as my ſoueraigne liege
Comming to ayde, thou ſhoulds againe beſiege,
To raiſe a foe, but for my wealth that came
To plant a foe, to take my honeſt name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the Scot,

And wouldſt haue wone more then he could haue got:
That did ingirt me ready ſtill to flie,
But thou laidſt battery to my chaſtity:
O modeſty, didſt thou me not reſtraine,
How I could chide you in this angry vaine:
A Princes name, (heauen knowes) I doe not craue,
To haue thoſe honours, *Edwards* ſpouſe ſhould haue;
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought
In my chaſt breſt to harbor ſuch a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a bride,
An Empreſſe place by mighty *Edwards* ſide,
Of all the moſt vnworthy of that grace,
To waite on her that ſhould enioy that place.
But if that loue, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equall his vertues, and my chaſt deſire:
If it be ſuch as we may iuſtly vaunt,
A Prince may ſue for, and a Lady graunt:
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſſe my wrong,
That from your vaine vnbridled youth hath ſprong,
That faith I ſend, that I from you receaue,
The reſt vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

## *Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.*

*Twice as a Bride I haue to Church beene led.*

THe two husbands of which ſhe maketh mention, obiecting Bigamay againſt her ſelfe, as being therefore not meete to be married with a Batcheler-prince, were Sir *Thomas Holland* Knight, and Sir *William Mountague*, afterward made Earle of Saliſbury.

*That not my fathers graue and reuerent yeeres.*

A thing incredile that any Prince ſhould be ſo vniuſt to vſe the fathers meanes for the corruption of the daughters chaſtity, though ſo the hiſtory importeth, her Father being ſo honourable, and a ma of ſo ſinguler deſert, though *Polidore* would haue her thought to be *Iane*, the daughter to *Edmund* Earle of Kent, Vncle to *Edward* the third, beheaded in the protectorſhip of *Mortimer* that daungerous aſpirer.

*And I haue gain'd my liberty with ſhame.*

Roxborough is a Caſtle in the North, miſtermed by *Bandello* Saliſbury Caſtle, becauſe the King had giuen it to the Earle of Saliſbury, in which her Lord being abſent, the Counteſſe by the Scots was beſieged, who by the comming of the Engliſh army were remoued. Here firſt the Prince ſaw her, whoſe liberty had been gained by her ſhame, had ſhe beene drawne by diſhoneſt loue to ſatisfie his appetite, but by her moſt praiſe-worthy conſtancie ſhe conuerted that humour in him to an honourable purpoſe, and obtained the true reward of her admired vertues.

*The reſt vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.*

Leaſt any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it ſhall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are vttered concerning her, whoſe name is ſayd to haue been *Aelips*, but that being reiected as a name vnknowne among vs, *Froiſard* is rather beleeued, who calleth her *Alice*, *Polidore* contrariwiſe as before is declared, names her *Iane*, who by Prince *Edward* had iſſue, *Edward* dying young, and *Richard* the ſecond king of England, though (as he ſayth) ſhe was diuorced afterwards, becauſe within the degrees of conſanguinity prohibiting to marry, the truth whereof I omit to diſcuſſe, her husband the Lord *Mountague* being ſent ouer with the Earle of Suffolke into Flanders by king *Edward*, was taken priſoner by the French, and not returning, left his Counteſſe a widow, in whoſe bed ſucceeded Prince *Edward*, to whoſe laſt and lawfull requeſt the reioycefull Lady ſends this louing anſwere.

FINIS.

# To the Right Honourable and my very good Lord, *Edward* Earle of Bedford.

*THrice noble and my gracious Lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illuſtrious houſe of* Bedford, *and to the honourable familie of the* Harringtons, *to the which by marriage your Lordſhip is happily vnited, hath long ſince deuoted my true and zealous affection to your honourable ſeruice, and my Poems to the protection of my noble Lady, your Counteſſe; to whoſe ſeruice I was firſt bequeathed, by that learned and accompliſhed Gentleman, Sir* Henry Goodere, *(not long ſince deceaſed,) whoſe I was whilſt he was, whoſe patience pleaſed to beare with the imperfections of my heedleſſe and vnſtaied youth. That excellent and matchleſſe Gentleman, was the firſt cherriſher of my Muſe, which had beene by his death left a poore Orphan to the worlde, had hee not before bequeathed it to that Lady whō he ſo deerly loued. Vouchſafe then my deere Lord to accept this Epiſtle, which I dedicate as zealouſly, as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, vntill ſome more acceptable ſeruice may be witneſſe of my loue to your honour.*

Your Lordſhips euer,

*Michaell Drayton.*

# Queene *Iſabell* to *Richard* the ſecond.

## The Argument.

*Queene* Iſabell *(the daughter of* Charles *King of France) being the ſecond wife of* Richard *the ſecond, the ſonne of* Edward *the blacke Prince, the eldeſt ſonne of King* Edward *the third; After the ſaid* Richard *her husband was depoſed from his crowne & kingly dignitie, by* Henry *Duke of Herford, the eldeſt ſonne of* Iohn of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſonne of* Edward *the third, this Lady beeing then very young, was ſent backe againe into Fraunce, without dowre, at what time the depoſed King her husband was ſent frō the Tower of London (as a priſoner) vnto Pomfret Caſtle. Whether this poore Lady, bewailing her husbands misfortunes, writeth this Epiſtle from France.*

AS dooth the yeerely *Augur* of the ſpring
In depth of woe, this I my ſorrow ſing;
VVords tun'd with ſighs, teares falling oft among,
A dolefull burthen to a heauy ſong;
VVords iſſue forth to finde my griefe ſome way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them ſtay;
Thus whilſt one ſtriues, to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, now are both too ſlacke.
O how I flatter griefe, and doe intreate it,
Griefe flatters me, ſo oft as I repeate it.

And to it ſelfe hath ſorrow chang'd me ſo,
That woe is turn'd to me, I turn'd to woe.
If fatall Pomfret, hath in former times,
Nouriſh'd the griefe begot in hoter Climes,
Thether I ſend my woes there to be fed,
But where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto France be aliens, and vnknowne,
England from her, doth challenge theſe her owne.
They ſay, all miſchiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth;
And where bleake VVinters ſtormes doe euer rage,
There ſhould my ſighes find ſureſt anchorage,
Except that breeme ayre holds the Northern part,
Doe freeſe that *Aetna*, which ſo burnes my hart.
But why ſhould I thus limmit griefe a place,
vvhen all the world is fild with our diſgrace?
And we in bounds, thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more abounds, the more we doe reſtraine it.
O how euen yet, I hate my loathed eyes,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe ſpies,
That were ſo hapleſſe, with one louing looke,
To grace that Traytor, periur'd *Bullenbrooke*;
But that of ſence, ioy had all ſence bereau'd,
They neuer ſhould haue beene ſo much deceau'd.
Proude was the courſer which my Lord beſtrid,
vvhen *Richard* like his conquering Grandſire rid,
His ſilken Amber curles ſo would he tie,
So carried hee his princely Eagle eye;
From top to toe, his like in euery lim,
All looke on *Edward*, that did looke on him.
The perſit patterne Nature choſe alone,

VVhen at the firſt ſhee fram'd proportion,
Reſeru'd till then, that all the world ſhould view it,
And prayſe th'inſample by the which ſhe drew it;
O let that day be guilty of all ſinne,
That is to come, or euer yet hath bin,
VVherein great *Norfolkes* forward courſe was ſtaid,
To proue the treaſons he to *Herford* layd.
VVhen (with ſterne fury) both theſe Dukes enrag'd,
Theyr Gauntlets then at Couentry engag'd,
VVhen firſt thou didſt repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray*, as thy Combatant,
From times vnnumbred howres, let time deuide it,
Leaſt in his minutes, he ſhould hap to hide it:
Yet on his browes let wrinckled age ſtill beare it,
That when it comes all other houres may feare it,
And all ill-boding Planets, by conſent,
That day may hold theyr wicked parliament;
And in heauens large Decrees, enrole it thus,
Blacke, diſmall, fatall, inauſpitious,
For *Herford* then, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbrays* valiant hand had dy'de;
Nor ſhould not now from baniſhment retire,
The fatall brand to ſet our Troy on fire.
O why did *Charles* relieue his needy ſtate?
A vagabond, and ſtragling runnagate;
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
This vagrant exile, this abiected *Caine*;
VVho with a thouſand mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brands of ten yeeres baniſhment,
VVhen thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,

And euery where th'applauding ecchoes ring
The ioyſull ſhouts that did ſalute a King;
Thou went'ſt victorious, crown'd, in triumph borne,
Return'dſt ſubdu'd, vncrown'd, and laugh'd to ſcorne;
And all thoſe tongues, entit'led thee their Lord,
Grace *Henries* glorious ſtile with that great word;
And all thoſe eyes did with thy courſe aſcend,
Now all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like ſunnes) be euermore in ſight,
All ſee the cloudes which doe ecclipſe their light;
Yet they which lighten all downe from theyr skies,
See not the clouds offending others eyes;
And deeme their noone-tide is deſir'd of all,
VVhen all expect cleere changes by their fall.
VVhat colour ſeemes to ſhadow *Herfords* claime,
vvhen law and right his Fathers hopes doth maime?
Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, was illegittimate;
VVhom his repured mothers tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe Flemiſh Boore to be begot,
vvhom *Edwards* Eglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the ſun.
VVhere lawfull right and conqueſt doth allow,
A triple crowne on *Richards* princely brow,
Three kingly Lyons beares his bloody field,
No baſtards marke doth blot his conquering ſhield,
Neuer durſt hee attempt our hapleſſe ſhore,
Nor ſet his foote on fatall Rauenſpore;
Nor durſt his ſlugging Hulks approch the ſtrand,
Nor ſtoop'd a top as ſignall to the land,
Had not the *Percyes* promiſd ayde to bring,

Againſt their oath vnto theyr lawfull King;
Againſt theyr faith vnto our Crownes true heyre,
Theyr valiant kinſman, *Edmond Mortimer*.
VVhen I to England came, a world of eyes
vvere then attending on my fayre ariſe;
VVhen I came backe, thoſe fatall planets frowne,
And all are ſet before my going downe;
The ſmooth-fac'd ayre did on my comming ſmyle,
But with rough ſtormes are driuen to exile;
But *Bullenbrooke* deuiſd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two ſorrowes ſhould poſſeſſe one hart;
That we ſhould thus complaine our griefes alone,
Leaſt one ſhould liue in two, two liue in one;
Inflicting woe, and yet doth vs denie
But that poore ioy is found in miſery.
He hath before diuorc'd thy crowne and thee,
vvhich might ſuffice, and not to widdow mee;
Nor will one place our pouertie containe,
vvhich in our pompe, both in one bed haue layne;
VVhich is to prooue (the greatneſſe of his hate)
How much our fall, exceedeth our eſtate.
Nor England firſt obtaind me by thy loue;
Nor did a kingdome my affection moue,
Before a Crownes ſad cares I yet did trie,
Nor thought of Empire, but loues Emperie;
Before I learn'd to ſooth a publike vaine,
And thought, to loue, had beene enough to raigne.
I would to God that princely *Anne of Beame*,
Might ſtill haue worne the Engliſh Diademe,
That ſhe whoſe youth firſt deck'd thy bridall bed,
Had kept that fatall wreath vpon her head;

VVould God ſhe ſtill might haue enioy'd her roome,
Poſſeſt my throne, and I haue had her Toombe;
Or would *Aumerle* had ſuncke when he betraid,
The complot which that holy Abbot layd;
vvhen he infring'd the oath which he firſt tooke,
To end that proude vſurping *Bullenbrooke*,
And beene the ranſome of our friends deere blood,
Vntimely loſt, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely mourne our hard eſtate,
They dead too ſoone, and we doe liue too late.
Death ſeuers them, and life doth vs encloſe,
Their helpe decreaſed, doth augment our woes;
And though with teares I from my loue depart,
This curſe on *Herford* fall to eaſe my hart;
If the foule breach of a chaſt lawfull bed,
May bring a curſe, my curſe light on his head;
If murthers guilt with blood may deepely ſtaine,
*Greene*, *Scroope*, and *Buſhie*, die his fault in graine;
If periurie may heauens pure gates debar,
Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter;
If the depoſing of a lawfull King,
Thy curſe condemne him, if no other thing;
If theſe diſioynd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited, ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the *Percyes*, heauen yet heare my prayer,
That *Bullenbrooke*, now plac'd in *Richards* chayre,
Such cauſe of woe vnto theyr wiues may be,
As thoſe rebellious Lords haue beene to me.
And that proude Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,

VVith as ſalt teares as I haue done for mine;
And mourne for *Henry Hotſpur*, her deere ſonne,
As I for my ſweet *Mortimer* haue done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall baniſhment.
Then looſe thy care, where firſt thy crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo deerely, for it deerely coſt;
And ſith they dyd of libertie depriue thee,
Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with ſorrow doth it goe,
vvhen woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much (me thinks) of comfort I could ſay,
If from my hart pale feare were rid away;
Something there is, which tels me ſtill of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know,
Griefe to it ſelfe, moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was ſorrow voyde of feare;
But yet in death, doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And with this farewell wiſh thee happy reſt.

## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

*If fatall Pomfret hath in former times,*

POmfret Caſtle euer a fatall place to the Princes of England, and moſt ominous to the blood of *Plantagenet*.

*O how euen yet I hate my lothed eyes,*
*And in my glaſſe, &c.*

When *Bullenbrooke* returned to Englande from the Weſt, bringing *Richard* a priſoner with him, the queene, who little knewe of her Husbands hard ſucceſſe, ſtayd to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue ſeene her Husbande thus led in tryumph by his foe, and now ſeeming to hate her eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortall enemy.

*Wherein great* Norfolks *forward courſe was ſtaid.*

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Herford & Norfolke at Couentry, vrging the iuſtnes of *Mowbrayes* quarrell againſt the Duke of Herford, and the faithfull aſſurance of his victory.

*Oh why did Charles releeue his needy ſtate?*
*A vagabond, &c.*

*Charles* the French King her father, receaued the Duke of Herford in his Court, and releeu'd him in Fraunce, being ſo neerely alied, as Coſin german to king *Richard* his ſonne in Law, which hee did ſimply, little thinking that he ſhould after returne into England, and diſpoſſeſſe king *Richard* of the crowne.

*When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt fare-well,*

King *Richard* made a voyage with his Army into Ireland, againſt *Onell & Mackemur* which rebelled, at what time *Henry* entred heere at home, and rob'd him of all kingly dignity.

*Affirm'd by Church-men, (which ſhould beare no hate)*
*That* Iohn *of* Gaunt *was illegetimate.*

*William Wickham*, in the great quarrell betwixt *Iohn* of *Gaunt* and the Clergy, of meere ſpight and malice (as it ſhould ſeeme) reported that the Queene confeſſed to him on her death-bed, beeing then her confeſſour, that *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was the ſonne of a Flemming, & that ſhe was brought to bed of a woman-child at Gaunt, which was ſmothered in the cradle by miſchance, and that ſhe obtained this child of a poore woman, making the king beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure. *Fox ex Chron. Albani.*

*No baſtards marke doth blot our conquering ſhield.*

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right vnto the crowne of England, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

*Againſt their faith vnto the Crownes true heire,*
*Their noble kindſman, &c.*

*Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, ſonne of Earle *Roger Mortimer*, which was ſonne to Lady *Phillip* daughter to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence,

rence, the third ſonne to king *Edward* the third, which *Edmund*, (king *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaymed heire apparant to the Crowne, whoſe Aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lord *Piercy* had married.

*I would to God, that princely* Anne of Beame,

*Richard* the ſecond, his firſt wife was *Anne*, daughter to the king of Beame, which liued not long with him: and after he married this *Iſabell*, daughter to *Charles*, king of Fraunce. This Princeſſe was very young, and not marriageable when ſhe came firſt into England.

*O would* Aumerle *had ſunke when he betrayd*
*The complot which that holy Abbot layd.*

The Abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of king *Henry*, to haue beene done at a Tylt at Oxford; of which confederacy there was, *Iohn Holland*, Duke of Exceſter, *Thomas Holland*, Duke of Surrey, the Duke of Aumerle, *Mountacute*, Earle of Saliſbury, *Spenſer*, Earle of Gloſter, the Biſhop of Carlile, Sir *Thomas Blunt*, theſe all had bound themſelues one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayd by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, *and* Buſhie, *die his fault in graine,*

*Henry* going towards the Caſtle of Flint, where king *Richard* was, cauſed *Scroope, Greene*, & *Buſhie*, to be executed at Briſtow, as vile perſons, which had ſeduced this king to this laſciuious and wicked life.

*Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter.*

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England, he tooke his oath at Doncaſter vpon the Sacrament, not to claime the crown, or kingdom of England, but onely the Dukedome of Lancaſter, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

*And mourne for* Henry Hotſpur, *her deere ſonne,*
*As I for my, &c.*

This was the braue couragious *Henry Hotſpur* that obtained ſo many victories againſt the Scots, which after falling out right with the cauſe of Queene *Iſabell*, was ſlaine by *Henry*, at the battell at Shrewſbury.

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Richard

# *Richard* the ſecond to Queene *Iſabell.*

WHat canſt thou looke or hope for frō that hand,
which neither ſenſe nor reaſon could cōmand?
A kingdoms greatnes hardly can he ſway,
That wholeſome counſaile did not firſt obay;
Ill did this rude hand guide a ſcepter then,
Ill this rude hand now gouerneth a pen;
How ſhould I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hatefull life
Hath made thee widdow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King, that title I haue loſt,
And of that name proud *Bullenbrooke* doth boaſt:
Neuer to haue beene, might ſome comfort bring,
But no woe is, to ſay, *I was a King.*
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
This tongue, which firſt denounc'd my kingly ſtate,
This abiect mind, which did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it,
Theſe all beare witnes, that I doe deny
All worldly hopes, all kingly maieſty.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy princely port,
And vndertook'ſt to trauaile dangerous waies,
Driuen by aukward winds, and boyſt'rous ſeas;
And lefts great *Burbon* for thy loue to me,

VVho ſu'd in marriage to be linck'd to thee,
Offring for dower the Counties bordring nie,
Of fruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie,
Didſt thou all this, that England ſhould receaue thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leaue thee?
And in thy ruine, and thy fortunes wracke,
Forſaken here, to Fraunce to ſend thee backe.
VVhen quiet ſleepe (the heauy harts reliefe)
Seales vp my ſences, ſomwhat leſning griefe,
My kingly greatnes vnto minde I call,
And thinke that I but dreamed of my fall;
vvith this conceite, my ſorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queene is but with-drawne a while,
And my attendants in ſome Chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperity.
Calling aloud, and asking who is there,
The Eccho anſwering, tels me VVoe is there.
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold,
vvhich when my waking eyes preciſely view,
Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in one houre be,
So many houres each minute ſeemes to me;
Each houre a day, morne, euening, ſet, and riſe,
Each day a yeare, complet with miſeries,
A ſommer, winter, ſpring-time, and a fall,
All ſeaſons varying, yet vnſeaſoned all;
Hote greefes, cold cares, moiſt ſorrow, ſcorching hate,
Too long extreames, too ſhort a temperate;
Each yeare a world, from golden ages paſt,
That haſteth on the yron times at laſt.

That from creation of all happy things,
A diſſolution to my fortune brings;
This endleſſe woe, my thred of life ſtill weares,
In minutes, houres, dayes, moneths, ages, yeares,
Ioy in the ſun, that doe poſſeſſe the South,
For Pomfret ſtands heere, in the Norths cold mouth;
There wanton Sommer lords it all the yeere,
Froſt-ſtarued VVinter doth inhabite heere;
A place wherein Deſpaire may fitly dwell,
For ſorrow beſt ſutes with a cloudy Cell.
Let *Herford* vaunt of our atchieuements done,
Of all the honors that great *Edward* wone,
Of famous Creſſy, where his keene ſword lopp'd,
The flowers of Fraunce, which all had ouer-topp'd;
And with thoſe faire Delices, ſet the walke,
VVhere our imperious Engliſh Lyons ſtalke,
vvhich pluck'd thoſe Lillies, planted on thoſe ſtreames,
To ſet them heere, vpon the banks of Thames.
Now *Bullenbrooke*, our conquering Trophies beares,
Our glorious ſpoiles this falſe *Vlyſſes* weares,
And all the ſtory of our famous war,
Muſt grace the Annals of great Lancaſter.
Seauen goodly braunches in their ſpring did flouriſh,
vvhich one ſelfe ſtock brought forth, one ſap did nouriſh,
*Edward* the top-bough of that golden tree,
Nature in him her vtmoſt power did ſee;
VVho from the bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo faire,
As all might iudge what fruite it meant to beare;
But I his graft, of euery weede ore-growne,
And from the reſt as refuſe forth am throwne:
O that thoſe plants, which from one root ſhould ſpring,

Should in their growth be ſo much differing
From our braue Grandſire, both in one degree,
Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the young'ſt of three:
But princely VVales, by me giues place to Gaunt,
vvhich ouer vs, is now predominant.
VVhen that vſurping baſtard-ſonne of Spayne,
Depoſed *Petro*, from his peacefull raigne;
My father mou'd with the Caſtillians moane,
Pluck'd downe that proud aſpiring *Phaeton*:
And ere a crowne had yet adorn'd his head,
A conquered King from France to England led.
A ſubiects hand my crowne from me hath torne,
And by a home-nurſt begger ouer-borne.
Is valour hence with him to heauen fled?
Or in my barren breſt decay'd and dead?
VVho for his vertue and his conqueſts ſake,
Poſterity a demy God ſhall make:
And iudge this vile and abiect ſpirit of mine,
Could not proceede from temper ſo diuine.
VVhat earthly humor, or what vulgar eye,
Now lookes ſo low, as on my miſery?
VVhen *Bullenbrooke* is ſeated on our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
He bids, commaunds, he chooſeth, he elects,
Pardons, defends, he warrants, he protects;
Into our counſels he himſelfe intrudes,
And who but *Herford* with the multitudes?
Thus *Bullenbrooke* triumpheth in our fall,
And for their King reputed is of all.
His power diſgrades, his dreadfull frowne diſgraceth,
He throwes them downe, who our aduancement placeth:

As my diſable and vnworthy hand,
Could giue no ſoueraigne title of command,
He treads our ſacred tables in the duſt,
And proues our acts of parliament vniuſt;
As though he hated that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a law by *Richard* once was made.
VVhen *Herford* had his iudgement of exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while,
Saw I the loue, the zeale, the faith, the care,
The Commons ſtill to pleaſing *Herford* bare;
Fond women, and ſcarſe ſpeaking children mourne,
vveeping his parting, wiſhing his returne.
And was I forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd yeares,
vvhen they bedew'd his footſteps with their teares,
Yet could not ſee mine owne inſuing fall,
Not ſeeing that, which elſe was ſeene of all.
Neuer our treaſure ſtuft with greater ſtore,
Neuer our power of ſuch commaund before,
Our Empires bounds did neuer ſtretch ſo farre,
So wiſe in peace, ſo politique in warre,
Neuer did all ſo ſuddainly decline,
But iuſtice is the heauens, the fault is mine.
Kings pallaces ſtand open to let in,
The ſoothing Traytor, and the guide to ſin,
Many we haue in triumphs to attend vs,
But few are left in perrill to defend vs;
Amongſt the moſt, the worſt we beſt can chuſe,
Tis eaſie to deſire, but hard to vſe.
Oh famous *Gloſter*, thou fore-ſaw'ſt my end,
The curſe that did my lawleſſe youth attend,
His death is new, (and I in ſin am old,)

VVho my deſtruction, (Prophet-like) foretold;
And like *Laocan*, crying from his Tower,
Fore-ſhew'd the horſe which hid the Grecian power,
Is this the thing for which we toyle and ſweat?
For which the great, doe kneele vnto the great?
Is this the thing, in ſeeking to attaine?
All paine is pleaſure, and all loſſe is gaine?
Is this the iewell, which we prize ſo high,
At heauen, at fame, at life, at liberty;
And vnto this, in ſtriuing to aſpire,
Are we made ſlaues vnto our fond deſire?
Yet on ſteepe Icie bankes heere ſtill we dwell,
And if we ſlip, our fall is into hell.
Sweet Queene, ile take all counſell thou canſt giue,
So that thou bid me neither hope nor liue;
Counſell that comes, when ill hath done his worſt,
Bleſſeth our ill, but makes our good accurſt,
Comfort is now vnpleaſing to mine eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care; my my bed is now my Beere.
Since thus misfortune keepes vs heere ſo long,
Till heauen be growne vnmindfull of our wrong,
vve may in war, ſom-time take truce with foes,
But in diſpaire, we cannot with our woes.
O let this name of *Richard* neuer die;
Yet ſtill be fatall to poſteritie,
And let a *Richard* from our line ariſe,
To be the ſcourge of many families,
And let the crowne be fatall that he beares,
And wet with ſad lamenting mothers teares.
Thy curſe on *Percy*, heauen doth now preuent,
vvho hath not one curſe left, on me vnſpent,

To ſcourge the world, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich in plagues, as I in wealth am poore.
Then ceaſe (deere Queene) my ſorrowes to bewaile,
My wounds too great for pitty now to heale,
Age ſtealeth on whilſt thou complaineſt thus,
My griefes be mortall, and infectious;
Yet better fortunes, thy faire youth may try,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth flie.

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## Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

*This tongue which firſt denounc'd my kingly ſtate,*

Richard the ſecond, at the reſignation of the crowne to his Coſin *Henry* in the Tower of London, at the deliuery of the ſame with his owne hand, confeſſed himſelfe to be vnable to gouerne, denounced all kingly dignity; ſo that he might onely haue his lyfe.

*And left ſo great* Burbon *for thy loue to mee,*
*Who ſued in marriage to be linck'd to thee.*

Before the Princeſſe *Iſabell* was married to *Richard* the ſecond, *Lewes* Duke of Burbon ſued to haue had her in marriage, which it was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the meane time; Thys Duke of Burbon ſued againe to haue receiued her at her comming into Fraunce, after the impriſonment of King *Richard*, but King *Charles* her Father, then croſt him as before, and gaue her to *Charles*, ſonne to the Duke of Orleance.

*Let* Herford *vaunt of our archiuements done.*

*Henry*, the eldeſt ſon of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaſter, which at the firſt was Earle of Darbie, then created Duke of Herford; but after the death of *Iohn* of *Gaunt* his Father, was Duke of Lancaſter, & Herford, Earle of Darby, Leiceſter, and Lincolne, and after hee had obtained the crowne, was called by the name of *Henry* of Bullenbrooke, which is a towne in Lincolneſhire, as vſually all the Kings of England bare the name of the places where they were borne.

*Of famous Creſſy, where his keene ſword lopp'd,*
*The flowers of Fraunce, which all had ouertopp'd,*

Remembring the famous victory *Edward* the third theyr Grandfather obtayned at Creſſy, where were almoſt ſlaine all the nobilitie of Fraunce, where the Frenchmen loſt all theyr ancient glory.

*And with their Flower-delices ſet the walke,*
*Where our, &c.*

*Edward* the third, by the conqueſt of Fraunce, ioyned the Lillies or Flower-delices, which is the Armes of Fraunce, with the Lyons, the Armes of England, which coate firſt came from Normandy by the Conquerer, remaining in the right of his poſſeſſion.

*Seauen goodly ſyens from one ſtocke began,*

*Edward* the third had 7. ſons, his eldeſt *Edward* Prince of Wales, after called the blacke prince, *William* of Hatfield his ſecond, *Lionell* Duke of Clarence the third, *Iohn of Gaunt*, Duke of Lancaſter the fourth, *Edmond* of Langley, Duke of Yorke the 5, *Thomas* of Woodſtock, Duke of Gloſter the ſixt, & *William* of Windſore the ſeauenth.

*My princely Father was the ſtraighteſt ſtem.*

Truely boaſting himſelfe, to be the eldeſt ſonne of the eldeſt brother, which was *Edward* blacke Prince.

*Yet after* Edward, Iohn *the young'ſt of three,*

By this diſabling *Henry Bullenbrooke*, beeing the ſonno but of the fourth brother, *William* & *Lionell* being both before *Iohn of Gaunt.*

*When that vſurping baſtard ſonne of Spayne,*

Noting the courage of his Father, which ſet *Petro* the King of Caſtile in his kingdome, when he was expulſed by his baſtard brother.

*A conquered King from Fraunce to England led,*

The blacke Prince tooke King *Iohn* of Fraunce priſoner, at the battaile of poycters, and brought him into England, where he dyed at the Sauoy.

*And by a home-nurſt begger ouer-borne,*

By this reproouing his owne weakenes and cowardize, who had ſuffered himſelfe to be expulſed his kingdome by a ſubiect, and one ſo much inferior to himſelfe in greatneſſe.

*And proues our acts of parliament vniuſt,* In the firſt parliament that *Henry* called after *Richard* had reſigned the Crowne, he annihilated all the lawes that were made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, helde in the 20. yeere of King *Richards* raigne.

*Sawe I the loue, the Zeale, the faith, the care,*
*The Commons ſtill, &c.*

When the Combat ſhould haue beene at Couentry, betwixt *Henry* Duke of Herford, and *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke, the Cõmons mourned exceedingly, after they heard that *Herford* was adiudged by the King to be baniſhed for tenne yeeres, ſo greatly was he alwayes fauoured of the people.

*And was I forc'd to abridge his baniſh'd yeeres,*

When *Henry* Duke of Herford came to Eltham to take his leaue of King *Richard*, the King (to pleaſe the Commons rather then for any loue he bare to Herford,) plucked backe foure yeeres of his baniſhment.

*O famous* Gloſter, *thou foreſawſt the end,*

*Thomas* of Woodſtocke, Duke of Gloſter, the Kings vncle, who had oft reprooued this youthfull kings inſolence, was put to death at Callice, by the commaundement of thys *Richard*, his vnnaturall kinſman.

*And let a* Richard *from our line ariſe,*

A prophecie of *Richard Crookebacke*, the Tyrant, which after was the only ſcourge and plague of both the houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, and the death of many great Princes.

FINIS.

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# Queene *Katherine* to *Owen Tudor.*

## The Argument.

*After the death of that victorious* Henry *the fift,* Queene Katherine *the dowager of Englande and France, daughter to* Charles *the French King, holding her eſtate with* Henrie *her ſonne, (then the ſixt of that name,) falleth in loue with* Owen Tudor *a VVelſhman, a braue and gallant Gentleman of the VVardrop to the young King her ſonne; yet greatly fearing if her loue ſhould be diſcouered, the Nobilitie would croſſe her purpoſed marriage; or fearing, that if her fayre and princely promiſes ſhoulde not aſſure his good ſucceſſe, this high and great attempt, might (perhaps) daunt the forwardneſſe of his modeſt and ſhamefull youth; wherefore to breake the ice to her intent, ſhee writeth vnto him this Epiſtle following.*

IVdge not a Princeſſe worth impeach'd heereby,
That loue thus triumphs ouer maieſtie;
Nor thinke leſſe vertue in this royall hand,
vvhich now intreats, that wonted to command;
For in this ſort, though humbly now it wooe,
The day hath beene, thou would'ſt haue kneel'd vnto.
Nor thinke that this ſubmiſſion of my ſtate,
Proceedes from frailty, (rather iudge it fate)
*Alcides* nere more fit for wars ſterne ſhock,

Then when for loue ſate ſpinning at the Rocke,
Neuer leſſe clowdes did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clownes ſhape when he couered him,
*Ioues* great commaund was neuer more obay'd,
Then vvhen a Satyres anticke parts he play'd.
He was thy King that ſued for loue to mee,
Shee is thy Queene that ſues for loue to thee.
VVhen *Henry* was, what's *Tudors* now was his,
vvhilſt yet thou art, what's *Henries*, *Tudor* is.
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth,
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth.
Onely in *Henry*, was my *Tudor* then,
Onely in *Tudor*, *Henry* now agen.
*Henry* woo'd me whilſt wars did yet increaſe,
I wooe my *Tudor* now in calmeſt peace.
To win affection, he did conqueſt proue,
And I on conqueſt doe make war with loue;
Great *Henry* ſought to accompliſh his deſire,
Armed with tempeſts, thunder-bolts of fire,
As once when *Iunos* treaſons forced *Ioue*,
T'imbrace the beautious *Semele*, his loue.
I to my loue, as once the Cyprian Queene,
On Simois banks was with the Troyan ſeene.
Incampt at Melans, in warres hote alarmes,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry*, clad in princely Armes.
At pleaſant VVindſore, there theſe eyes of mine,
Iudg'd *Tudor* firſt, for wit and ſhape diuine.
*Henry* abroade, with puiſſance and with force,
*Tudor* at home, with courtſhip and diſcourſe;
He then, thou now; I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me beſt, *Plantaginet* or *Tether*.

A march, a meaſure, battell, or a daunce,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering Launce.
His princely bed aduaunced my renowne,
And on my temples ſet a double Crowne;
VVhich glorious wreath, (as *Henries* lawfull heyre,
*Henry* the ſixt vpon his brow doth beare.
At Troy in Champayne he did firſt enioy
My bridall-rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now, that honour thou ſhalt haue,
vvhich once in Champaine famous *Henry* gaue.
I ſeeke not wealth, three kingdoms in my power,
If theſe ſuffiſe not, where ſhall be my dower?
Sad diſcontent may euer follow her,
vvhich doth baſe pelfe before true loue prefer;
If titles ſtill could our affections tye,
vvhat is ſo great but maieſtie might buy?
As I ſeeke thee, ſo Kings doe me deſire,
To what they craue, thou eaſily may'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred fire, once warm'd my hart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now no more,
And meanes to quench it, I in vaine doe proue,
vvee may hide treaſure, but not hide our loue.
And ſince thy vertue this at firſt did gaine it,
vvill I by reaſon now ſeeke to reſtraine it,
Nor theſe great titles vainely will I bring,
vvife, daughter, mother, ſiſter to a King,
Of grandſire, father, husband, ſonne, and brother,
More thou alone to me, then all the other.
Nor thinke ſo *Tudor* that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne great Lancaſtrian line,
Nor ſtir the Engliſh blood, the Sunne and Moone,

T'repine at Lorayne, Burbon, Alanſoone;
Nor doe I thinke there is ſuch different ods,
That they alone ſhould counted be for Gods,
Of *Cadmus* earthly iſſue reckoning vs,
And they from *Ioue*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,
Of great *Latonas* of-ſpring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous Grandſires (as their owne) beſtrid,
That horſe of fame, that *Ioue*-begotten ſteed,
vvhoſe bounding hooſe plow'd that Boetian ſpring,
vvhere thoſe ſweete maides of memory doe ſing.
Not onely *Henries* Queene, but boaſt as well,
To be the childe of *Charles* and *Iſabell*.
Nor doe I know from whence their griefe ſhould grow,
They by this match ſhould be diſparag'd ſo,
vvhen *Iohn* and *Long-ſhankes* iſſue both affied,
And to the Kings of VVales in wedlocke tyed,
Shewing the greatnes of your blood heereby,
Your race, and royall conſanguinity.
And VVales as well as haughty England boaſts,
Of Camelot, and all her Penticoſts;
A nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* table held a princely place.
If of the often conqueſts of our Land,
They reare the ſpoyles of their victorious hand,
If theſe our auncient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
VVhen bloody *Rufus* ſought your vtter ſacke,
Twice entring VVales, yet twice was beaten backe,
VVhen famous Cambria waſh'd her in the flood,
Made by th'effuſion of the Engliſh blood;

And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From VVorſter, Herford, Cheſter, Shrewsbury,
VVhoſe power, in euery conqueſt ſo preuailes,
As once expuls'd the Engliſh out of VVales.
Although my beauty made my Countries peace,
And at my bridall bloody warres did ceaſe,
Yet more then power, had not his perſon beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.
Nor tooke I *Henry* to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in France that time my choyſe was ſcant;
VVhen Fraunce had robd all Chriſtendome of men,
And Englands flower remain'd amongſt vs then;
*Gloſter*, whoſe counſels (*Neſtor*-like) aſsiſt,
Couragious *Bedford*, that great martialliſt;
*Clarence*, for vertue honoured of his foes,
And *Yorke* whoſe fame yet daily greater growes,
*VVarwicke*, the pride of *Neuels* haughty race,
Great *Salisbury*, ſo fear'd in euery place,
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchiuement dares,
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the Iriſh warres.
VVhom (though I were a mighty Princeſſe borne)
Yet of the worſt, no whit I neede to ſcorne;
But *Henries* rare perfections, and his parts,
As his ſword kingdoms, ſo theſe conquer'd harts.
As chaſt was I to him, as Queene might bee;
But freed from him, my chaſt loue vow'd to thee;
Beauty doth fetch all fauour from thy face,
All perfit courtſhip reſteth in thy grace.
If thou diſcourſe, thy lips ſuch accents breake,
As loue a ſpirit, forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeake.
The Britiſh language, which ſweet vowels wants;

And iars ſo much vpon harſh conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy mellifluous tong,
As doe the ſweet notes of a well ſet ſong,
And runnes as ſmoothly from thoſe lips of thine,
As the pure Thuskan from the Florantine;
Leauing ſuch ſeaſoned ſweetnes in the eare,
As the voyce paſt, yet ſtill the ſound is there:
In *Niſus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden viall vs'd to play;
vvhere ſenceleſſe ſtones were with ſuch muſick drownd,
As many yeeres they did retaine the ſound.
Had he which dar'd proud *Perſeus* to the field,
Caried my *Tudors* picture in his ſhield,
The ſight thereof ſhould haue ſubdu'd alone,
That *Gorgons* head, which turn'd men to a ſtone.
If *loue* ſhould take my *Tudors* louely eye,
And with heauens lights ſhould place it in the skye,
The wandring ſtars would leaue their endleſſe maze,
And fixe themſelues, vpon that ſtarre to gaze.
If faire *Alcmenas* three nights gotten ſonne,
vvhen he his twelue great labours firſt had done,
Had knowne one locke of thy delicious ore,
Kept by the Dragon, Lyon, Serpent, Bore,
Twelue labors more for that he would ſuſtaine,
And where he ended, would begin againe.
Yet let not this make thee thy ſelfe forget,
Nor my affection now ſo firmely ſet;
Nor with repulſe my forwardnes reproue,
To boaſt the conqueſt of a princely loue:
No my ſweet *Tudor*, I will anſwer no,
Thy gentle brow doth mildly warrant ſo.

VVhen nature ſhew'd her wonders in thy face,
She made that mount Loues royall ſporting place,
vvhere ſweet content doth banquet all the yeere,
Nor coy diſdaine yet euer dwelled there,
Let peeuiſh worldlings ſpeake of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old men ſpeake of chances and euents,
And Lawyers talke of titles, and diſcents;
Leaue fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And couenants to ſuch as buy and ſell,
Loue my ſweet *Tuder*, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

*Great Henry ſought to accompliſh his deſire,*
*Armed, &c.*

HEnry the fift making clayme vnto the Crowne of Fraunce, firſt ſought by Armes to ſubdue the French, and after ſought by marriage to confirme what he got by conqueſt, the heate and fury of which inuaſion, is alluded to this fiction of *Semele* in *Ouid*: which by the crafty perſwaſion of *Iuno*, requeſted *Ioue* to come vnto her as he was wont to come vnto his wife *Iuno*, who at her requeſt hee yeelding vnto, deſtroyed her in a tempeſt.

*Incamp'd at Melans in warrs hote alarmes,*
*Firſt, &c.*

Neere vnto Melans, vpon the Riuer of Seyne, was the appointed place of parley, betweene the two Kings of England, and Fraunce, to which place, *Iſabell* the Queene of Fraunce, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the young Princeſſe *Katherine*, where King *Henry* firſt ſaw her.

*And on my temples ſet a double Crowne,*

*Henry* the fift, and queene *Katherine*, were taken as King and Queene of Fraunce, and during the life of *Charles* the French King, *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of France, and after the death of *Henry* the fift, *Henry* the ſixt his Son, then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true & lawfull king of England and France.

*At Troy in Champayne he did firſt enioy,*

Troy in Champayn, was the place where that victorious King *Henry* the fift married the Princeſſe *Katherine*, in the preſence of the chiefe nobility of the Realmes of England and of Fraunce.

*Nor theſe great tytles vainely will I bring,*
*Wife, daughter, mother, &c.*

Fewe Queenes of England, or Fraunce, were euer more princely allied then this Queene, as it hath been noted by Hiſtoriographers.

*Nor thinke ſo* Tudor, *that this loue of mine,*
*Should wrong the Gaunt-borne.&c.*

Noting the deſcent of *Henry* her husband, frō *Iohn* Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſonne of *Edward* the third, which Duke *Iohn* was ſirnamed *Gaunt*, of the City of Gaunt in Flaunders, where he was borne.

*Nor ſtir the Engliſh blood, the Sunne and Moone.*
*T'repine, &c.*

Alluding the greatnes of the Engliſh line, to *Phœbus* & *Phœbe*, fained to be the children of *Latona*, whoſe heauenly kind might ſcorne to bee ioyned with any earthly progeny; yet withall, boaſting the blood of Fraunce, as not inferiour to them. And with this alluſion followeth on the hiſtory of the ſtrife betwixt *Iuno* & the race of *Cadmus*, whoſe iſſue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of *Niobe* ſlaine, for which the wofull mother became a Rocke, guſhing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

*And* Iohn *and* Longſhanks *iſſue, both affied.*

*Lhewellin*, or *Leolin ap Iorwerth*, marryed *Ioane*, daughter to king *Iohn*, a moſt beautifull Lady. Some Authours affirme ſhee was baſe borne, *Lhewellin ap Gryffith* married *Ellenor*, daughter to *Simon Montfort*, Earle of Leiceſter, and Coſin to *Edward Longſhanks*, both which *Lhewellins* were Princes of Wales.

*Of Camilot and all her Pentecoſts.*

*A Nephewes roome, &c.*

Camilot, the auncient Pallace of king *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous order yeerely repaired at Penticoſt, according to the law of the Table, and moſt of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Countrey, as to this day is perceiued by theyr ancient monuments.

*When bloudy Rufus ſought your vtter ſacke.*

Noting the ill ſucceſſe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales, in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were ſlaine.

*And oft return'd with glorious victory.*

Noting the diuers ſundry incurſions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus, Iohn, Henry* the ſecond, and *Longſhanks*.

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# Owen Tudor to Queene Katherine.

VVHen firſt mine eyes beheld thy princely name,
And found from whence theſe friendly letters came,
As in exceſſe of ioy my ſelfe forgot,
vvhether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not;
My panting hart doth bid mine eyes proceede,
My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reede;
Mine eye ſhould guide my tongue, amazed miſt it,
My lips which now ſhould ſpeake, are dombe, and kiſt it,
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand,
vvhen all my ſences ſo amazed ſtand:
Euen as a mother comming to her child,

VVhich from her preſence hath beene long exil'd,
vvith tender armes his gentle necke doth ſtraine,
Now kiſsing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet exceſsiue ioy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts if this be hers or no;
At length awak'ned from this pleaſing dreame,
vvhen paſsion ſom-what leaues to be extreame,
My longing eyes, with their faire obiect meete,
vvhere euery letter's pleaſing, each word ſwete.
It was not *Henries* conqueſts, nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report,
Nor was his dreadfull terror-ſtriking name,
The cauſe that I from VVales to England came,
For Chriſtian Rhodes, and our religious truth,
To great atchieuements firſt had wone my youth,
Before aduenture did my valour proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue:
Nor came I hither by ſome poore euent,
But by th'eternall Deſtinies conſent,
vvhoſe vncompriſed wiſdoms did foreſee,
That thou in marriage ſhouldſt be linck'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,
(Amongſt his holy prophecies enrold)
vvhen firſt he did of *Tudors* fame diuine,
That Kings and Queenes ſhould follow in our line;
And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* auntient Creſt)
vvith Lillies fetch'd from Fraunce ſhould be poſſeſt;
And that our Lecke, (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roſes, in the Engliſh Crowne:
As *Charles* faire daughter, thou the Lilly wear'ſt,
As *Henries* Queene, the bluſhing Roſe thou bear'ſt;

By Englands conqueſt, and by France's oth,
Thou art the true made dowager of both;
Both in thy crowne, both in thy cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to thine, and thine to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
vvhen it ſo long hath beene fore-told by fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of heauen,
Before our births, vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* heere, nor *Iuno* is at all,
vvhen I to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd to vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous?
VVhen in thy preſence I was call'd to daunce,
In lofty tricks whilſt I my ſelfe aduaunce,
And in my turne, my footing faild by hap,
vvas't not my chance to light into thy lap?
VVho would not iudge it fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heauen, thy *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in ſuperlatiues,
Although the enuious Engliſh doe deuiſe
A thouſand ieſts of our hyperbolies;
Nor doe I claime that plot by ancient deeds,
vvhere *Phœbus* paſtures his fire-breathing ſteeds;
Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandſires skars,
Nor Giants trophies in the Tytans wars;
Nor faine my birth (your princely eares to pleaſe)
By three nights getting as was *Hercules*;
Nor doe I forge my long deſcent to runne

From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious ſunne,
And yet in VVales with them moſt famous bee,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my pedigree,
And boaſt my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
From faire *Cair-Septon*, in Mount Palador,
And from *Eneons* line, the South-wales King,
From *Theodor* the *Tudors* name doe bring.
My royall mothers princely ſtocke began,
From her great Grandame faire *Gwenellian*,
By true deſcent from *Leolin* the great,
As well from North-wales as faire Powſlands ſeate;
Though for our princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make Apologie:
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,
Shall looke from whence our name at firſt did riſe,
Shall find that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*?
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nick-name of diſgrace,
Vſd as a by-word now in euery place,
Shall blot our blood or wrong a VVelchmans name,
vvhich was at firſt begot with Englands ſhame.
Our valiant ſwords, our right did ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that cruell, proud, vſurping Dane;
And buckled in ſo many dangerous fights,
vvith Norwayes, Swethens, and with Muſcouits;
And kept our natiue language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our tongue;
vvhen they which now our nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue loſt their Country, and their name:
Nor neuer could the Saxons ſwords prouoke
Our Brittaine necks to beare their ſeruile yoke;

VVhere Cambrias pleaſant Countries bounded bee,
vvith ſwelling Seuerne, and the holy Dee;
And ſince great *Brutus* firſt arriu'd, haue ſtood
The onely remnant of the Troian blood.
To euery man is not allotted chaunce,
To be the glorious conquerour of Fraunce;
Yet if [illegible] titles may be raiſd by thee,
If heauen ſay this, heauen ſayth yet more may bee;
And our S. *Dauid*, in the Brittaines right,
May ioyne with *George*, the ſainted Engliſh Knight,
And old Caer-marden, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not ſcorn'd by London, though of ſuch renowne.
Ah would to God, that houre my hopes attend,
vvere with my wiſh, brought to deſired end,
Blame me not Madame, though I thus deſire,
vvhen Kings doe wonder what I doe admire;
Should'ſt thou but touch ſwart Melas with thy hand,
His ietty grauell would be Tagus ſand.
Nature to ſhew more skill in thy curles, ſtroue,
Then did *Arachne* in the web ſhe woue;
vvhere thou wilt ſit vnto thy Lute to ſing,
There ſhall another faire Pirene ſpring.
The Gods wiſh *Hebe* had no other cup,
But thy ſweet lip for Nectar when they ſup.
The ſweet calme odor, thy breath doth reſpire,
Might coole that all which *Phaeton* ſet on fire.
VVonder not (Madame) though all eyes doe gaze,
vvhen ſuch a Comet doth begin to blaze,
Till now, your beauty in nights boſome ſlept,
vvhat eye durſt looke, where awfull *Henry* kept?
vvho durſt attempt to ſaile but neere the bay,

VVhere that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
Thy beauty now is ſet a Princes prize,
And Kings repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing ayre,
*Orithia* makes mee that I *Boreas* feare,
If to the fire, *Ioue* once in lightning came,
And faire *Egina* makes me feare the flame.
If in the ſunne, then ſad ſuſpition dreames
*Phœbus* ſhould ſpred *Lucothoe* in his beames;
If in a fountaine thou dooſt coole thy blood,
*Neptune* I feare, which once came in a flood;
If with thy maides, I dread *Apollos* rape,
vvho cuſned *Chion* in an old wiues ſhape;
If thou dooſt banquet, *Bacchus* makes mee dread,
VVho in a grape *Erigone* did feede;
And if my ſelfe the Chamber doore ſhould keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes*, comming in a ſleepe.
Pardon (ſweete Queene) if I offend in this,
In theſe delayes, loue moſt impatient is;
And youth wants power his hote ſpleene to ſuppreſſe,
vvhen hope already banquets in exceſſe.
Though *Henries* fame, in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall content your mind;
VVhat helps a Crownes adorning of the head,
vvhen comfort wanteth in a princely bed?
But onely in the title of a King
vvas his aduantage, in no other thing;
If in his loue more pleaſure you did take,
Neuer let Queene truſt VVelſhman for my ſake.
Yet iudge me not from modeſty exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt;

My mounting thoughts, which thus to heauen aſpire,
Shewes that my ſpirit's tuch'd with celeſtiall fire;
For had it beene of groſſe and earthly mud,
It neuer durſt preſume to ſuch a good;
If loue a fault, the more is beauties ſhame,
vvhen ſhe herſelfe is authour of the ſame,
All men to one peculiar vice incline,
Onely to loue, is naturally mine:
Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordain'd by heauen, heere to adorne the earth,
Adde faithfull loue vnto thy princely ſtate,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more then I.
And thus I leaue, till time my fayth approue,
I ceaſe to write, but neuer ceaſe to loue.

## Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

*And that the Helme, the Tuders ancient Creſt,*

THe Armes of *Tudor* was the Helmes, or mens heads, whereof hee ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin*.

*When in thy preſence I was call'd to daunce.*

*Owen Tudor*, being a courtly and actiue Gentleman, commaunded once to daunce before the Queene, in a turne (not beeing able to recouer himſelfe) fell into her lappe, as ſhee ſate vppon a little ſtoole, with many of her ladyes about her.

*And yet with them in Wales moſt famous be,*
*Our learned Bards, &c.*

This Berdh, as they call it in the Brittiſh tongue, or as wee more properly ſay Bard, or *Bardus*, be theyr Poets, which keepe the records of Petigrees and diſcents, and ſing in odes and meaſures to theyr Harpes, after the old manner of the Lirick Poets.

*And boaſt my blood from great* Cadwallader,

*Cadwallader*, the laſt King of the Brittaines, deſcended of the noble and auncient race of the Troyans, to whom an Angell appeared, commaunding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

*Since faire Caer-Septon in mount Palador,*

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsbury, at whoſe building it was ſaid, an Eagle prophecied (or rather one named *Aquila*) of the fame of that place, and of the recouery of the Ile by the Brittaines, bringing backe with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

*And from* Eneons *line, the South-wales King;*
*From* Theodor, *&c.*

This *Eneon* was ſlaine by the Rebels of Gwentſland, he was a noble and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom deſcendnd the Princes of South-wales.

*From her great Grandam faire* Guenelian.

*Guenellian* the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth*, *ap Theodor*, Prince of South-wales, married to *Ednimet Vahan*, anceſtor to *Owen Tudor*.

*By true deſcent from* Leolin *the great,*

This is that *Lewhelin*, called *Leolinus magnus*, Prince of North-wales.

*Nor that word* Croggen, *nickname of diſgrace,*

In the voyage that *Henry* the ſecond made againſt the Welſhmen, as his ſouldiours paſſed Offas ditch at Croggen Caſtle, they were ouerthrowne by the Welſhmen, which word *Croggen*, hath ſince been vſed to the Welſhmens diſgrace, which was at firſt begun with theyr honour.

*And old Caer Merdin,* Merlins *famous towne,*

Caer Merdin, or *Merlins* Towne, ſo called of *Merlins* beeing found there. Thys was *Ambroſe Merlin*, whoſe prophecies wee haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Siluestris*, borne in Scotland, ſurnamed *Calidonius*, of the Forreſt Calidon, where he prophecied.

*And kept our natiue language now thus long.*

The Welſhmen bee thoſe auncient Brittaines, which when the Picks, Danes, and Saxons inuaded heere, were firſt driuen into thoſe parts, where they haue kept theyr language euer ſince the firſt, without commixtion with any other language.

FINIS.

To

# To my worthy and deerly eſteemed Friend, Maiſter *Iames Huiſh.*

*SIR, your owne naturall inclination to vertue, & your loue to the Muſes, aſſure mee of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is ſeated by cuſtome (from which wee are now bolde to aſſume authority) to beare the names of our friendes vpon the fronts of our bookes, as* Gentlemen *vſe to ſette theyr Armes ouer theyr gates. Some ſay this vſe beganne by the* Heroes *and braue ſpirits of the old world, which were deſirous to bee thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honour the names of thoſe braue Princes. But I thinke ſome after, put the names of great men in theyr bookes, for that men ſhould ſay there was ſome thing good; onely becauſe indeede theyr names ſtoode there; But for mine owne part (not to diſſemble) I finde no ſuch vertue in any of their great titles to doe ſo much for any thing of mine, and ſo let them paſſe. Take knowledge by this I loue you, and in good fayth, worthy of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you may ſupply the place of further complement.*

Yours euer,

*M. Drayton.*

# *Elinor Cobham* to Duke *Humfrey.*

## The Argument.

Elinor Cobham, *daughter to the Lord Cobham of Sterborough, and wife to* Humfrey Plantaginet *Duke of Gloceſter, the ſonne of* Henry *the fourth, King of Englande, ſurnamed* Bullenbrooke, *this noble Duke for his great wiſedome and iuſtice called the good, was by King* Henry *the fift (brother to this Duke) at his death appointed protector of the Lande, during the nonage of* Henry *the ſixt; this* Elinor *Duches of Gloceſter a proude and ambitious woman, knowing that if young* Henry *died without iſſue, the Duke her husband was the neereſt of the bloode, conſpired with one* Bullenbrooke, *(otherwiſe called* Onely *a great Magitian)* Hun *a prieſt, and* Iourdane *witch of Eye, by ſorcerie to make away the king, & by coniuration to know who ſhould ſucceed. Of this being iuſtly conuicted, ſhe was adiudged to doe penance three ſeuerall times openly in London, and then to perpetuall baniſhment in the Ile of Man, from whence ſhe writeth this Epiſtle.*

ME thinks not knowing, who theſe lines ſhould ſend,
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt it ouer to the latter end,
VVhere thou my name no ſooner haſt eſpi'd,
But in diſdaine my letters caſts aſide;
VVhy if thou wilt, I will my ſelfe denie,
Nay, Ile affirme and ſweare I am not I;

Or if in that, thy ſhame thou dooſt perceiue,
Ile leaue that name, that name my ſelfe ſhall leaue,
And yet me thinks, amaz'd thou ſhouldſt not ſtand,
Nor ſeeme ſo much appauled at my hand,
For my misfortunes haue inur'd thine eye,
(Long before this,) to ſights of miſery;
No, no, read on, tis I the very ſame,
All thou caſt read, is but to reade my ſhame.
Be not diſmaid, nor let my name affright,
The worſt it can, is but t'offend thy ſight;
It cannot wound, nor do thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull ſpell, no magique charme;
If ſhe that ſent it, loue Duke *Humfrey* ſo,
Iſt poſsible her name ſhould be his foe?
Yes, I am *Elnor*, I am very ſhe
VVho brought for a dower, a virgins bed to thee,
Though enuious *Beuford*, ſlander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humfreys* wanton Paramore;
And though indeed, I can it not deny,
To magique once I did my ſelfe apply,
I won thee not, as there be many thinke,
vvith poyſning Philtres, and bewitching drinke,
Nor on thy perſon did I euer proue,
Thoſe wicked potions, ſo procuring loue,
I cannot boaſt to be rich *Hollands* heyre,
Nor of the blood and greatnes of *Bauier*;
Nor *Elnor*, brought thee forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*;
Nor clamorous husband followed me that fled,
Exclaiming *Humfrey* to defile his bed,
Nor waſt thou forc'd the ſlaunder to ſuppreſſe,

To ſend me backe as an adultereſſe;
Brabant, nor Burgoyne, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my deuorce;
Nor *Belgias* pompe, defac'd with *Belgias* fire,
The iuſt reward of her vniuſt deſire,
Nor *Bedfords* ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That Princely-iſſued great Burgunnian:
Should ſtand with me, to moue a womans ſtrife,
To yeeld the place, to the Protectors wife.
If *Cobbams* name, my birth can dignifie,
Or Sterborough, renowne my familie,
VVhere's Greenewich now, thy *Elnors* Court of late?
vvhere ſhee with *Humfrey* held a Princely ſtate.
That pleaſant Kent, when I abroade ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure, layd forth all her pride;
The Thames, by water when I tooke the ayre,
Daunc'd when my Barge was launched from the ſtaire;
The anchoring ſhips, that when I paſs'd the roade
VVere wont to hang their chequered tops abroad;
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pompe, ſo goddeſſe like to land,
Should after ſee me mayld vp in a ſheete,
Doe ſhamefull penance, three times in the ſtreet?
Rong with a bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foote to trudge, before a Beedles wand,
That little babes, not hauing vſe of tongue,
Stoode poynting at me, as I came along.
VVhere's *Humfreys* power, where was his great command
VVaſt thou not Lord-protector of the Land?
Or for thy iuſtice, who can thee deny,
The title of the good Duke *Humfrey*?

Haſt thou not at thy life, and in thy looke,
The ſeale of Gaunt, the hand of *Bullenbrooke*?
VVhat blood extract from famous *Edwards* line,
Can boaſt it ſelfe to be ſo pure as thine?
VVho elſe next *Henry* ſhould the Realme prefer?
If it allowe of famous Lancaſter?
But *Rayners* daughter, muſt from France be fet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be ſet;
Mauns, Maine, and Aniou, on that begger caſt,
To bring her home, to England in ſuch haſt,
And what for *Henry*, thou hadſt laboured there,
To ioyne the King, with *Arminacks* rich Heire,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had beene,
*Poole* needs muſt haue his darling made a Queene?
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To haue his Earleſhip with a Dukedome grac'd?
And raiſe the ofspring of his blood ſo hie,
As Lords of vs, and our poſteritie.
O that by Sea, when he to France was ſent,
The ſhip had ſunke, wherein the Traytor went!
Or that the ſands, had ſwallowed her before,
She ere ſet foot vpon the Engliſh ſhore.
But all is well, nay we haue ſtore to giue,
vvhat neede we more, we by her lookes can liue?
All that great *Henries* conqueſts euer heap'd,
That famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Be giuen backe, to *Rayner* all in poſt,
And by this meanes, rich Normandy be loſt;
Thoſe which haue comen as miſtreſſes of ours,
Haue into England brought their goodly dowers,
vvhich to our Coffers, yeerely tribute brings,

The life of ſubiects, and the ſtrength of Kings,
The meanes whereby, faire England euer might
Raiſe power in France, to backe our ancient right:
But ſhe brings ruine, heere to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull claime abroad,
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my ſhame,
And giue a thouſand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, VVitch, Night-mare, Trot,
VVith all deſpight that may a woman ſpot;
O that I were a VVitch but for her ſake,
Ifaith her Queenſhip little reſt ſhould take,
I would ſcratch that face, that may not feele the ayre,
And knit whole ropes of witch-knots in her hayre,
O I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breaſt ſit like a lumpe of led;
And like a Fayery, pinch that dainty skin,
Her wanton blood is now ſo cockerd in,
Or take me ſome ſuch knowne familier ſhape,
And ſhe my vengeance neuer ſhould eſcape:
vveare I a garment, none ſhould neede therfore,
To ſprinkle me with *Neſſus* poiſned gore,
It were enough, if ſhe once put me on,
To teare both fleſh and ſinewes from the bone;
vvere I a flowre, that might her ſmell delite,
Though I were not the poyſning Aconite,
I would ſend ſuch a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now,
They ſay the *Druides*, once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my expile,
vvhoſe powerful charmes, ſuch dreadful wonders wrought,
vvhich in the gothiſh Iſland tongue were taught:

O that their ſpels to me they had reſign'd,
vvherewith they raiſd, and calm'd, both ſea and wind,
And made the moone, pauſe in her palid ſpeare,
vvhilſt her grim Dragons, drue them through the ayre;
Their helliſh power, to kill the plowmans ſeed,
Or to foreſpeake the flocks as they did feed,
To nurſe a damned ſpirit, with humaine blood,
To carry them through earth, ayre, fire, and flood;
Had I this skill that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin, I would haunt her ghoſt.
O pardon, pardon, my too wilfull tongue,
A womans ſtrength, cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the heauens, her comming in withſtand,
As though affrighted, when ſhe came to land,
The earth did quake, her comming to abide;
The goodly Thames, did twice keepe back her tide,
Paules ſhooke with tempeſts, and that mounting ſpire,
vvith lightning ſent from heauen was ſet on fire,
Our ſtately buildings, to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſignes were ſhowne,
More fearefull viſions, on the Engliſh earth,
Than euer were at any death or birth.
Ah *Humfrey, Humfrey*, if I ſhould not ſpeake,
My breſt would ſplit, my very hart would breake,
I that was wont, ſo many to command,
vvorſe now then with a clapdiſh in my hand;
A ſimple mantle, couering me with all,
A very leaper of Cares hoſpitall,
That from my ſtate, a preſence held in awe,
Glad heere to kennell in a pad of ſtrawe:
And like an Owle, by night to goe abroad,

Rooſted all day within an Iuy tod,
Amongſt the ſea cliffes, in the dampy caues,
In charnell houſes, or among the graues:
Say'ſt thou thoſe eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerefull looke,
Duke *Humfrey* once, ſuch ioy and pleaſure tooke;
Sorrow hath ſo diſpoil'd me of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my *Elnors* face,
Like a foule Gorgon, whoſe diſheueled hayre
vvith euery blaſt, flies glaring in the ayre;
Some ſtanding vp, like hornes vpon my head,
Euen like thoſe women, that in Coos are bred;
My lanke breaſts hang, like bladders left vnblowne,
My skinne with lothſome Iaundize ouer-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou longſt to ſee,
Ruins true picture, onely looke on mee;
Somtime in thinking of what I haue had,
Euen in a ſuddaine extaſie am mad:
Then like a Bedlam, forth thy *Elnor* runs,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging franticke Nuns,
Or like a Tartar, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd vnto a diſmall ſacrifice.
That Prelate *Beuford*, a foule ill befall him,
Prelate ſayd I, nay Deuill I ſhould call him;
Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amiſſe,
His very name me thinks my poyſon is:
Ah that vile Iudas, our profeſſed foe,
My curſe purſue him whereſo ere he goe;
That to my iudgement when I did appeare,
Laid to my charge thoſe things which neuer were,
I ſhould partake with *Bullenbrooks* intents,
The hallowing of his magique inſtruments,

That I procured Southwell to aſsiſt,
vvhich was by order conſecrate a Prieſt;
That it was I ſhould couer all they did,
That but for him, had to this day been hid.
Ah that vile baſtard, that himſelfe dare vaunt
To be the ſonne of thy braue Grandſire *Gaunt*,
vvhom he but fatherd of meere charity,
To rid his mother of that infamy,
vvho if report of Elder times be true,
Vnto this day, his father neuer knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* throne attempted once to clime;
Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his ſoueraine to haue ſlaine;
vvho to his chamber cloſely he conuaid,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laid,
Vpon whoſe ſword that famous Prince had dyed,
If by a dogge he had not beene diſcryed.
But now the Queene, her Minion, *Poole* and he,
As it pleaſe them, ſo now muſt all things be,
England's no place for any one beſide,
All is too little to maintaine their pride:
*Henry* alas, thou but a Kings name art,
For of thy ſelfe thou art not any part:
And I pray God, I doe not liue the day
To ſee thy ruine, and thy Realmes decay,
And yet as ſure, as *Humfrey* ſeemes to ſtand,
He be preſeru'd from that vile Traytors hand;
From *Gloſters* ſeate, I would thou wert eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedoms name were chang'd,
For it portends no goodnes vnto vs,

Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, it is ominous,
Yet rather then thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,
I would thou wert heere baniſhed with me;
*Humfrey* adue, farewell true noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy *Elnor* can afford.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

*I ſought that dreadfull Sorcereſſe of Eye.*

ELinor Cobham was accuſed by ſome that ſought to withſtand, and miſlik'd her marriage with Duke *Humfrey*, that ſhee practiſed to giue him Philters, and ſuch poyſoning potions, to make him loue her, as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinall *Beuford*, to haue liued as the Dukes Lemmon, againſt the which Cardinall ſhe exclaimeth in this Epiſtle in the verſe before.

*Though enuious* Beuford *ſlandered me before,*

Noting the extreame hate he euer bore her.

*Nor* Elnor *brought thee forraine Brauery,*
*To fetch her backe as did thy Iacomine.*

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke; that dotingly he married *Iacomin*, or as ſome call her *Iaquet* daughter and heire to *William Bauier* Duke of Holland, married before and lawfull wife to *Iohn* Duke of Brabant then liuing, which after as it is ſhewed in this verſe following.

*Brabant nor Burgoyne challenged me by force,*
*Nor ſu'd to Rome for thee my deuorce.*

Cauſed great warres, by reaſon that the Duke of Burgoyne tooke part with Brabant, againſt the Duke of Glocester, which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adiudged to be deliuered backe, to her former huſband.

*Nor* Bedfords *ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter* Anne,
*That Princely iſſued from the Burgunian.*

*Iohn* Duke of Bedford, that ſcourge of Fraunce, and the glory of the Engliſhmen, married *Anne*, ſiſter to the Duke of Burgundy, a vertuous and beautifull Lady, by which marriage, as alſo by his victories attained in Fraunce; he brought great ſtrength to the Engliſh nation.

*Where's Greenwich now, thy* Elnors *Court of late?*

That faire and goodly Pallace of Greenwich, was firſt builded by that famous Duke, whoſe rich and pleaſant ſituation might remaine an aſſured monument of his wiſedome, if there were no other memory of the ſame.

*They ſay the Druides once liued in this Ile.*

It ſhould ſeeme that there were two Ilands, both of them called Mona, though now diſtinguiſhed the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Angleſey, both which were full of many infernall ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricolaes* voyage, made into the hithermoſt Man, deſcribed by his ſonne in law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And as ſuperſtition the daughter of barbariſme and ignorance, ſo amongſt theſe Northerly nations, like as is in America Magicke was moſt eſteemed. *Druida* were the publique miniſters of their religion, as throughly taught in all rites therof; their doctrine concerned the immortality of the ſoule, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to reſolution, fortitude, and magnanimity: their abode was in groues and woods where-vpon they haue their name; their power extended it ſelfe to maiſter the ſoules of men deceaſed, and to confer with Ghoſts, and other ſpirits, about the ſucceſſe of things, *Plutarch* in his profound and learned diſcourſe of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the outmoſt Brittiſh Iles were the priſon of I wot not what Demigods, but it ſhall not neede to ſpeake any farther of the *Druidæ*, then that which *Lucan* doth.

*Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremq; ſiniſtrum,*
*Sacrorum,* Druidæ *poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.*

*Did not the heauens, her comming in withſtand.*

Noting the prodigious and fearefull ſignes that were ſeene in England, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expreſſeth in this Epiſtle as foreſhewing the dangers which ſhould enſue vpon this vnlucy marriage.

*The hallowing of the magique instruments.*

The inſtruments which *Bollenbrooke* vſed in his coniurations, according to the deuiliſh ceremonies and cuſtomes of theſe vnlawfull Arts, were dedicated at a Maſſe in the Lodge in Harnſey Parke, by Southwell, Prieſt of Weſtminſter.

*Hauing procur'd by hopes of golden gaine.*

This was one of the articles that Duke *Humfrey* vrg'd againſt the Cardinall *Beuford*, that conſpired the death of *Henry* the fift, by conuaying a villaine into his chamber, which in the night ſhould haue murthered him: But what ground of truth he had for the ſame, I leaue to diſpute.

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# Duke *Humfrey* to *Elinor Cobham.*

ME thinks thou ſhouldſt not doubt, I could forget
Her whom ſo many doe remember yet;
No, no, our ioyes away like ſhadowes ſlide,
But ſorrowes firme, in memory abide;
Nay I durſt anſwere, thou dooſt nothing leſſe,
But impou'd with paſsion, vrg'd by thy diſtreſſe;
No, *Elinor* no, thy wooes, thy griefe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breaſt beene reſident too long;
Oh when report in euery place had ſpred,
My *Elinor* was to ſanctuary fled,
vvith curſed *Onley*, and the vvitch of Eye,
As guilty, of their vile conſpiracie;
The dreadfull ſpirits, when they did inuocate,

For the ſucceſsion, and the Realmes eſtate;
VVhen *Henryes* Image, they in waxe had wrought,
By which he ſhould vnto his death be brought;
That as his picture did conſume away,
His perſon ſo, by ſickneſſe ſhould decay;
Griefe that before, could nere my thoughts controule,
That inſtant tooke poſſeſsion of my ſoule,
Ah would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that inflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold,
Forget it ſayd I; would to God I could.
Of any woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my hart;
I haue no neede of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue, is nothing els but ſorrow.
No my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou wentſt hence, here ſtill thy woes doe ſtay,
Though from thy husband thou wert forſt to goe,
Thoſe ſtill remaine, they will not leaue me ſo;
No eye bewayles my ill, mones thy diſtreſſe,
Our griefe the more, but yet our debt the leſſe,
VVee owe no teares, no mourning dayes are kept
For thoſe that yet, for vs haue neuer wept;
VVe hould no obijts, no ſad exequies
Vpon the death dayes of vnweeping eyes.
Alas good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patience moue,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord, with a forraine loue;
Thou mightſt haue bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the old, we haue ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine
vvith mutuall griefe to anſwere griefe againe?

Or thinkſt thou I vnkindly did forbeare,
To bandy woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I omit, or careleſly neglect,
Thoſe ſhewes of loue, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournfull blacke, was I not ſeene to goe?
By outward ſhewes to tell my inward woe:
Nor drery words, were waſted in lament,
Nor clowdy brow, bewrayd my diſcontent,
Is this the cauſe, if this be it, know then,
One griefe conceald, more grieuous is then ten;
If in my breaſt, thoſe ſorrowes ſometimes were,
And neuer vtterd, ſtill they muſt be there,
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time increaſing, they muſt needs be more;
England to me, can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt vp, what is receiu'd, what ſpent,
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but proue, a ſtepdam vnto me?
That if I ſhould, with that proud baſtard ſtriue,
To plead my berth-right and prerogatiue;
If berth alow, I ſhould not need to feare it,
For then my true nobility ſhould beare it;
If counſell ayde, that, France wil tell (I know)
vvhoſe townes lie waſt before the Engliſh foe;
vvhen thrice we gaue the conquered French the foyle,
At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle.
If fayth auaile, theſe armes did *Henry* hold,
To claime his crowne, yet ſcarcely nine monthes old
If Countries care haue leaue to ſpeake for me,
Gray hayres in youth, my witneſſe then may be,
If peoples tongues giue ſplendor to my fame,

They adde a title, to Duke *Humfreys* name;
If toyle at home, French treaſon, Engliſh hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the ſtate,
If forreine trauell my ſucceſſe may trie,
In Flanders Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy,
That robe of Rome, proude *Beuford* now doth weare;
In euery place ſuch ſway ſhould neuer beare.
The croſier ſtaffe, in his imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the land;
That home to England, diſpenſations drawes,
vvhich are of power to abrogate our lawes,
That for thoſe ſums, the wealthy Church ſhould pay,
Vpon the needy Commontie to lay,
His ghoſtly counſels onely doe aduiſe,
The meanes how *Langleys* progenie may riſe,
Pathing young *Henries* vnaduiſed wayes,
A Duke of Yorke from Cambridge houſe to raiſe,
vvhich after may our title vndermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward*, in Gaunts famous line,
Our true ſucceſsion falſely to depriue,
VVhich they from Clarence, fainedly deriue,
Knowing the will old Cambridge euer bore,
To catch the wreath that famous *Henry* wore.
vvith *Gray*, and *Stroope*, when firſt he layd the plot
From vs, and ours, the garland to haue got,
As from the March-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
vvhoſe title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintaine,
VVhen the proud *Percies*, haughtie *March* and he,
Had ſhar'd the Land by equall parts in three,
His Prieſthood now ſterne *Mowbray* doth reſtore,
To ſtirre the fire that kindled was before;

Againſt the Yorkiſts ſhall their claime aduaunce,
To ſteele the poynt of *Norfolkes* ſturdy Launce,
Vpon the breſt of *Herfords* iſſue bent,
In iuſt reuenge of ancient baniſhment.
He doth aduiſe to let our priſoner goe,
And doth enlarge the faithleſſe Scottiſh foe,
Giuing our heyres in marriage, that their dowres
May bring inuaſion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolke* ſo the helme doth guide,
VVith *Beufords* damned policies ſupplide
He and the Queene in councell ſtill confer,
How to raiſe him who hath aduanced her,
But my deere hart, how vainely doe I dreame,
And flie from thee, whoſe ſorrowes are my theame?
My loue to thee, and England thus diuided,
VVhich the moſt part, how hard to be decided,
Or thee, or that, to whether I am loth,
So neere are you, ſo deere vnto mee both,
Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I finde,
England ingratefull, and my *Elnor* kinde.
But though my country, iuſtly I reproue,
For Countries ſake, vnkinde vnto my loue,
Yet is thy *Humfrey* to his *Elnor*, now,
As when freſh beauty tryumph'd on thy brow,
As when thy graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy fauours might the franckli'ſt boaſt;
Thoſe beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore,
Of which though time hath taken ſome againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine,
Be patient gentle hart, in thy diſtreſſe,

Thou art a Princeſſe, not a vvhit the leſſe.
VVhilſt in theſe breaſts we beare about this lyfe,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife ;
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But looke on thoſe caſt downe as low as we ;
For ſome of them, which proudly pearch ſo hie,
Ere long ſhall come, as lowe as thou or I :
They weepe for ioy, and let vs laugh in woe,
vve ſhall exchange when heauen will haue it ſo;
VVe mourne, and they in after time may mourne,
vvoe paſt, may once laugh preſent woe to ſcorne,
And worſe then hath beene, we can neuer taſt,
vvorſe cannot come, then is already paſt,
In all extreames, the only depth of ill,
Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill ;
Ah would to God, thou wouldſt thy griefes deny,
And on my backe let all the burthen lye.
Or if thou canſt reſigne, make thine mine owne,
Both in one carridge to be vnder-gone,
Till we againe our former hopes recouer,
And proſperous times, blow theſe misfortunes ouer,
For in the thought of thoſe forepaſſed yeeres,
Some new reſemblance of old ioy appeares.
Mutuall our care, ſo mutuall be our loue,
That our affliction neuer can remoue,
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
VViſhing thee more, then I my ſelfe can giue.

## Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

*At Agincourt, at Crauant and Vernoyle,*

THe three famous battels, fought by the Engliſh men in France: Agincourt by *Henry* the fiſt, againſt the whole power of France, Crauant fought by *Mountacue*, Earle of Saliſburie, and the Duke of Burgoyne, againſt the Dolphine of France, & *William Stuart*, Conſtable of Scotland; Vernoyle, fought by *Iohn* Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the Nobilitie of Fraunce, Duke *Humfrey* an eſpeciall Counſellour in all theſe expeditions.

*In Flaunders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundie,*

Heere remembring the ancient amitie which in his Embaſsies hee concluded betwixt the king of England and *Sigiſmond* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the ſame league, giuing himſelfe as an hoſtage for the Duke at Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the league. With his many other imployments to forraine kingdoms.

*That croſier ſtaffe in his imperious hand,*

*Henry Beuford*, Cardinall of Wincheſter, that proude and haughtie Prelate, receiued his Cardinals hat at Calice by the Popes Legate, vvhich dignitie, *Henry* the fiſt his nephewe forbad him to take vpon him, knowing his haughty and malicious ſpirit vnfitte for that roabe and calling.

*The meanes how* Langleys *progenie may riſe,*

As willing to ſhewe the houſe of Cambridge to be deſcended of *Edmund Langley* Duke of York, a yonger brother to *Iohn of Gaunt*, his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to ſmother the title that the Yorkiſts made to the crowne (from *Lionell* of Clarence, *Gaunts* elder brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

*His prieſthoode w[illegible] ſterne* Mowbray *doth reſtore,*

Noting the auncient grudge betweene the houſe of Lancaſter & Norfolke, euer ſince *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke was baniſhed for the accuſation of *Henry* Duke of Herford, ( after the King of England Father to Duke *Humfrey* ) which accuſation hee came as a Cōbatant, to haue made good in the liſts at Couentry.

*And giues our heyres in marriage that their dowers,*

*Iames Stuart* King of Scots, hauing beene long priſoner in England, was releaſed, and tooke to wiſe the daughter of *Iohn* Duke of Sōmerſet, ſiſter to *Iohn* Duke of Somerſet, neece to the Cardinall and the Duke of Exceſter, & Coſin germaine remou'd to the King; this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemie to England.

FINIS.

To

# To my honoured Miſtres, Miſtres *Elizabeth Tanfelde*, the ſole Daughter and heyre of that famous and learned Lawyer, *Lawrence Tanfelde* Eſquier.

*Faire and vertuous Miſtreſſe, ſince firſt it was my good fortune to be a witnes of the many rare perfections wherwith nature & education haue adorned you; I haue been forced ſince that time to attribute more admiration to your ſexe, then euer* Petrarch *could before perſwade me to by the prayſes of his* Laura. *Sweet is the French tongue, more ſweet the Italian, but moſt ſweet are they both if ſpoken by your admired ſelfe. If poeſie were praiſeleſſe, your vertues alone were a ſubiect ſufficient to make it eſteemed, though among the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeres giue ſcarcely warrant for your more then womanlike wiſedom, by ſo much is your iudgement and reading the more to bee wondred at. The Graces ſhall haue one more Siſter by your ſelfe, and England to herſelfe ſhall adde one Muſe more to the Muſes. I reſt the humbly deuoted ſeruant to my deere and modeſt Miſtreſſe, to whom I wiſh the happieſt fortunes I can deuiſe.*

Michaell Drayton.

# *William de la Pole*, Duke of Suffolke, to Queene *Margaret*.

## ✻ The Argument.

VVilliam de la Pole, *firſt Marques, and after created Duke of Suffolke, being ſent into France by King* Henry *the ſixt, concludeth a marriage betweene the King his Maiſter, &* Margaret, *daughter to* Rayner *Duke of Aniou: who only had the title of the King of Cicily and Ieruſalem. This marriage being made contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counſell of the Realme (by reaſon of the yeelding vp Aniou and Maine into the Dukes hands, which ſhortly after prooued the loſſe of all Aquitaine,) they euer after continually hated the Duke, and after (by meanes of the Commons) baniſhed him at the parliament at Berry; where after he had the iudgment of his exile, beeing then ready to depart, hee writeth backe to the Queene this Epiſtle.*

IN my diſgrace (deere Queene) reſt thy content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolks* baniſhment;
Not one day ſeemes fiue yeeres exile to mee,
But that ſo ſoone I muſt depart from thee;
vvhere thou not preſent, it is euer night,
All be exil'd that liue not in thy ſight.
Thoſe Sauages which worſhip the ſuns riſe,
vvould hate their God, if they beheld thine eyes,
The worlds great light, might'ſt thou be ſeene abroad,
vvould at our noon-ſtead euer make aboade;

And force the poore Antipodes to mourne,
Fearing leaſt he would neuer more returne.
VVere't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile
To liue within this Sea-inuirond Ile.
*Poles* courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great Queene) thy ſoueraignty commands;
Our Falcons kind cannot the cage indure,
Nor buzzard-like doth ſtoope to euery lure;
Their mounting brood in open ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
vve all doe breath vpon this earthly ball,
Likewiſe one heauen encompaſſeth vs all:
No baniſhment can be to him aſsign'd,
vvho doth retaine a true reſolued mind.
Man in himſelfe, a little world doth beare,
His ſoule the Monarch euer ruling there,
vvhere euer then his body doth remaine,
He is a King that in himſelfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'ſt alarmes,
That beares againſt her, *Patience* for his Armes.
This was the meane, proud *VVarwicke* did inuent,
To my diſgrace, at Leiſter parliament,
That only my baſe yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine
vvith the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humfreys* name;
And ſo by treaſon ſpotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raiſe the *Neuels* brood,
VVith *Salisbury* his vile ambitious Syer,
In *Yorks* ſterne breſt, kindling long hidden fyer,
By *Clarence* title working to ſupplant,

The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn of Gaunt*.
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raſcall multitude;
Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he muſt be murthered.
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let them call home Dame *Ellinor* his wife;
vvho with a Taper walked in a ſheet,
To light her ſhame, at noone through London ſtreet;
And let her bring her Nigromanticke booke,
That foule hag *Iordane*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrooke*:
And let them call the ſpirits from Hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died: and who ſhall raigne.
For twenty yeares and haue I ſeru'd in Fraunce,
Againſt great *Charles*, and baſtard *Orleance*?
And ſeene the ſlaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, and conquered agen;
And haue I ſeene Vernoylas batfull fields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand Helmes, ten thouſand ſhields,
vvhere famous *Bedford* did our fortune try,
Or Fraunce or England for the victory?
The ſad inueſting of ſo many Townes,
Scor'd on my breſt in honorable wounds;
vvhen *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of ſuch name,
Vnder my Enſigne, both firſt won their fame?
In heate and cold all fortunes haue indur'd,
To rouze the French, within their walls immur'd?
Through all my life, theſe perrils haue I paſt,
And now to feare a baniſhment at laſt?

Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to aduance,)
For thee refuſd the infant Queene of France,
Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* firſt did make,
Twixt *Henry*, and the Princeſſe *Arminake*;
Only (ſweet Queene) thy preſence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke *Rayner*, Aniou, Mauns, and Maine,
Thy peereleſſe beauty for a dower to bring,
To counterpoize the wealth of Englands King;
And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers,
And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to Towers,
Th'Embaſſadors for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary, and Spayne,
And telling *Henry* of thy beauties ſtory,
I taught my tongue a Louers oratory,
As the report it ſelfe did ſo indite,
And make tongues rauiſh eares with their delight:
And when my ſpeech did ceaſe, (as telling all)
My lookes ſhew'd more, that was Angelicall.
And when I breath'd againe, and pauſed next,
I left mine eyes to comment on the text:
Then comming of thy modeſty to tell,
In muſicks numbers my voyce roſe and fell;
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtile,
My ſpeech in greater cadences to file,
By true deſcent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicile, and Ieruſalem.
And from the Gods thou didſt deriue thy birth,
If heauenly kind could ioyne with brood of earth;
Gracing each title that I did recite,
vvith ſome mellifluous pleaſing Epithite;
Nor left him not, till he for loue was ſicke,

Beholding thee in my ſweet Rhetorick,
A fifteenes taxe in France I freely ſpent,
In tryumphs, at thy nuptiall Tournament ;
And ſolemniz'd thy marriage in a gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy fathers Crowne ;
And onely ſtriuiug how to honor thee,
Gaue to my King, what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindnes haue not power to moue,
vvho for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long agoe did ſing)
Seene thee for England but imbarq'd at Deepe,
vvould ouer-boord haue caſt his golden ſheepe,
As too vnworthy ballace to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny ſeas which ſaw the ſhip enfold thee,
vvould vaute vp to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themſelues in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another :
vvhen the proud Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scorn'd the ſalt waues ſhould kiſſe her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, her ſelfe ſhe braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the ſiluer waues ;
vvhen like a Bull, from the Phenician ſtrand,
*Ioue* with *Europa*, tripping from the land,
Vpon the boſome of the maine doth ſcud,
And with his ſwanniſh breaſt cleauing [illegible]
Tow'rds the faire fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicias* pride.
All heauenly beauties, ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine eye alone ;)

VVhich when it turneth that celeſtiall ball,
A thouſand ſweet ſtars riſe, a thouſand fall.
VVho iuſtly ſaith, mine baniſhment to bee;
vvhen onely Fraunce for my recourſe is free:
To view the plaines where I haue ſeene ſo oft,
Englands victorious Enſignes raiſd aluft;
vvhen this ſhall be my comfort in my way,
To ſee the place where I may boldly ſay,
Heere mighty *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
Heere *Talbot* charg'd, and heere the Frenchmen fled,
Heere with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie.
Heere ſtood the Tents of famous *VVillobby*;
Heere *Mountacute* rang'd his vnconquered band,
Heere forth we march'd, and heere we made a ſtand.
VVhat ſhould we ſtand to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which time doth eaſily take away:
vvhat fortune hurts, let patience only heale,
No wiſdome with extreamities to deale;
To know our ſelues to come of humaine birth,
Theſe ſad afflictions croſſe vs heere on earth;
A taxe impoſd by heauens eternall law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we priſe that at ſo deere a rate
vvhoſe beſt aſſurance is a fickle ſtate,
And needleſſe we examine our intent,
vvhen with preuention, we cannot preuent;
vvhen we our ſelues fore-ſeeing cannot ſhun,
That which before, with deſtiny doth run.
*Henry* hath power, and may my life diſpoſe,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to loſe,
Then be as merry, (beautious royall Queene)

As in the Court of Fraunce we erſt haue beene;
As when ariu'd in Porcheſters faire roade,
(vvhere, for our comming *Henry* made aboade)
vvhen in mine armes I brought thee ſafe to land,
And gaue my loue, to *Henries* royall hand;
The happy howers, we paſſed with the King,
At faire South-hampton, long in banqueting,
vvith ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* breſt,
vvhen he to London brought thee from the VVeſt;
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride,
To VVeſtminſter, to entertaine his Bride.

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## Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

*Our Faulcons kinde cannot the cage indure.*

HE alludes in theſe verſes to the Faulcon, which was the ancient deuice of the *Poles*, comparing the greatnes and haughtines of his ſpirit, to the nature of this bird.

*This was the meane, proud* Warwicke *did inuent,*
*To my diſgrace, &c.*

The Commons, at this Parliament, through *Warwicks* meanes, accuſed *Suffolke* of treaſon, and vrged the accuſation ſo vehemently that the King was forced to exile him for fiue yeeres.

*That onely my baſe yeelding vp of Maine,*
*Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine.*

The Duke of Suffolke being ſent into France to conclude a peace, choſe Duke *Rayners* daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, whom he eſpouſed for *Henry* the ſixt, deliuering for her to her father, the Countries of Aniou and Maine, and the City of Mauns. Where-vpon the Earle of Arminach (whoſe daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelfe to be mocked, cauſed all the Engliſh men to be expulſed out of Aquitaine, Gaſcoyne, and Guyen.

*With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,*
*To be the heyre of good Duke* Humfreys *name.*

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of Warwicke, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

*With* Salisbury, *his vile ambitious Sire,*
*In* Yorks *ſterne breſt, kindling long hidden fire.*
*By* Clarance *title, working to ſupplant,*
*The Eagle Ayrie of great* Iohn of Gaunt.

*Richard Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the ſixt, claimed the Crowne. (being aſsiſted by this *Richard Neuell* Earle of Salisbury, and father to the great Earle of *Warwick*, who fauoured exceedingly the houſe of Yorke) in open Parliament as heyre to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his mother, wiſe to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, ſonne to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of York; which *Anne*, was daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March, which *Roger*, was ſonne and heire to *Edmund Mortimer* that married the Lady *Phillip*, daughter and heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne of King *Edward*. to whom the Crowne after *Richard* the ſeconds death lineally deſcended he dying without iſſue. And not to the heyres of the Duke of Lancaſter, that was younger brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall cap. 1. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

*Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,*
*Calling reuenge on the Protectors death.*

*Humfrey* Duke of Gloceſter, and Lord Protector in the 25. yeare of *Henry* the ſixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolke was areſted by the Lord *Beumond* at the Parliament holden at Berry, and the ſame night after murthered in his bed.

*If they would know who robd him, &c. To this Verſe,*
*To know how* Humfrey *dyed, and who ſhall raigne.*

In theſe verſes he ieſts at the Protectours wiſe, who (being accuſed and conuicted of treaſon, becauſe with *Iohn Hun* a Prieſt, *Roger Bulenbrooke* a Negromancer, and *Margery Iordane* called the Witch of Eye, ſhe had conſulted by ſorcery to kill the King) was adiudged to perpetuall priſon in the Ile of Man, & to doe penance openly in three publique places in London.

*For twenty yeeres and haue I ſeru'd in Fraunce,*

In the ſixt yeere of *Henry* the ſixt the Duke of Bedford beeing deceaſed then Lieutenant generall, and Regent of Fraunce; thys Duke of Suffolke was promoted to that dignitie, hauing the Lord *Talbot* L. *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute* to aſiſt him.

*Againſt great* Charles, *and baſtard* Orleance.

Thys was *Charles* the ſeauenth, that after the death of *Henry* the fifth obtained the crowne of Fraunce, & recouered againe much of that his Father had loſt. Baſtard *Orleance*, was ſonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lorde *Cawnies* wiſe, preferred highly to many notable offices, becauſe he being a moſt valiant Captaine, was continuall enemy to the Engliſhmen, daily infeſting them with diuers incurſions.

*And haue I ſeene* Vernoyla's *batfull fieldes,*

*Vernoyle* is that noted place in Fraunce, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Henry* the 6. his raigne, where the moſt of the French Cheualry were ouercome by the duke of Bedford.

*And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers.*

Aumerle is that ſtrong defenced towne in Fraunce, which the duke of Suffolke got after 24. great aſſaults giuen vnto it.

*And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to Towers*
*Th'Embaſſadours for truce to entertaine,*
*From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary, and Spaine.*

Towers is a Citty in Fraunce, built by *Brutus* as he came into Brittaine, where, in the twentie and one yeere of the raigne of *Henry* the ſixt, was appointed a great diet to bee kept, whether came the Embaſſadours of the Empire, Spaine, Hungary, and Denmarke, to intreate for a perpetuall peace, to be made betweene the two Kings of England and Fraunce.

*By true deſcent to weare the Diadem,*
*Of Naples, Cicile, and Ieruſalem.*

*Rayner* duke of Aniou, Father to queene *Margaret*, call'd hymſelfe King of Naples, Cicily, and Ieruſalem, hauing the title alone of King of thoſe Countries.

*A fifteenes taxe in Fraunce I freely ſpent,*

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded twixt King *Henry* & *Margarite*, daughter to duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

*Steme thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe.*

Deepe is a Towne in Fraunce, bordering vppon the Sea, vvhere the Duke of Suffolke with queene *Margaret*, tooke ſhip for England.

*As when ariu'd in Porcheſters faire Roade.*

Porcheſter a Hauen towne in the South-weſt part of Englande, where the King tarried expecting the queenes arriuall, whom from thence he conueyed to South-hampton.

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## Queene *Margaret* to *William de la Pole*, Duke of Suffolke.

([illegible])

WHat newes (ſweet *Pole*) look'ſt thou my lines ſhould tell
But like the ſounding of the dolefull bell?
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue,
My breſt, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vaſt and deſart wildernes is growne;
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,

On whoſe breeme ſeas, the Icie mountaines flote,
VVhere thoſe poore creatures baniſh'd from the light,
Doe liue impriſon'd in continuall night.
No ioy preſents my ſoules internall eyes,
But diuination of ſad tragedies,
And care takes vp her ſolitarie Inne,
VVhere youth and ioy, theyr Court did once begin.
As in September, when our yeere reſignes,
The glorious Sunne vnto the watry ſignes,
vvhich through the clowdes lookes on the earth in ſcorne;
The little bird, yet to ſalute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches ſets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the moſſy roote;
And there a ſilly chirripping doth keepe,
As though ſhe faine would ſing, yet faine would weepe,
Prayſing faire Summer, that too ſoone is gone,
Or mourning VVinter, too faſt comming on.
In this ſad plight I mourne for thy depart,
Becauſe that weeping cannot eaſe my hart.
Now to our ayde, who ſtirs the neighbouring Kings?
Or who from Fraunce a puiſſant Army brings?
VVho moues the Norman to aſsiſt our war?
Or brings in Burgoyne, to ayde Lancaſter?
VVho in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecrete thoughts impart?
vvhoſe breſt is now the cloſet of my hart?
The ancient *Heroes* fame thou didſt reuiue,
And didſt from them thy memory deriue;
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in *Pole* ſhee was too prodigall;

Of ſo diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As heauen for him, perfections depth had ſought;
VVell knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
vvhen thou wert made his ſweet tongu'd Orator;
vvhoſe Angell-eye; by powrefull influence,
Imparteth wonders paſsing eloquence,
That when *Ioue* would his youthfull ſports haue tride,
But in thy ſhape, himſelfe would neuer hide;
VVhich in his loue had beene of greater power,
Then was his nymph, his flame, his ſwan, his ſhower.
To that allegiance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
To *Henries* heyres, and ſafety of vs both,
No longer now he meanes record ſhall beare it,
He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it.
He that's in all the worlds blacke ſinnes forlorne,
Is careleſſe now how oft he be forſworne;
And now of late his title hath ſet downe,
By which he claimes the right of Englands crowne.
And now I heare, his hatefull Dutches chats,
And rips vp their deſcent vnto her brats,
And bleſſeth them as Englands lawfull heires,
And tels them that our Diadem is theirs.
And if ſuch hap her Goddeſſe fortune bring,
If three ſonnes faile, ſhe'le make the fourth a King.
He that's ſo like his Dam, her yongeſt *Dicke*,
That foule, ilfauored, crook-back'd ſtigmatick,
That like a carkas ſtolne out of a Tombe,
Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe,
VVith teeth in's head, his paſſage to haue torne,
As though begot an age ere he was borne.
VVho now dare curbe proude *Yorke*, if he doe riſe?

And ſtoope that haggard, which ſo threats the skies?
To crop that baſtard weede which daily growes,
To ouer-ſhadow our vermillion Roſe?
Or who will muzzell that vnruly Beare?
From whoſe ſterne preſence all doe flie for feare,
VVhilſt on his knees the ſilly King is downe,
To ſaue their labour, reaching at his Crowne,
VVhere like a mounting Cedar he ſhould beare
His plumed top, aloft into the ayre;
And let theſe ſhrubs ſit vnderneath his ſhrowdes,
VVhilſt in his armes he doth imbrace the clowdes,
But he with error in deuotion led,
Lets others raſe the Crowne from off his head;
And (like a woman) ſits him downe to weepe,
VVhere he in armes his kingly right ſhould keepe,
As ill beſeeming *Henries* royall ſonne,
As when *Alcides* at the diſtaffe ſpunne.
O that he ſhould his Fathers right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mighty ſpirit;
That fild the VVeſterne world with his report,
His glorious conqueſt got at Agincourt;
And fild the ditches of beſieged Cane,
vvith mangled bodies of our Nation ſlaine;
And made the Normans eate their horſe for foode,
Yet ſtaru'd for hunger; made them drunke with blood.
Nor can he come from *Lancaſters* great line,
Or from the wombe of beautious *Katherine*,
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Dayſie-flower, which erſt perfum'd the ayre,
vvhich for my fauours Princes once did weare,

Now in the duſt lies troden on the ground,
And with *Yorkes* garlands euery one is crownd.
Thoſe flattering ſtarres which followed our faire riſe,
Now towards our ſet, are vaniſh'd from our eyes,
*Yorkes* riſing ſunnes now altogether ſhine,
And our light dim, towards euening doth decline;
Now in the skies his dreadfull Comet waues,
And who be ſtarrs, but *VVarwicks* bearded ſtaues?
And all thoſe knees which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none like them, purſue me with deſpite,
vvhich moſt haue cryde, God ſaue Queene *Margarite*.
VVhen fame ſhall brute thy baniſhment abroade,
The Yorkiſh faction then will lay on loade;
And when it comes once to our VVeſterne Coaſt,
O how that hag Dame *Elinor* will boaſt;
And labour ſtraight, by all the meanes ſhe can,
To be call'd home, out of the Ile of Man;
To which I know great *VVarwicke* will conſent,
To haue it done by act of Parliament,
That to my teeth, my birth ſhe may defie,
Slaundring Duke *Rayner* with baſe beggery;
The onely way ſhe could deuiſe to grieue me,
vvanting ſweet *Suffolke*, which ſhould moſt relieue me.
And from that ſtocke doth ſprout another bloome,
A Kentiſh Rebell, a baſe vpſtart groome;
And this is he the VVhite-Roſe muſt prefer,
By *Clarence* daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*;
Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this raſcall peſant *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſt, *Plantaginet* be made;
Thus that ambitious Duke ſets all on worke.

To ſound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*,
VVhilſt he abroad doth practiſe to command,
And makes vs weake by ſtrengthning Ireland;
More his owne power ſtill ſeeking to increaſe,
Then for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *VVincheſter* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes ſhould be encreas'd.
*Beuford*, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall,
The Commons (bent to miſchiefe) neuer let,
vvith Fraunce t'vpbraid that valiant *Somerſet*,
Rayling in tumults on his ſouldiours loſſe;
Thus all goes backward, croſſe comes after croſſe.
And now of late, Duke *Humfreys* old alies,
vvith baniſh'd *Elnors* baſe accomplices,
Attending theyr reuenge, grow wondrous crouſe,
And threaten death and vengeance to our houſe;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure theſe ſtormes with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee *Pole* haue care how thou dooſt paſſe,
Neuer the *Sea* yet halfe ſo dangerous was;
And one fore-told by *water* thou ſhouldſt die,
(Ah foule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And euery night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe ſee thee toſt in dangerous ſtreames;
And oft-times ſhipwrackt, caſt vpon the land,
And lying breathleſſe on the queachy ſand;
And oft in viſions ſee thee in the night,
VVhere thou at *Sea* maintain'ſt a dangerous fight;
And with thy proued Target and thy ſword,
Beat'ſt backe the Pyrate which would come abord.

Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The trueſt loue is moſt ſuſpitious;
Sorrow doth vtter what vs ſtill doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs ſorrow to belieue;
And in my counſell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amiſſe;
Then liue in hope, in tryumph to returne,
vvhen cleerer dayes ſhall leaue in clowdes to mourne;
But ſo hath ſorrow girt my ſoule about,
That, that word *hope* (me thinks) comes ſlowly out;
The reaſon is, I know it here would reſt,
VVhere it may ſtill behold thee in my breſt.
Farewell ſweet *Pole*, faine more I would indite,
But that my teares doe blot as I doe write.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

*Or brings in Burgoyne to ayde Lancaſter.*

PHillip Duke of Burgoyne and his ſonne, were alwayes great fauorites of the houſe of Lancaſter, howbeit they often diſſembled both with Lancaſter and Yorke.

*Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,*
*To win vs credite with our valiant friends.*

The chiefe Lords of the North-parts, in the time of *Henry* the 6. withſtood the duke of Yorke at his riſing, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

*To that allegeance* Yorke *was bound by oath*
*To* Henties *Heires, and ſafety of vs both.*
*No longer now he meanes records ſhall beare it,*
*He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it.*

The Duke of Yorke at the death of *Henry* the fifth, & at this kings coronation, tooke his oath to be true ſubiect to him, and his heires for euer: but afterward diſpenſing therewith, claimed the Crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

*If three Sonnes faile, ſhee'l make the fourth a King.*

The Duke of Yotk had foure ſonnes, *Edward* Earle of March that afterward was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when he had depoſed *Henry* the ſixt, and *Edmond* Earle of Rutland, ſlaine by the Lord *Clifford* at the battell at Wakefield: and *George* Duke of Clarence that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of Gloceſter, who was (after hee had murthered his brothers ſonnes) King by the name of *Richard* the third.

*He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt* Dicke;
*That foule ilfauoured crookbac'd Stigmaticke, &c.*

Till this verſe, *As though begot an age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironically ſhe heere calls *Dicke*) that by treaſon after his Nephewes murthered, obtained the crowne, was a man low of ſtature, crookeback'd, the left ſhoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed & ſower countenance: his mother could not be deliuered of him, he was borne toothed, and with his feete forward contrary to the courſe of nature.

*To ouerſhadow our Vermilion Roſe.*

The red Roſe was the badge of the houſe of *Lancaſter*, and the white Roſe of *Yorke*, which by the marriage of *Henry* the ſeauenth, with *Elizabeth* indubitate heire of the houſe of *Yorke*, was conioyned and vnited.

*Or who doth muzzle that vnruly Beare?*

The Earle of Warwicke, the ſetter vp and puller downe of Kings gaue for his Armes the white Beare rampant, & the Ragged ſtaffe.

*His glorious conqueſt got at Agyncourt.*

Agincourt is a Territory in Fraunce, where King *Henry* the fifth, diſcomfited the whole French puiſſance being 60000. Horſemen, beſides foot-men and Pages, and ſlew at the ſame battell 8000, of their Nobility, Knights, and Gentlemen. And almoſt all the Princes of France, beſides ſuch as were taken priſoners.

*Who fill'd the ditches of beſieged Caen*
*With mangled bodies, &c.*

Caen is a meruailous ſtrong Towne of Normandy, which after long famine and extreame miſery, was yeelded vp to King *Henry* the fifth, who fortified the Towne and Caſtle to the vſe of the Engliſh.

*My Dayſie flower which erſt perfum'd the ayre,*
*Which for my fauour Princes once did weare, &c.*

The Dayſie in French is called *Margaret*, which was Queene *Margarets* badge, where-withall the Nobility and chiualry of the Land at the firſt ariuall were ſo delighted, that they wore it in their Hats in token of honour.

*And who be ſtars but* Warwicks *bearded ſtaues?*

The ragged or bearded ſtaffe was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwicke.

*Slandering Duke* Rayner *with baſe beggery.*

*Rayner* Duke of Aniou, called himſelfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ieruſalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from thoſe parts, and was not able at the marriage of the queene of his owne charges to ſend her into England though he gaue no dower with her: which by the Dutches of Gloceſter was often in diſgrace caſt in her teeth.

*A Kentiſh Rebell, a baſe vpſtart Groome.*

This was *Iacke Cade* which cauſed the Kentiſh-men to rebell in the 28 yeere of *Henry* the 6.

*And this is he the white Roſe muſt preferre,*
*By* Clarence *daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This *Iacke Cade* inſtructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be deſcended from *Mortimer* which married Lady *Phillip*, daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

*And makes vs weake by ſtrengthning Ireland.*

The Duke of York being made Deputy of Ireland, firſt there began to practiſe his long pretended purpoſe, ſtrengthning himſelfe by all meanes poſsible that he might at his returne into England by open war, to claime that which ſo long hee had priuily gone about to obtaine.

*Great* Winchester *vntimely is deceas'd.*

*Henry Beuford* Biſhop and Cardinall of Wincheſter, Sonne to *Iohn of Gaunt*, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene, and the duke of Suffolke, continually heaping vp innumerable treaſure, in hope to haue been Pope, as himſelfe on his death-bed confeſſed.

*With France t'vpbraid the valiant* Somerſet.

*Edmund* duke of Somerſet, in the 24. of *Henry* the ſixt, was made Regent of Fraunce, and ſent into Normandy to defend the Engliſh Territories againſt the French inuaſions, but in ſhort time he loſt all that King *Henry* the fifth wone, for which cauſe the Nobles and the Commons euer after hated him.

*T'embarke theſe ſtormes with woefull* Buckingham.

*Humfrey* duke of Buckingham, was a great fauorite of the Queenes Faction, in the time of *Hen*[illegible] ſixt.

*And one fore-told by water thou ſhouldſt dye.*

The Witch of Eye receaued anſwere by her ſpirit, that the duke of Suffolke ſhould take heede of water; which the Queene forewarnes him of, as remembring the Witches prophecie, which afterward came to paſſe.

FINIS.

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To

# To the Right Worſhipfull Sir
## *Thomas Mounſon*, Knight.

*SIR, amongſt many which moſt deſeruedly loue you, though I the leaſt, yet am loth to be the laſt, whoſe endeuours may make knowne howe highly they eſteeme of your noble and kind diſpoſition: let this Epiſtle Sir (I beſeech you) which vnworthily weares the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the reſt, (though much leſſe deſeruing) which for your ſake doe honour the houſe of the* Mounſons. *I know true generoſity accepteth what is zealouſly offered, though not euer deſeruingly excelent, yet for loue of the Art from whence it receaueth reſemblance. The light Phrigian harmony ſtirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth paſſion: both haue their motion in the ſpirit, as the liking of the ſoule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, ſhall giue ſome life to my Muſe, which yet houers in the vncertainty of the generall cenſure.*

*Michaell Drayton.*

# *Edward* the fourth to *Shores* *wife*.

## ✻ The Argument.

*This Miſtres* Shore, *King* Edward *the fourths beautious paramour, was ſo called of her husband a Goldſmith, dwelling in Lumbard ſtreete.* Edward *the fourth, ſonne to* Richard *Duke of Yorke, after hee had obtained the crowne by depoſing* Henry *the ſixt, (which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by* Richard Crookeback) *& after the battell fought at Barnet, where that famous Earle of VVarwicke was ſlaine, and that King* Edward *quietly poſſeſſed the crowne, hearing (by report of many) the rare and wonderfull beauty of the aforeſaid* Shores *wife, commeth himſelfe diſguiſed to London to ſee her; where after he had once beheld her, he was ſo ſurpriſed with her admirable beauty, as not long after he robbed her husband of his deereſt iewell; but firſt by this Epiſtle he writeth vnto her.*

VNto the fair'ſt that euer breath'd this ayre,
From Engliſh *Edward* to that faireſt faire;
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermaund a Monarchs high deſire,
And bar mine eyes of what they moſt admire.
O why ſhould Fortune make the Citty proud,
To giue that more then is the Court allow'd?

VVhere they like (wretches) hoord it vp to ſpare,
And doe engroſſe it, as they doe their ware.
VVhen fame firſt blaz'd thy beauty heere in Court,
Mine eares repulſd it, as a light report,
But when mine eyes ſaw what mine eare had hard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpard;
And ſtrooken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then ſhe had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is poſſeſt,
vvhen I enuy that *Shore* ſhould be ſo bleſt,
vvhen much aboundance makes the needy mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had;
Into fooles boſoms this good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in the whilſt the miſer ſleepes.
If now thy beauty be of ſuch eſteeme,
vvhich all of ſo rare excellency deeme,
vvhat ſhould it be, and prized at what rate,
vvere it adorned with a kingly ſtate?
VVhich being now but in ſo meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamiling;
The ſparkling luſter of the ſtone is ſpilt,
If that the beauty be not ſhewd in gilt.
VVhen firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee, in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Paſsing thy ſhop, thy husband calls me backe,
Demaunding what rare iewell I did lacke?
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And one (I feare) thou wilt not let me haue;
He cals for Caskets forth, and ſhewes me ſtore,

But yet I knew he had one iewell more;
And deadly curſt him that he did deny it,
That I might not for loue or money buy it.
O might I come a Diamond to buy,
vvhoſe ſparkling radiance ſhadowed but thine eye,
vvould not my treaſure ſerue, my Crowne ſhould go,
If any iewell could be prized ſo;
An Agat, branched with thy bluſhing ſtraines,
A Saphire, but ſo azur'd, as thy vaines;
My kingly ſcepter onely ſhould redeeme it,
At ſuch a price if iudgement could eſteeme it.
How fond and ſenceleſſe, be thoſe ſtrangers then,
vvho bring in toyes to pleaſe the Engliſh men.
I ſmile to thinke how fond th'Italians are,
To iudge their artificiall Gardens rare,
vvhen London in thy cheeks can ſhew them heere,
Roſes and Lillies growing all the yeere;
The Portugall, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing ſtones from fartheſt India in,
vvhen happy *Shore* can bring them forth a gerle,
vvhoſe lips be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Chriſtall from the frozen maine?
VVhen thy cleere skins tranſparence doth ſurpaſſe
Their Chriſtall, as the Diamond doth glaſſe.
The fooliſh French, which brings in traſh and toyes,
To turne our women men, our gerles to boyes,
vvhen with what tire thou dooſt thy ſelfe adorne,
That for a faſhion only ſhall be worne;
vvhich though it were a garment but of hayre,
More rich then robe that euer Empreſſe ware.

Me thinks thy husband takes his marke awry,
To ſet his plate to ſale when thou art by;
vvhen they which doe thy Angell-locks behold,
Like baſeſt droſſe doe but reſpect his gold;
And wiſh one haire before that maſſy heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape:
And for no cauſe elſe, hold we gold ſo deare,
But that it is ſo like vnto thy haire.
And ſure I thinke *Shore* cannot chuſe but flout
Such as would finde the great Elixar out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchimiſts, that choke
Themſelues with fumes, and waſt their wealth in ſmoke,
vvhen if thy hand but touch the baſeſt mold,
It is conuerted vnto pureſt gold,
vvhen theirs is chaffer'd at an eaſie rate,
vvell knowne to all to be adulterate;
And theyrs, no more when it by thine is ſet,
Then paltry Brugle, or light-prized Iet.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeet,
If there were none, thou could'ſt make all things ſweet.
Thou comfort'ſt ſence, and yet all ſence dooſt waſt,
To heare, to ſee, to ſmell, to feele, to taſt,
Thou a rich ſhip, whoſe very refuſe were,
Aromaticks, and precious odors are.
If thou but pleaſe to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambrick, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whitenes of the ſame would'ſt proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue;
And thoſe which by, as the beholders ſtand,
vvill take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand.
A thouſand eyes, clog'd vp by enuious night,

Doe

Do wiſh for day, but to enioy thy ſight;
And when they once haue bleſt theyr eyes with thee,
Scorne euery obiect elſe, what ere they ſee,
So like a Goddeſſe beauty ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch powerfull working in our ſoules.
The Merchant which in traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a daintie wife,
The blunt-ſpoke Cynick, poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at beauty loues to looke.
The Church-man, by whoſe teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloody ſouldiour which in Armes doth toyle,
vvith beauty yet content to ſhare his ſpoyle,
The buſie Lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth in beauty yet there is ſome eaſe;
The toyling trades-man, and the ſweating Clowne,
vvould haue his wench faire, though his bread be browne;
So much is beauty pleaſing vnto all,
To Prince and peaſant, one in generall;
Nor neuer yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too deere, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artleſſe be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praiſe thy ſeuerall parts;
Poore plodding Schoolemen, they are far too low,
vvhich by probations, rules, and axiom's goe,
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the skies,
vvhich notes the reuolutions of thine eyes;
And by that skill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties world, thy waſt, thy foote, thy hand,
VVhere he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights as yet are ſtrange and new;

And other worlds of beauty more and more,
VVhich neuer were diſcouered before;
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vſing alone Arithmeticks ſtrong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when theſe all haue done what they can doe,
For thy perfections all too little too.
But leauing Arts, what ſhould I ſay thou art?
But of each Goddeſſe thou a better part,
From *Iris* white, thy red, vermillion, blew,
Thy skin, thy lip, thy cheeke, thy vaines pure hew.
But thoſe in her, together mixed be,
But all diſtinct, and ſeuerall in thee.
From beautious *Ceres*, thy ſoft-ſwelling breſt,
Thoſe orient grapes giue nectar, beeing preſt;
Thy ſmiles from *Venus*, but ſuch ſmiles of ioy,
As when ſhe laughes vpon her little boy;
Thy caridge, from maieſticke *Iuno's* gate,
VVhich giues delight for all to wonder at.
VVhen from the Eaſt the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to ſeeke thee all the world about,
VVithin thy Chamber hath ſhe fixt her light;
vvhere but that place, the world hath all beene night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eye,
Should ſee loue banquet in her maieſtie?
VVe deeme thoſe things our ſight doth moſt frequent,
To be but meane, although moſt excellent;
For ſtrangers ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and ſtrowd,
Few looke on ſuch as daily come abroad;
Things much reſtraind, doth make vs much deſire them,
And

And beauties ſeldome ſeene, makes vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a Citty ſhop ſhould hide,
The worlds delight, and natures onely pride,
But in a Princes ſumptuous gallery,
Hung all with Tiſſue flor'd with Tapeſtry;
VVhere thou ſhalt ſit, and from thy ſtate ſhalt ſee,
The tylts and tryumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou liſt to proue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a kingly loue;
And when thou find'ſt as now thou doubt'ſt the troth,
Be thou thy ſelfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
VVhere harts be knit, what helps if not enioy?
Delayes breed doubts, no cunning to be coy.
VVhilſt lazie Time his turne by tariance ſerues,
Loue ſtill growes ſickly, and hope daily ſtarues.
Meane while receiue that warrant by theſe lines,
VVhich princely rule and ſoueraignty reſignes;
Till when, theſe papers by theyr Lords command,
By me ſhall kiſſe thy ſweet and dainty hand.

### *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

THis Epiſtle of *Edward* to *Shores* wife, and of hers to him, beeing of vnlawfull affection, miniſtreth ſmall occaſion of hiſtoricall notes, for had he mentioned the many battailes betwixt the Lancaſtrian faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had beene more like to *Plautus* boaſting Souldiour then a kingly Courtier. Notwithſtanding, it ſhall not be amiſſe to annexe a line or two.

*From Engliſh* Edward *to the faireſt faire,*

*Edward* the fourth was by nature very chiualrous and very amorous, applying his ſweete and amiable aſpect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was ſo well knowne to *Lewes* the French King, who at their enterview inuited him to Paris, that as *Commeus* reports, beeing taken at his word, hee notwithſtanding brake of the matter, fearing the Pariſian Dames with theyr witty conuerſation, would detaine him longer then ſhould be for his benefit, by which meanes *Edward* was diſappointed of his iourney; and albeit Princes whilſt they liue haue nothing in them but what is admirable, yet wee need not miſtruſt the flattery of the Court in thoſe times, for certaine it is that his ſhape was excellent, his haire drew neere to a blacke, making his faces fauour ſeeme more delectable. Though the ſmalneſſe of his eyes full of a ſhining moiſture, as it tooke away ſome comlineſſe, ſo it argued much ſharpnes of vnderſtanding, and cruelty mingled therewith. And indeed *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him & other Princes of thoſe times, with affectation of tyrannie, as *Richard* the third manifeſtly did.

*When firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes,*

*Edwards* intemperate deſires, with which hee was wholy ouercome, how tragically they in his ofſpring were puniſhed, is vniuerſally knowne. A mirrour repreſenting their ouer-ſight, that rather leaue theyr children what to poſſeſſe, then what to imitate.

*How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,*
*To bring vs Chriſtall from the frozen maine,*

Alluding to theyr opinions, who imagine Chriſtall to bee a kinde of Ice, and therefore it is likely they who come from the frozen parts, ſhould bring great ſtore of that tranſparent ſtone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame cold. Whether Chriſtall be Ice or ſome other liquour, I omit to diſpute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall there may be ſuch an induration, for *Solinus* out of *Plinie* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Regions a yellow ielly is taken vp out of the Sea at low tydes, which he calls *Succinum*, we Amber; ſo likewiſe out of the Liguſticke deepe, a part of the Mediterran Sea, a greeniſh ſtalke is gathered, which hardned in the ayre, becomes to be Corall, eyther white or red. Amber notwithſtanding is thought to drop out of trees, as appeares by *Martials* Epigram.

*Et latet, et lucet Phaethontide condita gutta,*
*Vt videatur apis nectare clauſa ſuo,*
*Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum,*
*Credibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.*

To behold a Bee incloſde in Electrũ, is not ſo rare as that a boyes throat ſhould be cut with the fall of an Iceſickle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. lib. 4. Hee calls it *Paethontis gutta*, becauſe of that fable which *Ouid* rehearſeth, concerning the *Heliades*, or *Phaetons* ſiſters metamorphoſed into thoſe trees, whoſe gum is Amber, where flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently impriſoned.

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# ¶ The Epiſtle of *Shores* wife to King *Edward* the fourth.

AS the weake child, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery ſtrings ſoft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his maiſters curious liſtning eare;
VVhoſe trembling hand, at euery ſtraine bewrayes,
In what doubt he, his new ſet leſſon playes;
As this poore child, ſo ſit I to indite,
At euery word ſtill quaking as I write.
VVould I had led an humble ſhepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Country fields that range,
Nor ſeene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To ſtand a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes,
Oft haue I heard my beauty prayſd of many,

But neuer yet ſo much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-eye to finde out that,
vvhich vulgar ſights doe ſildome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters ſight,
Or in the obiect ſome thing exquiſite.
To houſed beauty, ſildome ſtoopes report,
Fame muſt attend on that which liues in Court.
VVhat Swan of great *Apollos* brood doth ſing
To vulgar loue, in courtly Sonetting?
O what immortall Poets ſugred pen,
Attends the glory of a Cittizen?
Oft haue I wondred what ſhould blind your eye,
Or what ſo far ſeduced Maieſtie
That hauing choyſe of beauties ſo diuine,
Amongſt the moſt to chooſe this leaſt of mine?
More glorious ſunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beſide;
VVho takes in hand to make account of this,
May number Rumneys flowers, or Iſis fiſh;
vvho doth frequent our Temples, walkes, and ſtreets,
Noting the ſundry beauties that he meets,
Thinks not that Nature left the wide world poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her ſtore?
As heauen and earth were lately fallne at iars,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping ſtars.
That if but ſome one beauty ſhould incite,
Some ſacred Muſe, ſome rauiſht ſpirit to write,
Heere might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages ſhould his lines admire;
Gathering the honny from the choyſeſt flowers,
Scorning the wither'd weedes in Country bowers.

Heere in this Garden (onely) ſprings the Roſe,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes,
Nor are we ſo turn'd Neapolitan,
That might incite ſome foule-mouth *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iuſt cauſe to raile vpon our ſexe;
To pranck old wrincles vp in newe attire,
To alter natures courſe, proue time a lyer,
Abuſing fate, and heauens iuſt doome reuerſe,
On beauties graue to ſette a Crimſon hearſe;
VVith a deceitfull foyle to lay a ground,
To make a glaſſe to ſeeme a Diamond.
Nor cannot without hazard of our Name,
In faſhion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantaſticke French to imitate,
Attir'd halfe Spaniſh, halfe Italionate;
Nor waſt, nor curle, body nor brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boaſts how witleſſe fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignitie?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to loue belong;
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the roome,
Cropt beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away enriched with the ſtore,
vvhilſt others gleane, where he hath reapt before;
And he dares ſweare that I am true and iuſt,
And ſhall I then deceiue his honeſt truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſaile,
vvhere ſtrongeſt battery neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that I repulſd the reſt,

To leaue a King the conqueſt of my breſt,
Or haue thus long preſeru'd my ſelfe from all,
A Monarch now ſhould glory in my fall.
Yet rather let me die the vildeſt death,
Then liue to draw ſuch ſinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde harts, mens teares cannot abide,
And we leaſt angry oft, when moſt we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,
And nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to ſpeake, to ſue, and to forbeare,
By ſignes, by ſighes, by motions, and by teares, (prayers,
vvhen vowes ſhould ſerue, when othes, when ſmiles, when
VVhat one delight our humors moſt doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nouriſh loue.
If any naturall blemiſh blot our face,
You doe proteſt it giues our beauty grace;
And what attire we moſt are vſd to weare,
That (of all other) excellent'ſt you ſweare;
And if we walke, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Deitie;
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer ſounding in our eare;
And yet ſo ſhameleſſe when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on beauty, and on vs;
Romes wanton *Ouid* did thoſe rules impart;
O that your nature ſhould be help'd by Art.
VVho would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by loue, ſo Poet-like ſhould faine;
To ſay that beauty, Times ſterne rage to ſhun,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the ſun,

And when ſhe meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her Eaſt and heere ſhe broke her day,
And ſwear'ſt that Sommer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As though the fayr'ſt, ere ſince the world began,
To me, a ſun-burnt, baſe Egiptian;
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well)
That women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publiquely not flattering their owne praiſe.
Our churliſh husbands, which our youth enioy'd,
VVho with our dainties haue their ſtomacks cloyd,
Doe loath our ſmooth hand with their lips to feele,
T'entrench our fauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our commaund to waite, to ſend, to goe,
As euery houre our amorous ſeruants doe;
vvhich makes a ſtolne kiſſe often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe;
vvhen he all day torments vs with a frowne,
Yet ſports with *Venus* in a bed of Downe,
vvhoſe rude embracement, but too ill beſeemes,
Her ſpan-broad waſt, her white and dainty limmes;
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meat,
vvhen he himſelfe, of euery diſh will eat.
Blame you our husbands then, if they deny
Our publique walking, our looſe liberty,
If with exception ſtill they vs debar,
The circuite of the publique Theater;
To heare the ſmooth-tongu'd Poets Syren vaine,
Sporting in his laſciuious Comick ſcene:
Or the young wanton wits, when they applaude

The ſlie perſwaſions of ſome ſubtile Baude,
Or paſſionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-ſicke paſſion on the ſtage;
vvhen though abroad reſtraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare, and inward griefe,
Knowing ritch prizes ſooneſt tempt a theefe.
VVhat ſports haue we, whereon our minds to ſet?
Our dog, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field;
Small is the pleaſure that thoſe toyes doe yeeld,
But to this griefe, a medicine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet liberty;
And ſoueraignty; (ô that bewitching thing,)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King:
And more, that honour which doth moſt intice
The holieſt Nunne, and ſhe that's nere ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtriue, yet ouer-come at length,
For men want mercy, and poore women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we, could meaner men reſiſt
vvhen Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe *Shore* pleaſeth not my ſigh;
That his imbraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe, I to my ſelfe am ſtrange:
Thy comming, is my full, thy ſet, my change.
Long VVinter nights be minutes, if thou heare;
Short minutes if thou abſent be a yeare.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me loue, euen in the midſt of hate.

Notes

## Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

*Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,*
*Nor knowne the name of* Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three Poems written by ſundry men, haue magnified this womans beauty : whom that ornament of England and Londons more particular glory, Sir *Thomas Moore* very highly hath prayſed for her beauty, ſhe being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her ſtature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and ſmooth, her countenance cheerefull, & like to her condition. That picture which I haue ſeen of hers, was ſuch as ſhe roſe out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a ritch mantle caſt vnder one arme ouer her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a chayre on which her naked arme did lye. What her fathers name was, or where ſhe was borne is not certainely knowne : but *Shore* a young man of right good perſon, wealth, and behauiour, abandoned her bed after the King had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the third cauſing her to doe open penance in Paules Churchyard, commaunded that no man ſhould releeue her, which the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to ſinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, hee might couer his horrible treaſon the more cunningly.

*May number Rumneys flowers, or Iſis fiſh.*

Rumney is that famous Marſh in Kent, at whoſe ſide Rie an Hauen-towne dooth ſtand . Heereof the excellent Engliſh Antiquarie Maiſter *Camden* , and Maiſter *Lambert* in his perambulation doe make mention, & Mariſhes are commonly called thoſe low grounds, which abut vpon the Sea , and from the Latine word are ſo denominated . Iſis is heere vſed for Thameſis by a Senecdochicall kinde of ſpeech, or by a Poeticall liberty in vſing one for another, for it is ſayde that Thameſis is compounded of Tame, and Iſis, making when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a Citty much more renowned then that water: which being plentifull of fiſh, is the cauſe alſo why all things elſe are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perſwaded that there is no Riuer in the world beholds more ſtately buildings on eyther ſide cleane through, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Graund Canale in Venice, for that the Fronts on either ſide are ſo gorgeous.

*That might intice ſome foule-mouth'd* Mantuan,

*Mantuan* a paſtorall Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueyeth againſt woman-kinde, ſome of the which by way of an Appendex, might be heere inſerted, ſeeing the fantaſtick and inſolent humors of many of that ſexe deſerue much ſharper phiſick, were it not that they are grown wiſer, then to amend, for ſuch an idle Poets ſpeech as *Mantuan*, yea, or for *Euripides* himſelfe, or *Senecas* inflexible Hippolitus.

*The circuite of the publique Theater.*

*Ouid*, a moſt fit Authour for ſo diſſolute a Sectary, calls that place Chaſtities ſhipwrack, for though *Shores* wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humor of a Curtizan, yet much more is the praiſe of modeſty then of ſuch liberty. Howbeit the Veſtall Nuns had ſeats aſſigned them in the Romaine Theater, whereby it ſhould appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modeſty, though they offending therein were buried quicke: a ſharpe law for them, who may ſay as *Shores* wife doth.

*When though abroad reſtraining vs to rome,*
*They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home.*

FINIS.

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To

# To the Right Worſhipfull *Henry Goodere*, of Powleſwotth Eſquire.

*SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at Lōdon in May laſt, brought at length to perfection, (emboldned by your wonted fauors) I aduenture to make you Patron of. Thus Sir you ſee I haue adūtured to the world, with what like or diſlike, I know not, if it pleaſe (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I ſhall eſteeme not my leaſt good: if diſlike, it ſhall leſſen ſome part of my griefe, if it pleaſe you to allow but of my loue: howſoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which thogh without many proteſtations, yet (I aſſure you) with much deſire of your honor. Thus vntill ſuch time as I may in ſome more larger meaſure make knowne my loue to the happy & generous family of the* Gooderes, *(to which I confeſſe my ſelfe to be beholding to, for the moſt part of my education) I wiſh you al happines.*

*Michaell Drayton.*

*Mary*

# *Mary* the French Queene, to *Charles Brandon*, Duke of Suffolke.

## ✱ The Argument.

Mary, *the daughter of that renowned Prince* King Henry *the ſeauenth, being very young at her Fathers death, after by her brother* King Henry *the eyght, was giuen in marriage to* Lewes *King of Fraunce, beeing a man olde and decrepit; This faire and beautifull Lady, long before had placed her affection on* Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolke, a braue & couragious yong Gentleman, and an eſpeciall fauorite of the King her brother, and a man rayſed by him. King* Lewes, *the husband of this beautifull Queene, liued not long after he was married: and* Charles Brandon *hauing commiſsion from the King to bring her backe to England, but being delayed by ſome ſiniſter meanes, the French Queene wryteth this Epiſtle, to haſten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to Fraunce.*

SVch health from heauen my ſelfe may wiſh to mee,
Such health frõ France, Queene *Mary* ſends to thee.
*Brandon*, how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore Channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkind) what would an Ocean do?

*Leander* had an Helleſpont to ſwim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His barke (poore ſoule) his breaſt, his armes, his oares:
But thou a ſhip, to land thee on our ſhores;
And oppoſite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleaſant fields of famous Picardie,
vvhere our faire Callice, walled in her ſands,
In kenning of the clifie Douer ſtands.
Heere is no Beldame Nurſe to poute or lower,
vvhen wantoning, we reuell in my Tower;
Nor need I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwimm'ſt by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe ſo kind,
Thy ſighs ſhould ſtuffe thy ſailes, though wanting wind;
But thy breaſt is becalm'd, thy ſighs be ſlack,
And mine too ſtiffe, and blow thy broad ſailes back.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the flood,
Becauſe the wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood;
Nay blame it not, it did ſo roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou waſt ſo ſlow:
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away:
But that thou vainely lett'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt haue wafted hether with the tide.
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not *Brandon* thou haſt broke thy vow:
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dombe,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come,
Nay come, ſweet *Charles*, haue care thy ſhip to guide,
Come my ſweet hart, in faith I will not chide.
VVhen as my brother and his louely Queene

In ſad attire for my depart were ſeene,
The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
vvhen I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuffered for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'ſt with what a heauy hart
I tooke my farewell when I ſhould depart:
And being ſhipp'd, gaue ſignall with my hand,
Vp to the Cliffe where I did ſee thee ſtand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cried to thee, ſweet *Charles* adiew, adiew,
Looke how a little infant that hath loſt,
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
vveary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creepes,
And there (poore ſoule) it ſits it downe, and weepes;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mournes for that it cannot find;
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
vvhen as the ſhip out of the road did flie.
Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
vvhen young *Caſtile* to England ſu'd for mee;
Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
vvhen I refuſd an Empire for my dower.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in Fraunce didſt reuell with thy King,
vvhen he in tryumph of his victory,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canapy,
Entred proud Tournay, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercy at his conquering hand;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſodainly deſtroy'd,

VVhen

VVhen *Charles* of Caſtile there to banquet came,
vvith him his Siſter that ambitious Dame,
*Sauoys* proud Dutches, knowing how long ſhe,
By her loue ſought to win my loue from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
VVhen in King *Henrius* Tent of cloth of gold,
Shee often did thee in her armes enfold;
VVhere you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthony*,
VVhere ſports all day did entertaine your ſight,
And then in masks you paſs'd away the night;
But thou wilt ſay, tis proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealious.
I muſt confeſſe tis oft found in our ſexe,
But who not loue, not any thing ſuſpects?
True loue doth looke with pale ſuſpitions eye,
Take away loue, if you take iealouſie.
VVhen *Henry*, Turwyn, and proude Tournay won,
Little thought I the end when this begun;
VVhen *Maximilian* to thoſe wars adreſt,
vvare Englands Croſſe on his imperiall breſt,
And in our Army let his Eagle flie,
And had his pay from *Henries* treaſury,
Little thought I when firſt began theſe wars,
My marriage day ſhould end theſe bloody iars;
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But this alone by *VVoolſeys* wit was wrought.
To his aduiſe the King gaue free conſent,
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My virgins right, thy ſtate could not aduance,

But now enriched with the dower of Fraunce;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Dutches had I beene,
Now, the great Dowger, the moſt Chriſtian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy griefe doth lie,
*Lewes* of Fraunce had my virginitie;
He had indeede, but ſhall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me *Brandon*, he had ſcarcely that;
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But age muſt neede haue ſomething that is warme;
Small drops (God knowes) do quench that heatles fire,
vvhen all the ſtrength is onely in deſire.
And I could tell (if modeſtie might tell,)
There's ſomwhat els that pleaſeth Louers well,
To reſt his cheeke, vpon my ſofter cheeke,
vvas all he had, and more he did not ſeeke.
So might the little babie clip the nurſe,
And it content, ſhee neuer a whit the worſe;
Then thinke this *Brandon*, if that make thee frowne,
For mayden-head he, on my head ſet a Crowne.
VVho would exchange a kingdome for a kiſſe?
Hard were the hart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe ſo ſwiftly doth not paſſe,
Not full fiue months yet elder then I was.
VVhen thou to Fraunce conducted was by fame,
vvith many Knights which from all Countries came,
Inſtalled at *S. Dennis* in my throne,
vvhere *Lewes* held my corronation;
VVhere the proud Dolphin, for thy valour ſake,
Choſe thee at tilt his princely part to take;
vvhen as the ſtaues vpon thy caske did light,
Grieued therewith, I turn'd away my ſight,

And ſpake aloude, when I my ſelfe forgot,
Tis my ſweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not.
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good ſilly man, I pleaſd him with a kiſſe;
And to extoll his valiant ſonne began,
That Europe neuer bred a brauer man;
And when (poore King) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhould'ſt be ?
Thus I with him, diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſsion now amends muſt make:
VVhilſt this old King vpon a pallet lyes,
And onely holds a combat with mine eyes ;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
VVhich might too well theyr Miſtres thoughts bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proude vnconquered Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of Fraunce,
To ſee what pleaſure did my ſoule imbrace,
Might eaſily be diſcerned in my face.
Looke as the dew vpon a Damaske-Roſe,
How through that cleereſt pearle his bluſhing ſhowes;
And when the ſoft ayre breathes vpon his top,
From thoſe ſweet leaues falls eaſily drop by drop ;
Thus by my cheeke, downe rayning from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, anothers roome ſupplies.
Before mine eye (like Touch) thy ſhape did proue,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partiall loue ;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe trie,
My loue condemns my too too partiall eye.
The pretious ſtone moſt beautifull and rare,
VVhen with it ſelfe we onely doe compare,
VVe deeme all other of that kinde to be.

Aſexcellent as that we onely ſee;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eye,
VVhich then appeares more orient and more bright,
As from their dimnes, borrowing greater light.
*Alanſoon*, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall;
*Vandons*, good carridge, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet wants my *Suffolkes* Lyons maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon*, a ſweet manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Proud *Longauile*, our Court iudg'd had no peere,
A man ſcarce made (was thought) whilſt thou waſt heere,
*County S. Paule*, brau'ſt man at Armes in Fraunce,
vvould yeeld himſelfe a Squire to beare thy Launce;
*Galleas* and *Bounarme*, matchleſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue couch'd in fight.
If with our loue, my brother angry be,
Ile ſay for his ſake I firſt loued thee;
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kinde.
Should not the ſiſter like as doth the brother,
The one of vs ſhould be vnlike the other.
VVorthy my loue, the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian;
Nor thinke that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great *Plangaginet*.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſt, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is Fraunce, if thou not heere?

Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I muſt needſly ſmyle.
VVhen laſt of me his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
He ſware an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
He would make haſt, which now thou dooſt denie,
Thou art forſworne, ô wilfull periury.
Sooner would I with greater ſinnes diſpence,
Then by intreatie pardon this offence.
But yet I thinke, if I ſhould come to ſhriue thee,
Great were the fault that I ſhould not forgiue thee;
Yet wert thou heere, I ſhould reuenged be,
But it ſhould be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt feare to taſt,
I pray thee *Brandon* come, ſweet *Charles* make haſt.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.*

*The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,*
*When I from Douer did depart away.*

King *Henry* the 8. with the queene and Nobles, in the 6. yeere of his raigne, in the moneth of September, brought this Lady to Douer, where ſhee tooke ſhipping for Fraunce.

*Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,*
*When young* Caſtile *to England ſued for me.*

It was agreed and concluded twixt *Hen.* the 7. and *Phillip* King of Caſtile, Sonne to *Maximilian* the Emperour, that *Charles* eldeſt Sonne of the ſaid *Phillip*, ſhould marry the Lady *Mary*, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the 8. yeere of *Hen.* the 8. annihilated.

*When he in tryumph of his victory,*
*Vnder a rich embrodered Canapy,*
*Entred proud* Turnay *which did trembling ſtand,* &c.

*Henry* the 8. after the long ſiege of Turnay, which was deliuered to him vpon compoſition, entred the City in triumph; vnder a Canapy of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and moſt noble Cittizens; the King himſelfe mounted vpon a gallant Courſer barded with the Armes of England, France, and Ireland.

*When* Charles *of Caſtile there to banquet came,*
*With him his ſiſter, that ambitious Dame,*
Sauoys *proud Dutches.*

The King beeing at Tournay: there came to him the Prince of Caſtile, and the Lady *Margaret* Dutches of Sauoy his ſiſter, to whō King *Henry* gaue great entertainment.

Sauoys *proud Dutches knowing how long ſhee,*
*By her lawe ſought to win my loue from mee.*

At this time there was ſpeech of a marriage to be concluded, betweén *Charles Brandon* then L. *Liſle*, & the Dutches of Sauoy, the L. *Liſle* being highly fauored, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

*When in King* Hennies *Tent of cloth of gold.*

The King cauſed a rich Tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feaſted the Prince of Caſtile, & the Dutches; and entertained them with ſumptuous maskes and banquets during their aboade.

*When* Maximilian *to thoſe wars addreſt,*
*Wore Englands Croſſe on his imperiall breſt.*

The Emperour *Maximilian* with all his ſouldiours, which ſerued vnder king *Henry*, wore the croſſe of S. *George*, with the Roſe on theyr breaſts.

*And in our Army let his Eagle flie.*

The black Eagle is the badge imperiall, which here is vſed for the diſplaying of his enſigne or ſtandard.

*And had his pay from* Henries *treaſury.*

*Henry* the 8. at his wars in Fraunce, retained the Emperour & all his Souldiours in wages, which ſerued vnder him during thoſe warres.

*But this alone by* Wolleys *wit was wrought.*

*Thomas Woolſey*, the kings Almoner, then Biſhop of Lincolne, a man of great authoritie with the king, & afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cauſe that the Lady *Mary* was married to the old French king, with whom the French king had dealt vnderhand to befriend him in that match.

*When the proude Dolphin for thy valour ſake,*
*Choſe thee at tylt his princely part to take,*

*Frauncis* Duke of Valoys, and Dolphin of Fraunce, at the mariage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour thereof proclaimed a Iuſts, where hee choſe the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques *Dorſet* for his aydes, at all martiall exerciſes.

Galeas, *and* Bounarme, *matchles for their might,*

This County *Galeas* at the Iuſts ran a courſe with a Speare, which was at the head fiue inches ſquare on euery ſide, and at the But nine inches ſquare, whereby hee ſhewed his wondrous force & ſtrength. This *Bounarme*, a Gentleman of Fraunce, at the ſame time came into the field armed at all poynts with ten ſpeares about him; in each ſtirrop three, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, and putting his horſe to the careere, neuer ſtopped hym till he had broken euery ſtaffe, *Hall.*

# *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolk, to *Mary* the French Queene.

BVt that thy fayth commands me to forbeare,
The fault thine owne, if I impatient were;
VVere my diſpatch ſuch as ſhould be my ſpeed,
I ſhould want time thy louing lines to reede.
Heere in the Court, Camelion like I fare,
And liue (God knowes) of nothing but of ayre;
All day I waite, and all the night I watch,
And ſtarue mine eares to heare of my diſpatch;
If Douer were th' Abydos of my reſt,

Or pleaſant Callice were my *Marles* Ceſt,
Thou ſhould'ſt not neede, faire Queene to blame me ſo,
Did not the diſtance to deſire ſay no;
No tedious night from trauell ſhould be free,
Till through the waues, with ſwimming vnto thee,
A ſnowy path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtayned way,
The reſtleſſe ſunne by trauailing doth weare,
Paſsing his courſe to finiſh vp his yeere.
But Paris locks my loue within the maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine;
Of thy firme loue thou putſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my fayth, not one word can I find.
VVhen *Longauile* to *Mary* was affied,
And thou by him waſt made King *Lewis* bride,
How oft I wiſh'd that thou a prize might'ſt bee,
That I in Armes might combat him for thee,
And in the madnes of my loue diſtraught,
A thouſand times his murther haue fore-thought;
But that th'all-ſeeing powers which ſit aboue,
Regard not mad mens oathes, nor faults in loue;
And haue confirm'd it by the graunt of heauen,
That Louers ſinnes on earth ſhould be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe ſo much diſtreſt,
As he that loues to ſee his loue poſſeſt.
Comming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my hart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne, and deſolate,
In whoſe fayre walkes thou often haſt beene ſeene,
To ſport with *Katherine*, *Henries* beautious Queene,
Aſtoniſh-

Aſtoniſhing ſad vvinter with thy ſight,
As for thy ſake, the day hath put backe night;
That the Birds thinking to approach the ſpring,
Forget themſelues, and haue begun to ſing;
So oft I goe by Thames, ſo oft returne,
Me thinks for thee, the Riuer yet doth mourne,
vvho I haue ſeene to let her ſtreame at large,
vvhich like a Hand-mayd waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hapſt againſt the flood to row,
vvhich way it ebd before, now would it flow,
Letting her drops in teares fall from thy oares,
For ioy that ſhe had got thee from the ſhoares.
The ſiluer ſwans, with muſique that thoſe make,
Ruffing their plumes, come gliding on the lake,
As the fleet Dolphins, by *Arions* ſtrings,
vvere brought to land with muſicks rauiſhings;
The flocks and heards that paſture neere the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
And ſate downe ſadly, mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to ſwim:
vvhen as the Poſt to Englands royall Court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought the true report,
How in a ſtorme thy well rigg'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou thy ſelfe in danger to be loſt,
I knew twas *Venus* loth'd that aged bed,
vvhere beauty ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nimphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but ſeene, their Goddeſſe ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view thy Nauy now in launching out,
Her ayrie mantle looſely doth vnbind,

VVhich fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
vvafted thy ſayles with ſpeed vnto the land,
And runs thy ſhip on Bullins harboring ſtrand,
How ſhould I ioy of thy ariue to heare ?
But as a poore ſea-faring paſſenger,
After long trauaile, tempeſt-torne and wrack'd,
By ſome vnpitting Pyrat that is ſack'd ;
Heares the falſe robber that hath ſtolne his wealth,
Landed in ſome ſafe harbor, and in health ;
Enriched with inualuable ſtore,
For which he long hath trauailed before,
VVhen thou to *Abuile* held'ſt th'appointed day,
vve heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way ;
vvhere thou in glittering Tiſſue ſtrangely dight,
Appear'dſt vnto him, like the Queene of light,
In cloth of ſiluer all thy virgine traind,
In beauty ſumptuous, as the Northerne waine ;
And thou alone the formoſt glorious ſtar,
vvhich lead'ſt the teame of that great VVagoner.
VVhat could thy thought be, but as I doe thinke,
vvhen thine eyes taſted, what mine eares did drinke ?
A Cripple King layd bedrid long before,
Yet as thy comming crept out of the dore,
T'was well he rid, he had no legs to go,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to ;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vſe thy beauty as the miſer gold,
vvhich hoards it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a iealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vſurie ;

O

O Sacriledge, (if beauty be diuine,)
The prophane hand ſhould tuch the halowed ſhrine,
To ſurfet ſicknes on the ſound mans dyet,
To rob Content, yet ſtill to liue vnquiet,
And hauing all, to be of all beguild,
And yet ſtill longing like a little child.
VVhen Marques *Dorſet* and the valiant *Grayes*,
To purchaſe fame firſt croſt the narrow Seas,
vvith all the Knights that my aſſociates went,
In honour of thy nuptiall turnament,
Thinkſt thou I ioy'd not in thy Beauties pride?
VVhen thou in triumph didſt through Paris ride;
vvhere all the ſtreets as thou didſt pace along
vvith Arras, Biſſe, and Tapeſtry were hong;
Ten thouſand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy princely ſelfe to guard;
Next them three thouſand choſe religious men,
In golden veſtments followed them agen;
And in preciſion as they came along,
vvith *Himeneus* ſang thy marriage ſong.
Then fiue great Dukes, as did their places fall,
To each of theſe, a Princely Cardinall,
Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich imperled Coronet,
vvhilſt the Pariſian Dames, as thy trayne paſt,
Their precious Incence in aboundance caſt.
As *Cinthia* from the waue-embatteld ſhrouds,
Opening the vveſt, comes ſtreaming through the clouds,
vvith ſhining troupes of ſiluer-treſſed ſtars
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers,
And all the leſſer lights about her throne,

VVith admiration ſtand as lookers on;
vvhilſt ſhe alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her ſpheare doth glide.
VVhen on the tilt my Horſe like thunder came,
No other ſignall had I but thy name,
Thy voice my Trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I eſteem'd no prize.
That large-limd Almaine of the Gyants race,
vvhich bare ſtrength on his breſt, feare in his face,
vvhoſe ſinewed armes, with his ſteele-tempered blade,
Through plate and male, ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe might the Frenchmens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beat him on his knee,
Offring his ſhield a conquered ſpoile to thee.
But thou wilt ſay, (perhaps) I vainly boaſt
And tell thee that, which thou already know'ſt,
No ſacred Queene, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chiualry:
One of thy treſſed curles which falling downe,
As loth to be impriſoned in thy Crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft ayre ſportiuely to take it,
To diuers ſhapes and ſundry formes to make it,
Now parting it, to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, and then vntwiſt againe;
Then make the threds to dally with thine eye,
A ſunny candle, for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
vvhich falling downe as though a ſtar had ſhot,
My vp-turnd eye purſues it with my ſight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

Tis but in vaine, of my deſcent to boaſt,
vvhen heauens Lampe ſhines, all other lights be loſt,
Faulcons looke not, the Eagle ſitting by,
vvhoſe broode doth gaze the ſunne with open eye;
Elſe might my blood find iſſue from his force,
In Boſworth plaine, beat *Richard* from his horſe;
vvhoſe puiſſant Armes, great *Richmond* choſe to weeld,
His glorious colours, in that conquering feeld;
And with his ſword in his deere ſoueraignes ſight,
To his laſt breath, ſtood faſt in *Henries* right.
Then beauteous Empreſſe, thinke this ſafe delay,
Shall be the euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all aduantage lie,
vviſe-men muſt giue place to neceſsity;
To put backe ill, or good we muſt forbeare,
Better firſt feare, then after ſtill to feare.
Twere ouer-ſight in that at which we ayme,
To put the hazard on an after game;
vvith patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And till I come, receaue theſe lines I ſend.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.*

*When* Longauile *to* Mary *was affied.*

THE Duke of Longauile which was priſoner in England, vpon the peace to be concluded betweene England and France, was deliuered, and married the Princeſſe *Mary* for *Lewes* the French King his Maiſter.

*How in a ſtorme thy well-rigd ſhips were toſt,*
*And thou, &c.*

As the Queene ſayled for Fraunce, a mighty ſtorme aroſe at Sea, ſo that the Nauy was in great danger, & was ſeuered, ſome driuen vpon the Coaſt of Flanders, ſome on Brittaine: the ſhip wherin the Queene was,was driuen into the Hauen at Bullen with very great danger.

*When thou to Abuile heldſt th'appointed day.*

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neere to the Forreſt of Arders, and brought her into Abuile with great ſolemnity.

*Appearing unto him like the Queene of Light.*

Expreſsing the ſumptuous attire of the Queene & her traine, attended by the chiefe of the Nobility of England, with 36. Ladies all in cloath of ſiluer, their Horſes trapped with Crimſon veluet.

*A cripple King laid bedrid long before.*

King *Lewes*, was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the goute, ſo that he had had of long time before little vſe of his legs.

*When Marques* Dorſet *and the valiant* Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolke, when the proclamation came into England, of Iuſts to be holden in Fraunce at Paris, hee for the Queenes ſake his Miſtres, obtained of the King to goe thither: with whom went the Marques *Dorſet* and his foure brothers, the Lord *Clynton*, Sir *Edward Neuell*, Sir *Gyles Capell*, *Tho. Cheyney*; which went all ouer with the Duke as his aſsiſtants.

*When thou in triumph didſt through Paris ride.*

A true deſcription of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performd at S. Denis.

*Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall.*

The Dukes of Alanſoon, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolke, with fiue Cardinals.

*That large-limd Almayne of the Gyants race.*

*Frauncis Valoys*, the Dolphin of France enuying the glory, that the Engliſh-men had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almaine ſecretly, a man thought almoſt of incomparable ſtrength, which incountred *Charles Brandon* at Barriers, but the Duke grappling with him, ſo beat him about the head with the pomel of his ſword, that the blood came out of the ſight of his Caske.

*Elſe might my blood find iſſue from his force.*

*In Boſworth, &c.*

Sir *William Brandon* ſtanderd-bearer to the Earle of Richmond (after *Henry* the 7.) at Boſworth field, a braue & gallant Gentleman; who was ſlaine by *Richard* there, this was father to this *Charles Brandon* after Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.

# To my moſt deere friend Maiſter *Henry Lucas*, ſonne to *Edward Lucas* Eſquire.

*SIR, to none haue I beene more beholding, then to your kind parents, far (I muſt truly confeſſe) aboue the meaſure of my deſarts: many there be in England of whom for ſome particularity I might iuſtly challenge greater merit, had I not beene borne in ſo euill an houre, as to be poiſoned with that gaule of ingratitude: to your ſelfe am I engaged for many more curteſies then I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of ſo few yeares: nothing doe I more deſire then that thoſe hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may prooue ſo pure in the fruite as they are faire in the bloome: long may you liue to their comfort that loue you moſt; and may I euer wiſh you the encreaſe of all good fortunes.*

Yours euer,

*Michaell Drayton.*

Henry

# *Henry Howard* Earle of Surrey to *Geraldine.*

## * The Argument.

Henry Howard, *that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in loue with* Geraldine; *deſcended of the noble family of the* Fizgeralds *of Ireland, a faire and modeſt Lady; and one of the honourable maydes to Queene* Katherine Dowager: *eternizeth her prayſes in many excellent Poems, of rare and ſundry inuentions: and after ſome fewe yeares being determined to ſee that famous Italy, the ſourse and Helicon of all excellent Arts; firſt viſiteth that renowned Florence, from whence the Geralds challenge their deſcent, from the ancient family of the Geraldi; there in honour of his miſtreſſe he aduanceth her picture: and challengeth to maintaine her beauty by deedes of Armes againſt all that durſt appeare in the liſtes, where after the proofe of his braue and incomparable valour, whoſe arme crowned her beauty with eternall memory, hee writeth this Epiſtle to his deereſt Miſtris.*

FRom learned Florence, (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble Granſires came,
To famous England that kind nurſe of mine,
Thy Surrey ſends to heauenly *Geraldine,*
Yet let not *Thuſcan* thinke I doe her wrong,

That I from thence write in my natiue tongue,
That in theſe harſh-tun'd cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo neere the Muſes ſacred ſpring,
But rather thinke herſelfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the prayſe of Italy.
Though to the *Thuſcans*, I the ſmoothnes grant,
Our dialect no maieſtie doth want,
To ſet thy prayſes in as hie a key,
As Fraunce, or Spayne, or Germany, or they.
That day I quit the Fore-land of fayre Kent,
And that my ſhip her courſe for Flanders bent;
Yet thinke I with how many a heauy looke,
My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
And did intreate the tyde (if it might be)
But to conuay me one ſigh backe to thee,
Vp to the decke a billow lightly skips,
Taking my ſigh, and downe againe it ſlips;
Into the gulfe it ſelfe, it headlong throwes,
And as a poſt to England-ward it goes;
As I ſit wondring how the rough ſeas ſtird,
I might far off perceiue a little bird,
vvhich as ſhee faine from ſhore to ſhore would flie,
Hath loſt herſelfe in the broad vaſtie skie,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
The ſeas, of life ſtill gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the ſhyp ſhe makes which ſhe diſcouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging pineon failes,
Panting ſhe hangs vpon the ratling ſayles,
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtraight lights on againe,

And toſt with flawes, with ſtorms, with wind, with wether,
Yet ſtill departing thence, ſtill turneth thither,
Now with the Poope, now with the Prow doth beare,
Now on this ſide, now that, now heere, now there,
Me thinks theſe ſtormes ſhould be my ſad depart,
The ſilly helpleſſe bird, is my poore hart,
The ſhyp, to which for ſuccour it repaires,
That is your ſelfe, (regardles of my cares)
Of euery ſurge doth fall, or waue doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I ſit and moralize.
VVhen for thy loue I left the Belgick ſhore,
Diuine *Eraſmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
vvhoſe happy preſence gaue me ſuch delight
As made a minute of a winters night;
VVith whom a while I ſtayd at Roterdame,
Now ſo renowned by *Eraſmus* name.
Yet euery howre did ſeeme a world of time,
Till I had ſeene that ſoule-reuiuing clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands vnfit,
A watry ſoyle to clog a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy Germany I paſt,
Comming vnto the Emperors Court at laſt,
Great learnd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art,
vvho the infernall ſecrets doth impart,
VVhen of thy health I did deſire to know,
Me in a glaſſe my *Geraldine* did ſhew,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou couldſt not ſleep,
By a vvatch Taper ſet thy light to keepe;
I doe remember thou didſt read that ode,
Sent backe whilſt I, in Thanet made abode,
vvhere as thou cam'ſt vnto the word of loue,

Euen in thine eyes I ſaw how paſsion ſtroue;
That ſnowy Lawne which couered thy bed,
Me thought look'd white, to ſee thy cheek looke red,
Thy roſie cheeke, oft changing in my ſight,
Yet ſtill was red, to ſee the lawne ſo white;
The little Taper which ſhould giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dim, to ſee thy eye ſo bright;
Thine eye againe ſupplies the Tapers turne,
And with his beames doth make the Taber burne;
The ſhrugging ayre about thy temples hurles,
And wraps thy breath in little clouded curles,
And as it doth aſcend, it ſtraight doth ceaze it,
And as it ſincks, it preſently doth raiſe it;
Canſt thou by ſicknes baniſh beauty ſo?
VVhich if put from thee, knowes not where to goe;
To make her ſhift, and for her ſuccour ſeeke,
To euery riueld face, each banckrupt cheepe,
If health preſeru'd, thou beauty ſtill dooſt cheriſh;
If that neglected, beautie ſoone doth perriſh.
Care, drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds ſorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine;
If liue, or die, as thou dooſt, ſo doe I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One hart, one loue, one idy, one griefe, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both,
If *Howards* blood, thou holdſt as but too vile,
Or not eſteem'ſt of *Norfulkes* Princely ſtile,
If Scotlands coate no marke of fame can lend,
That Lyon plac'd in our bright ſiluer bend,
VVhich as a Trophy beautifies our ſhield,
Since Scottiſh blood diſcolored Floden field;

VVhen the proud *Cheniot* our braue enſigne bare,
As a rich iewell in her icy hayre,
And did faire *Bramſtons* neighboring valies choke,
vvith clouds of Canons, fire-diſgorging ſmoke,
Or *Surreys* Earledome inſufficient be,
And not a dower ſo well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heyres,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs;
By Princes, my immortall lines are ſong,
My flowing verſes grac'd with euery tong;
The little children when they learne to goe,
By painfull mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my ſugred numbers to rehearſe,
And haue their ſweet lips ſeaſon'd with my verſe;
VVhen heauen would ſtriue to doe the beſt ſhe can,
And put an Angels ſpirit into a man;
Then all her powers ſhee in that worke doth ſpend,
vvhen ſhe a Poet to the world doth ſend,
The difference only, betwixt the Gods and vs,
Allowd by them; is but diſtinguiſh'd thus,
They giue men breath, men by theyr power are borne,
That life they giue, the Poet doth adorne,
And from the world when they diſſolue mans breath,
They in the world doe giue man life in death;
VVhen time ſhall turne thoſe Amber curles to gray,
My verſe againe ſhall gild, and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the autumne giue a ſummers hue;
That ſacred power, that in my Inck remaines,
Shall put freſh blood into thy witherd vaines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whitenes dead,

Shall ſet a white, more white, a red, more red;
VVhen thy dim ſight thy glaſſe cannot diſcry,
Thy crazed mirrhor cannot ſee thine eye;
My verſe to tell, what eye, what mirrhor was,
Glaſſe to thine eye, an eye vnto thy glaſſe,
vvhere both thy mirrhor and thine eye ſhall ſee,
VVhat once thou ſaw'ſt, in that, that ſaw in thee,
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
vvhat that in purenes was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once ſhould looſe her old renowne,
As famous Athence, now a fiſher towne,
My lines for thee a Florence ſhall erect,
vvhich great *Apollo* euer ſhall protect,
And with the numbers from my penne that fals,
Bring Marble mines to recrect thoſe walls;
Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report,
To be the glory of the Engliſh Court,
Shall by our Nation be ſo much admir'd,
If euer *Surrey* truly were inſpir'd.
And famous *VVyat*, who in numbers ſings,
To that inchanting Thracian Harpers ſtrings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drinke,
A bowle of Nectar, fild vnto the brinck,
And ſweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muſes kept,
And in his Cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept,)
In ſacred verſes (ſo diuinely pend)
Vpon thy prayſes euer ſhall attend.
VVhat time I came vnto this famous Towne,
And made the cauſe of my arriuall knowne,
Great *Medices* a liſt (for Triumphs) built,
vvithin the which, vpon a Tree of gilt,

(VVith thouſand ſundry rare deuiſes ſet,)
I did erect thy louely counterfet,
To anſwere thoſe Italian Dames deſire,
vvhich daily came thy beauty to admire.
By which my Lyon in his gaping iawes
Holdeth my Launce, and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my Gauntlet vnto him that dare,
A beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
VVhich when each manly valiant arme aſſayes,
After ſo many braue tryumphant dayes,
The glorious prize vpon my Launce I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaim'd to be thy ſhare;
The ſhiuered ſtaues here for thy beauty broke,
vvith fierce encounters paſt at euery ſhock,
VVhen ſtormy courſes anſwered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting proud Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Vpon an Altar burnt with holy flame,
And ſacrifiz'd as eſſence to thy fame.
VVhere, as the Phenix from her ſpiced fume,
Renues herſelfe in that ſhe doth conſume,
So from theſe ſacred aſhes liue we both,
Euen as that one Arabian wonder doth.
VVhen to my chamber I my ſelfe retire,
Burnt with the ſparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happy Ile where *Geraldine* remaines,
Of Honſdon where, thoſe ſweet celeſtiall eyne,
At firſt did pierce this tender breſt of mine;
Of Hampton Court, and VVindſore, where abound,
All pleaſures that in Paradice were found;
Neere that faire Caſtell is a little groue,

VVith hanging rocks all couered from aboue,
VVhich on the bancke of louely Thames doth ſtand,
Clip'd by the water from the other Land,
VVhoſe buſhie top doth bid the ſunne forbeare,
And checks thoſe proud beames that would enter there,
vvhoſe leaues ſtill muttering as the ayre doth breath,
vvith the ſweet bubling of the ſtreame beneath,
Doth rocke the ſences whilſt the ſmall birds ſing,
Lulled a ſleepe with gentle murmuring,
vvhere light-foote fayries ſport at pryſon baſe,
No doubt there is ſome power frequents the place,
There the ſoft poplet and ſmooth beech doe beare,
Our names togethen carued euery where,
And Gordian knots do curiouſly entwine,
The names of *Henry* and of *Geraldine*,
O let this Groue in time that's yet to come,
Be call'd, *The Louers bleſs'd Elizium*,
vvhether my loue, was wonted to reſort,
In Sommers heate, in thoſe ſweet ſhades to ſport,
A thouſand ſundry names I haue it giuen,
And cald it VVonder-hider, Couer-heauen,
The roofe where beauty her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whoſe compaſſe all the ſtars doe ſleepe.
There is one Tree, which now I call to minde,
Doth beare theſe verſes carued in his rind,
*VVhen* Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,*
*Fan her ſweet treſſes with perfumed ayre,*
*Let thy large boughes a Canapy be made,*
*To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,*
*And when thy ſpredding branched armes be ſuncke,*
*And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retaine,*

[illegible]

*Eu'n from the duſt of thy vnwieldy Truncke,*
*I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,*
*And from thy drie decayed roote will bring,*
*A new borne Stem, another Æſons ſpring.*
I find no cauſe, nor iudge I reaſon why,
My Country ſhould giue place to Lumbardy;
As goodly flowers on Thamiſis doe grow,
As beautifie the banks of wanton Poo;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* ſtrand,
By ſiluer Sabrine tripping hand in hand,
Our ſhades as ſweet, though not to vs ſo deere,
Becauſe the ſunne hath greater power heere,
This diſtant place but giues me greater woe,
Far off, my ſighes the farther haue to goe.
Ah abſence why, thus ſhouldſt thou ſeeme ſo long?
Or wherefore ſhouldſt thou offer time ſuch wrong?
Summer ſo ſoone, ſhould ſteale on winters cold,
Or winters blaſts, ſo ſoone make ſummer old?
Loue did vs both with one ſelfe arrow ſtrike,
Our wounds both one, our cure ſhould be the like,
Except thou haſt found out ſome meane by Art,
Some powerfull medicine to withdraw the dart,
But mine is fix'd, and abſents phiſick proued,
It ſticks too faſt, it cannot be remooued.
Adiew, adiew, from Florence when I goe,
By my next letters *Geraldine* ſhall know,
VVhich if good fortune ſhall my courſe direct,
From Venice by ſome meſſenger expect,
Till when I leaue thee to thy harts deſire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

## Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

*From learned Florence long time rich in fame.*

FLorence a City of Thuſcan, ſtanding vpon the Riuer Arnus, celebrated by *Dante, Petrarch*, and other, the moſt noble wits of Italy, was the originall of the family out of which this *Geraldine* did ſpring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by theſe verſes of the Earle of *Surreys*.

From Thuſcan came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was ſomtime her ancient ſeat,
The Weſterne Ile, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wild Cambers cliffs, did giue her liuely heat.

*Great learn'd* Agrippa *ſo profound in Art.*

*Cornelius Agrippa*, a man in his time ſo famous for magick (which the bookes publiſhed by him, concerning that argument doe partly proue) as in this place needes no further remembrance. Howbeit, as thoſe abſtruſe and gloomy Arts are but illuſions, ſo in the honour of ſo rare a Gentleman as this Earle, (and therewithall ſo noble a Poet) (a quality by which his other titles receaue their greateſt luſter) intention may make ſomwhat more bold with *Agrippa* aboue the barren truth.

*That Lyon ſet in our bright ſiluer bend.*

The blazon of the *Howards* honorable armour was *Gules betweene ſixe croſſelets Fitchee a bend Argent*, to which afterwards was added by atchieuement, *In the Canton point of the bend an eſcutcheon*, or *within the Scottiſh treaſure a Demilion rampant Gules, &c.* as *M. Camden* now *Clarenceaulx* from authority noteth. Neuer ſhall time nor bitter enuy be able to obſcure the brightnes of ſo great a victory, as that for which this addition was obtained. The Hiſtorian of Scotland *George Buchanan* reporteth, that the Earle of *Surrey* gaue for his badge a *ſiluer Lyon*, (which from antiquity belonged to the name) tearing in peeces *A Lyon proſtrate Gules*, and withall that this which he termes inſolency was puniſhed in him and his poſterity, as if it were fatall to the conquerour to doe his ſoueraigne ſuch loyall ſeruice as a thouſand ſuch ſeuere cenſurers were neuer able to performe.

*Since Scottiſh blood diſcoloured Flodden field.*

The battell was fought at Bramſtone neere to Flodden hill being a part of the Cheuiot, a mountaine that exceedeth all the mountaines in the North of England for bignes, in which the wilfull periury of *Iames* the fifth was puniſhed from heauen by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King *Henry* the eight (then in Fraunce before *Turwin*) for the defence of his Realme.

*Nor beauteous* Stanhope, *whom all tongues report,*
*To be the glory, &c.*

Of the beauty of that Lady, he himſelfe teſtifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, refuſing to daunce with him, which he ſeemeth to alegorize vnder a Lyon and a Wolfe. As of himſelfe he ſaith.

A Lyon ſaw I late, as white as any ſnow.

And of her.

I might perceaue a Wolfe as white as Whalls bone,
A fairer beaſt, of freſher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her looks were coy, and froward was her grace.

*And famous* Wyat *who in numbers ſings,*

Sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, a moſt excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnes, beſides, certaine Encomions written by the Earle of Surrey vpon ſome of *Dauids* Pſalmes by him tranſlated.

What holy graue, what worthy ſepulcher,
To *Wyats* Pſalmes ſhall Chriſtians purchaſe then,

And afterward vpon his death the ſaid Earle writeth thus.

What vertues rare were tempred in thy breſt?
Honour that England ſuch a Iewell bred,
And kiſſe the ground whereas thy corps did reſt.

*At Honſdon where thoſe ſweet celeſtiall eyne,*

It is manifeſt by a Sonnet written by this noble Earle, that the firſt time he beheld his Lady was at Honſdon.

*Honſdon* did firſt preſent her to mine eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a deſcription of his loue, I doe alledge in diuers places of this gloſſe, as prooſes of what I write.

*Of Hampton Courte and Windſore where abound,*
*All pleaſures, &c.*

That hee enioyed the preſence of his faire and vertuous miſtris, in thoſe two places, by reaſon of Queene *Katherines* vſuall aboad there, (on whom this Lady *Geraldine* was attending) I proue by theſe verſes of his.

*Hampton* me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine,
*Winſor* alas doth chaſe me from her ſight.

And in another Sonnet following.

When Winſor walls ſuſtaind my wearied arme,
My hand my chin, to eaſe my reſtles head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Winſor to Paradice, an elegy may proue, where he remembreth his paſſed pleaſures in that place.

With a Kings ſonne my childiſh yeares I paſs'd,
In greater feaſt then *Priams* ſonne of Troy.

And againe in the ſame elegy.

Thoſe large greene Courts, where we were wont to roue,
With eyes caſt vp vnto the maydens Tower,
With eaſie ſighs, ſuch as men draw in loue.

And againe in the ſame.

The ſtately ſeats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances ſhort, long tales of ſweet delight.

And for the pleaſantnes of the place, theſe verſes of his may teſtifie in the ſame elegy before recited.

The ſecret groues which we haue made reſound,
With ſiluer drops the meades yet ſpred for ruth.

*As goodly flowers by Thamiſis doe grow, &c.*

I had thought in this place not to haue ſpoken of Thames being ſo oft remembred by me before in ſundry other places on this occaſion; but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which as I iudge eyther to be done by the ſayd Earle or Sir *Fraũcis Brian*: for the woorthineſſe thereof I will heere inſert, which as it ſeemes to me was compiled at the Authors being in Spaine.

Tagus farewell, which Weſtward with thy ſtreames,
Turn'ſt vp the graines of gold already tride,
For I with ſpur and ſayle goe ſeeke the Thames,
Againſt the ſun that ſhewes her wealthy pride:
And to the Towne that *Brutus* ſought by dreames,
Like bended Moone that leanes her luſty ſide,
To ſeeke my Country now, for whom I liue,
O mighty *Ioue*, for this the winds me giue.

FINIS.

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# *Geraldine* to *Henry Howard*
## Earle of Surrey.

SVch greeting as the noble *Surrey* ſends,
The ſame to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A maydens thoughts doe check my trembling hand,
On other termes, or complements to ſtand,
vvhich (might my ſpeech be as my hart affords)
Should come attired in farre richer words:
But all is one, my faith as firme ſhall proue,
As hers that makes the greateſt ſhow of loue.
In *Cupids* Schoole I neuer read thoſe bookes,
vvhoſe lectures oft we practiſe in our lookes,
Nor euer did ſuſpitions riuall eye,
Yet lie in waite my fauours to eſpie,
My virgine thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaſt bluſhes ſitting on my cheeke:

As in a Feauer I doe ſhiuer yet,
Since firſt my penne was to the paper ſet.
If I doe erre, you know my ſexe is weake,
Feare proues a fault, where Maydes are forc'd to ſpeake;
Doe I not ill? ah ſooth me not heerein;
O, if I doe, reprooue me of my ſinne.
Chide me infaith, for if my fault I hide,
My tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide.
Nay noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldnes ſhould returne my guilt;
For that ſhould be euen from our ſelues conceal'd,
vvhich is diſcloſd, if to our thoughts reueal'd,
For the leaſt motion more, the ſmalleſt breath
That may impeach our modeſty, is death,
The Page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Me thinks) ſhould meruaile at my ſtrange demand.
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie,
The nakednes of my immodeſtie,
vvhich in my face he greater might haue ſeene,
But that my fanne I quickly put betweene:
Yet ſcarſely that my inward guilt could hide,
Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all eſpide.
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
Now wanting matter to maintaine his light.
The blaze aſcending forced by the ſmoke,
Liuing by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke;
The flame ſtill hanging in the ayre doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it backe againe returne.
Then cleere, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightnes loſeth.
As well the beſt diſcerning eye may doubt,

VVhether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheeke my diuers paſsions ſhow'd,
Now aſhy pale, and now againe it glow'd;
If in your verſe there be a power to moue,
It's you alone who are the cauſe I loue,
It's you bewitch my boſome by mine eare,
Vnto that end I did not place you there.
Ayres to aſſwage the bloody Souldiorus mind,
Poore women we are naturally kind.
Perhaps yow'll thinke that I theſe termes enforce,
For that in Court this kindnes is of courſe,
Or that it is that honey-ſteeped gall,
vve oft are ſayd to bayte our Loues withall,
That in one eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
The other drops which quickly quench the fire.
Ah what ſo falſe can Enuy ſpeake of vs,
But ſhall finde ſome too vainly credulous:
I doe not ſo, and to add proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith ſweet Lord I do;
Nor let the enuy of enuenom'd tongues,
vvhich ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breſt dyaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my loue the leſſe:
My houſe from *Florence* I doe not pretend,
Nor from *Geraldi* claime I to deſcend,
Nor hold thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receaue from *Deſmond* or *Kyldare*;
Nor add I greater worth vnto my blood,
Than Iriſh milke to giue me Infant food;
Nor better ayre will euer boaſt to breathe,
Then that of *Lenſter*, *Mounſter*, or of *Meathe*,

Nor craue I other forraigne farre alies,
Then *VVinſor* or *Fitzgeralds* families.
It is enough to leaue vnto my heires,
If they will but acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the houſe giues matter to my loue,
At VVinſor ſtill I ſee thee ſit and walke,
There mount thy courſer, there deuiſe, there talke:
The roabes, the garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatnes brings;
Noneſuch, the name imports (me thinks) ſo much,
None ſuch as thou, nor as my Lord none ſuch,
In Hamptons great magnificence I finde,
The liuely image of thy Princely minde;
Faire Richmonds Towers like goodly pillers ſtand,
Rear'd by the power of thy victorious hand;
VVhitehalls tryumphing Galleries are yet,
Adorn'd with rich deuiſes of thy wit,
In Greenwich yet as in a glaſſe I view,
vvhere laſt thou badſt thy *Geraldyne* adiew,
vvith euery little gentle breath that blowes,
How are my thoughts confuſd with ioyes and woes,
As through a gate, ſo through my longing eares,
Paſſe to my hart whole multitudes of feares;
O in a map that I might ſee thee ſhow,
The place where now in danger thou doſt goe,
In ſweet diſcourſe to trauaile with one eye,
Romania, Tuſcane, and faire Lumbardy,
Or with thy penne exactly to ſet downe,
The modell of that Temple or that Towne,
And to relate at large where thou haſt beene,

And there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeene.
Or to deſcribe by figure of thy hand,
There *Naples* lies, there famous *Florence* ſtand;
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulfe to figure out,
To modell *Venice* moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfet a Sea,
And draw the front of ſtately *Genoa*.
Theſe from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
vvhich now doe ſound like *Mandrakes* dreadfull grones.
Some trauell hence t'enrich their minds with skill,
Leaue heere their good, and bring home others ill:
vvhich ſeeme to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting moſt where they the leaſt are knowne.
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
There form'd, there fetch'd, there found, there borrowed.
In their attire, their ieſture, and their gate,
Fond in each one, in all Italionate.
Italian, French, Dutch, Spaniſh altogether,
Yet not all theſe, nor one entirely neyther.
So well in all deformity in faſhon,
Borrowing a limme of eu'ry ſeuerall Nation,
And nothing more then England hold in ſcorne,
So liue as ſtrangers whereas they were borne.
But thy returne in this I doe not reede,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeede;
O God forbid that *Howards* noble line,
From auntient vertue ſhould ſo farre decline,
The Muſes traine (whereof your ſelfe are chiefe)
Onely with me participate their griefe;

To ſooth theyr humors, I doe lend them eares,
He giues a Poet, that his verſes heares.
Till thy returne, by hope they onely liue,
Yet had they all, they all away would giue;
The world and they, ſo ill according bee,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The Muſes friends are euery where ſo rare;
Some praiſe thy worth, thy worth that neuer know,
Onely becauſe the better ſort doe ſo,
vvhoſe iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth pleaſe the greateſt to commend,
So great and ill vpon deſert doth chaunce,
vvhen it doth paſſe by beaſtly Ignorance.
VVhy art thou ſlacke whilſt no man puts his hand
To raiſe the Mount where *Surreys* Towers muſt ſtand?
Or who the groundſill of that worke doth lay
vvhilſt like a wandrer thou abroade dooſt ſtray?
Clip'd in the armes of ſome laſciuious Dame,
VVhen thou ſhouldſt reare an Ilion to thy name.
VVhen ſhall the Muſes by faire Norwich dwell,
To be the Citty of the learned VVell?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incenſe heap'd
As once in *Cyrrha* or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when ſhall that fayre hooſe-plow'd ſpring diſtill
From great Mount Surrey, out of Leonards hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange,
For ſome poore cottage, or ſome Country Grange,
VVhere to our diſtaues as we ſit and ſpin,
My mayde and I will tell of things haue bin;
Our Lutes vnſtrung ſhall hang vpon the wall,
Our

Our leſſons ſerue to wrap our Towe withall,
And paſſe the night, whilſt vvinter tales we tell,
Of many things that long agoe befell;
Or tune ſuch homely Carrols as were ſong
In Country ſports when we our ſelues were yong.
In pretty Ryddles to bewray our loues,
In queſtions, purpoſe, or in drawing gloues.
The nobleſt ſpirits to vertue moſt enclind,
Theſe heere in Court thy greateſt want doe finde;
Other there be, on which we feede our eye,
Like Arrasworke, or other Imagry;
Many of vs deſire Queene *Katherines* ſtate,
But very fewe her vertues imitate.
Then as *Vliſſes* wife write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy ſelfe to mee.

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## *Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.*

### *Then Windſore, or* Fitzgeralds *familie.*

THE coſt of many Kings which from time to time haue adorned the Caſtle at Windſore with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble thē that it need to be ſpoken of now as though obſcure, and I hold it more meet to referre you to our vulgar moniments for the founders & finiſhers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neet to the purpoſe. As for the family of the *Fitzgeralds*, of whence this excellent Lady was lineally deſcended, the originall was Engliſh, though the branches did ſpead themſelues into diſtant places and names nothing conſonant, as in former times it was vſuall to denominat themſelues of their manours or ſornames: as may partly appeare in that which enſueth, the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very woorthy friende, Maiſter *Francis Thynn*, *Walter* of Windſor, the ſonne of *Otherus*, had iſſue *William*, of whō

*Henry* now Lord Windſor is deſcended, and *Robert* of Windſor, of whom *Robert* the nowe Earle of Eſſex, and *Gerald* of Windſor his third ſonne, who married the daughter of *Rees* the great Prince of Wales, of whom came *Neſta*, paramour to *Henry* the firſt. Which *Gerald* had iſſue *Maurice Fitzgerald*, anceſtor to *Thomas Fitzmaurice*, Iuſtice of Ireland, buryed at Trayly; leauing iſſue *Iohn* his eldeſt ſonne, firſt Earle of Kildare, anceſtor to *Geraldine*, & *Maurice* his ſecond ſonne, firſt Earle of Deſmond.

*To rayſe the mount where* Surreys *towers muſt ſtand,*

Alludeth to the ſumptuous houſe which was afterward builded by him vpon Leonards hill right againſt Norwich, which in the rebellion of Norfolke vnder *Ket*, in King *Edward* the ſixths time, was much defaced by the impure rable. Betwixt the hill and the City, as *Alexander Neuill* deſcribes it, the riuer of Yarmouth runnes, hauing Weſt and South thereof a woode, and a little Village called Thorp, and on the North, the paſtures of Mouſhol, which containes about ſixe miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatnes of Mount-Surrey, which was the houſes name, the proſpect and ſite thereof was paſsing pleaſant and commodious: and no where elſe did that encreaſing euill of the Norfolke fury enkennell it ſelfe but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of theyr intent, to debaſe all high things, and to prophane all holy.

*Like Arras worke, or other imagerie.*

Such was hee whom *Iuuenall* taxeth in this manner.

*— truncoque ſimillimus Hermæ*
*Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine quamquod,*
*Illi marmoreum caput, eſt tua viuit imago.*

Beeing to be borne for nothing els but apparrell and the outward appearance, entituled Complement, with whom the ridiculous fable of the Ape in *Eſope* ſorteth fitly, who coming into a Caruers houſe, and viewing many Marble works, tooke vp the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in praiſing did ſeeme to pitty it, that hauing ſo comly an outſide, it had nothing within, like empty figures walke and talke in euery place, at whom the noble *Geraldine* modeſtly glanceth.

FINIS.

## To the modeſt & vertuous Gentlewoman, Miſtres *Frauncis* Goodere, daughter to Sir *Henry Goodere*, Knight, and wife to *Henry Goodere* Eſquire.

*MY very gracious and good Miſtres, the loue and duty I bare to your Father whilſt hee liued, now after his deceaſe is to you hereditary; to whom by the bleſsing of your birth he left his vertues: VVho bequeathed you thoſe which were his, gaue you whatſoeuer good is mine, as deuoted to his, hee beeing gone, whom I honoured ſo much whilſt he liued; which you may iuſtly challenge by all lawes of thankfulnes. My ſelfe hauing beene a witnes of your excellent education, and mild diſpoſition (as I may ſay) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epiſtle of this vertuous and goodly Lady to your ſelfe; ſo like her in all perfection, both of wiſedome & learning, which I pray you accept, till time ſhall enable mee to leaue you ſome greater monument of my loue.*

Michaell Drayton.

# The Lady *Iane Gray* to the Lord *Gilford Dudley*.

## * The Argument.

*After the death of that vertuous young Prince King* Edward *the ſixt, the ſonne of that famous king* Henry *the eight,* Iane *the daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of Suffolke, by the conſent of* Iohn Dudley *Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queene of England, beeing married to* Gilford Dudley, *the fourth ſon of the foreſaide Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by theyr ambitious fathers, who went about by this meanes to bring the Crowne vnto their children, and to diſpoſſeſſe the Princeſſe* Mary, *eldeſt daughter of king* Henry *the eyght, heyre to King* Edward *her brother. Queene* Mary *riſing in Armes to claime her rightfull crowne, taketh the ſaid* Iane Gray, *and the* Lord Gilford *her husband, beeing lodged in the Tower for their more ſafety, which place beeing laſtly their Pallace, by this meanes became theyr priſon; where beeing ſeuered in ſundry priſons, they write theſe Epiſtles one to another.*

Mine owne deere Lord, ſith thou art lock'd frō mee,
In this diſguiſe my loue muſt ſteale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnes paſt,
This refuge ſcarcely left, yet this the laſt.

My keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
vvho with thy greeting, anſwers my deſire;
vvhich my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe ſtops my words, and I but ſtriue in vaine;
VVhere-with amaz'd, away in haſt he goes,
vvhen through my lips, my hart thruſts forth my woes;
vvhen as the doores that make a dolefull ſound,
Driue backe my words, that in the noyſe are drownd;
vvhich ſome-what huſh'd, the eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word,
VVhen like an aduerſe winde in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the tyde bending his boyſtrous force;
But when the flood hath wrought it ſelfe about,
He following on doth headlong thruſt it out;
Thus ſtriue my ſighes, with teares ere they begin,
And breaking out, againe ſighes driue them in.
A thouſand formes preſent my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue when they forth are brought,
From ſtrongeſt woe, we hardly language wreſt,
The depth of griefe, with words is ſounded leaſt,
As teares doe fall and riſe, ſighes come and goe,
So doe theſe numbers ebb, ſo doe they flow.
Theſe briny teares doe make my Incke looke pale,
My Inck clothes teares in this ſad mourning vaile,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, greeu'd at my miſery.
Yet miſerable our ſelues, why ſhould wee deeme?
Sith none is ſo, but in his owne eſteeme;
VVho in diſtreſſe, from reſolution flies,
Is rightly ſaid to yeeld to miſeries;
That life is onely miſerable and vile,

From which faire patience doth it ſelfe exile.
They which begot vs, did beget this ſinne,
They firſt begun, what did our griefe begin;
VVe taſted not t'was they which did rebell,
Not our offence, but in theyr fall we fell;
They which a Crown would to my Lord haue linckd,
All hope, all life, all liberty extinct;
A ſubiect borne, a Princeſſe to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor ſubiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile ambition, how dooſt thou deceiue vs,
vvhich ſhew'ſt vs heauen, and yet in hell dooſt leaue vs?
Sildome vntouch'd doth innocence eſcape,
vvhen error commeth in good counſailes ſhape,
A lawfull title counterchecks proud might,
The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to right;
Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our ſpotleſſe innocence relieue vs.
Death but an acted paſsion doth appeare,
vvhere truth giues courage, and the conſcience cleere,
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I beare part of whatſoere is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with theſe diſgraces,
vvhen as our kingdome was our ſweet embraces;
At Durham Pallace, where ſweet *Himen* ſang,
vvhoſe buildings with our nuptiall muſick rang?
VVhen *Prothalamions* prayſd that happy day,
vvherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
VVhen they deuiſd to linck by wedlocks band,
The houſe of Suffolke to Northumberland;
Our fatall Dukedom to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on ſo weake a ground.

For what auailes a lawleſſe vſurpation?
vvhich giues a Scepter, but not rules a nation,
Only the ſurfeit of a vaine opinion;
vvhat giues content, giues more then all dominion.
VVhen firſt mine eares were perſed with the fame,
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princeſſe name,
A ſuddaine fright my trembling hart appalls,
The feare of conſcience entreth yron walls.
Thrice happy for our Fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had fore-ſeene,
And kept a meane gate in an humble path,
To haue eſcap'd theſe furious tempeſts wrath.
The Cedar-building Eagle beares the wind,
And not the Faulcon, though both Havvkes by kind;
That kingly bird doth from the cloudes command,
The fearefull foule that moues but neere the Land.
Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings deſcended,
My blood not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Grandſire *Brandon*, did our houſe aduance,
By princely *Mary*, dowager of Fraunce;
The fruite of that faire ſtock which did combine,
And Yorks ſweet branch with Lancaſters entwine,
And in one ſtalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermillion Rose, with purer white;
I, the vntimely ſlip of that rich ſtem,
VVhoſe golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I;
Nor doe I boaſt of this, but learne to die.
VVhilſt we were as our ſelues conioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The pureſt blood, polluted is in blood,

Neereſt contemn'd, if ſoueraignty withſtood;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,
The day too darke to ſee affinity;
And where the arme is ſtretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendſhip is broke, the deereſt things throwne downe;
For what great *Henry* moſt ſtroue to auoyd,
The heauens haue built, what earth would haue deſtroyd,
And ſeating *Edward* on his regall throne,
He giues to *Mary*, all that was his owne,
By death aſſuring what by life is theyrs,
The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heyres,
By mortall lawes, the bond may be diuorc'd,
But heauens decree, by no meanes can be forc'd,
They rule the caſe, when men haue all decreed,
vvho tooke him hence, knew well who ſhould ſucceed,
In vaine be counſels, ſtatutes, humaine lawes,
vvhen chiefe of counſailes pleads the iuſteſt cauſe;
Thus rule the heauens in their continuall courſe,
That yeelds to fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
But vertu's free from time, and fortunes power;
vvhat vertue gets, once got, doth neuer waſt,
And hauing this, this thou for euer haſt:
Then my kind Lord, ſweet *Gilford* be not greeu'd,
The ſoule is heauenly, and from heauen releeu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of minds to eyther;
To thy faire breſt take my reſolued mind,
Arm'd againſt blacke diſpaire, and all her kind,
And to my boſome breath that ſoule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:

So ſhall our faith as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This life, no life, wert thou not deere to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee;
Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truly learne to die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And ſurely find, what ere by zeale is ſought;
For each good motion that the ſoule awakes,
A heauenly figure ſees, from whence it takes,
That ſweet reſemblance, which by power of kind,
Formes (like it ſelfe) an image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations bee
Of that diuinenes, which by faith we ſee;
vvhich neuer errs, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleſhes imbecillity;
By each temptation ouer-apt to ſlide,
Except our ſpirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as our bodies priſons, be theſe Towers,
So to our ſoules, theſe bodies be of ours:
vvhoſe fleſhly walls hinder that heauenly light,
As theſe ſtone walls depriue our wiſhed ſight,
Death is the key which vnlocks miſery,
And lets them out to bleſſed liberty.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy hart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſſe of this earthly part;
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lie,
On fayth, repentance, and humility;
Humility to heauen, the ſtep, the ſtaire,
Is for deuotion, ſacrifice, and prayer;
The next place doth to true repentance fall,

A ſalue, a comfort, and a cordiall:
He that hath that, the keyes of heauen hath,
That is the guide, that is the port, the path;
Faith is thy fort, thy ſhield, thy ſtrongeſt ayd;
Neuer controld, nere yeelded, nere diſmayd;
vvhich doth dilate, vnfold, fore-tell, expreſſeth.
vvhich giues rewards, inueſteth and poſſeſſeth.
Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious martirdome,
Before the blacke and diſmall dayes begin,
The dayes of all Idolatry, and ſinne,
Not ſuffering vs to ſee that wicked age,
vvhen perſecution vehemently ſhall rage,
vvhen tiranny, new tortures ſhall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe ſhall bring,
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King,
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leaue it,
vvhich broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receaue it:
And on her temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Root out the dregs Idolatry hath ſowne;
And *Syons* glory ſhall againe reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſt, and deſolate before:
And from blacke ſinders, and rude heapes of ſtones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs ſcattered bones,
And ſhall extirpe the power of Rome againe,
And caſt aſide, the heauy yoke of Spaine.
Farewell ſweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but ſtrangers heere,
Let vs make haſt to goe vnto the bleſt,
vvhich from theſe weary worldly labours reſt,

And with theſe lines my deereſt Lord, I greete thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe ſhall meete thee.

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## Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

*They which begot vs, did beget this ſinne.*

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whoſe pride was the cauſe of the vtter ouerthrow of their children.

*At Durham Pallace where ſweet* Hymen *ſang.*
*The buildings, &c.*

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth ſonne to *Iohn Dudley*, Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Iane Gray*, daughter to the duke of Suffolke at Durham houſe in the Strand.

*When firſt mine eares were perſed with the fame,*
*Of* Iane *proclaimed by a Princeſſe name.*

Preſently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Iane* was taken as queene, conueyed by water to the Tower of London for her ſafety, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the Realme, as ſo ordained by King *Edwards* letters-patents, and his will.

*My Grandſire* Brandon *did our houſe aduance,*
*By princely* Mary *Dowager of France.*

*Henry Gray* Duke of Suffolk, married *Fraunces* the eldeſt deughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolk, by the French queene, by which *Fraunces* he had this Lady *Iane*: this *Mary* the French queene was daughter to king *Henry* the ſeauenth, by *Elizabeth* his queene, which happy mariage cōioined the two noble families of Lancaſter & York.

*For what great* Henry *moſt ſtroue to auoyd.*

Noting the diſtruſt that king *Henry* the eight euer had in the Princeſſe *Mary* his daughter, fearing ſhe ſhould alter the ſtate of Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confeſsing the right that King *Henries* iſſue had to the Crowne.

*And vnto faire* Elizabeth *ſhall leaue it.*

A Prophecy of queene *Maries* barrennes, & of the happy & glorious raigne of queene *Elizabeth*: her reſtoring of Religion, the aboliſhing of the Romiſh Seruitude, & caſting aſide the yoke of Spaine.

The

# The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, to the Lady *Iane Gray*.

THus from the ſtrongeſt treble-walled Tower,
Swan-like I ſing, before my dying houre;
O if there were ſuch power but in my verſe,
As in theſe woes, my wounded hart doe pierce,
Stones taking ſence, th'obdurate flint that heares,
Should at my plaints diſſolue it ſelfe to teares.
Lend me a teare, ile pay thee with a teare,
And intereſt to, if thou the ſtock forbeare;
vvoe, for a woe, and for thy intereſt lone,
I will returne thee frankly two for one;
Ile giue thee houres of woe, and yeares of ſorrow,
And turne the day to night, the night to morrow,
And if thou think'ſt time yet doth paſſe too ſoone,
vvhen euening comes, we'll make it but our noone;
And if a griefe prooue weake, and not of force,
I will exchange a better for a worſe;
And if thou thinke too quickly ſorrow ends,
Another twice ſo long ſhall make amends.
Perhaps thow'lt iudge, in ſuch extreames as theſe,
That words of comfort might far better pleaſe;
But ſuch ſtrange power, in thy perfection liueth,
As ſmiles in teares, and teares in gladnes giueth.
Yet thinke not *Iane*, that cowardly I faint,
As begging mercy by this ſad complaint:

O

Or yet ſuppoſe my courage daunted ſo,
That thou ſhouldſt ſtand betwixt me, and my fo,
That grim-aſpected death ſhould now controule,
And ſeeme ſo fearefull to my parting ſoule,
For were one life, a thouſand lifes to me,
Yet were all thoſe too few to die with thee;
vvhen thou thy woes ſo patiently dooſt beare,
As if in death, no cauſe of ſorrow were,
And no more dooſt lifes diſſolution ſhunne,
Then if cold age his longeſt courſe had runne.
Thou which didſt once giue comfort to my woe,
Now art alone, become my comforts foe;
Not that I leaue wherein I did delight,
But that thou art debarr'd my wiſhed ſight;
For if I ſpeake, and would complaine my wrong,
Straightwayes thy name doth come into my tongue;
And thou art preſent as thou ſtill didſt lye,
Or in my hart, or in my lips or eye.
No euill plannet raigned at thy birth,
Nor was that houre prodigious heere on earth;
No fatall marke of froward deſtenye,
Could be diuin'd in thy natiuity;
Tis onely I, that did thy fall deuiſe,
And thou by me art made a ſacrifice;
As in the Eaſt, whereas the louing wiues,
Doe with their husbands euer end their liues,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attire,
Goe with their husbands to that holy fire;
And ſhe vnworthy thought to liue of all,
vvhom feare of death, or danger doth appall.
I boaſt not of *Northumberlands* great name,

Nor of *Kets* conqueſt, which adornes the ſame,
vvhen he to Norfolke led his troupes from far,
And yok'd the rebels in the chayne of war,
vvhen our white Beare, did furiouſly reſpire,
The flames that ſing'd their Villages with fire,
And brought ſweet peace in ſafety to our dores,
Yet left our fame vpon the Easterne ſhores;
Nor of my princely brothers which might grace,
And plant true honour in the *Dudleys* race;
Nor of *Grayes* match, my children borne by thee,
Alied to Yorke and *Lancaſter* ſhould be;
But of thy vertues proudly boaſt I dare,
That ſhe is mine, whom all perfections are.
I crau'd no kingdome, though I thee did craue,
And hauing thee, I wiſh'd no more to haue.
Yet let me ſay, how euer it befell,
Me thinks a crowne ſhould haue becom'd thee well,
Me thinks thy wiſdome was ordain'd alone,
To bleſſe a ſcepter, beautifie a throne;
Thy lips a ſacred Oracle retaine,
vvherein all holy prophecies remaine;
More highly priz'd thy vertues were to me,
Then Crownes, then Kingdoms, or then Scepters be.
So chaſt thy loue, ſo innocent thy life,
A wiſed virgine, and a mayded wife;
The greateſt gifts that heauen could giue me heere,
Nothing ſo ſweet, ſo good, ſo pure, ſo deere.
This was the ioy wherein we liu'd of late,
Ere worldly cares did vs excruciate,
Before theſe troubles did our peace confound,
Or war, or weapon, maſſacre, or wound;

Ere dreadfull Armies did diſturbe our ſhores,
Or walls were ſhaken, with the Cannons roares.
Suſpect bewraies our thoughts, betrayes our words,
One Crowne is guarded with a thouſand ſwords;
To meane eſtate but common woes are ſhowne,
But Crownes haue cares that euer be vnknowne;
And we by them are to thoſe dangers led,
Of which the leaſt we are experienced.
VVhen *Dudley* led his Armies to the Eaſt,
Of all the boſome of the land poſſeſt,
vvhat earthly comfort was it that he lack'd,
That with a Counſels warranty was back'd?
That had a kingdome, and the power of lawes,
Still to maintaine the iuſtnes of his cauſe;
And with the Clergies helpe, the Commons ayd,
In euery place the peopled Kingdom ſway'd.
But what (alas) can Parliaments auaile,
vvhen *Maries* might, muſt *Edwards* acts repeale?
VVhen Suffolks power, doth *Suffolks* hopes withſtand,
Northumberland, doth leaue *Northumberland*.
And thoſe which ſhould our greatnes vnderprop,
Raze our foundation, ouerthrow our top.
Ere greatnes come, we wiſh it with our hart,
But being come, we wiſh it would depart.
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
vvhich when it comes, brings perill at the laſt,
If any man doe pitty our offence,
Let him be ſure to get him far from hence;
Heere is no place, no comfort heere at all,
For any one that ſhall bewaile our fall,
And we in vaine of mercy ſhould but thinke,

Our briny teares the ſullen earth doth drinke,
O that all teares for vs ſhould be forlorne,
And all ſhould die ſo ſoone as they be borne;
Mothers that ſhould their childrens fortunes rue,
Fathers in death too kindly bid adiew;
Friends of their friends, a kind farwell to take,
The faithfull ſeruant mourning for our ſake;
Brothers and ſiſters waiting on our Beere,
Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere;
Thoſe eares are ſtopt which ſhould bewaile our fall,
And wee the Mourners and the dead and all;
And that which firſt our Pallace was ordain'd,
The priſon, which our liberty reſtrain'd,
And where our Court we held in princely ſtate,
There now alone, are left diſconſolate.
Thus then reſolu'd, as thou, reſolu'd am I,
Die thou for me, and I for thee will die;
And yet that heauen *Elizabeth* may bleſſe,
Be thou (ſweet *Iane*) a faithfull Propheteſſe,
VVith that health gladly reſaluting thee,
VVhich thy kind farwell wiſh'd before to mee.

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## Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

*Nor of Kets conqueſt, which adornes the ſame.*

IOhn Duke of Northumberland, who before he was Earle of Warwick, in his expedition againſt *Ket*, ouerthrew the Rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, encamped at Mount Surrey in Norfolke.

*Nor of my princely brothers which might grace.*

*Gilford Dudley* as remembring in this place the towardneſſe of his Brothers, which were all likely indeede to haue rayſed that houſe of the *Dudleys*, of which he was a fourth brother, if not ſuppreſſed by their Fathers ouerthrow.

*Nor of* Grayes *match, my children borne by thee,*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady *Iane Gray*, by her mother, which was *Fraunces* the daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queene, daughter to *Henry* the ſeauenth, and ſiſter to *Henry* the eyght.

*To bleſſe a Scepter, beautifie a throne.*

Sildome hath it euer beene knowne of any woman endued with ſuch wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wiſedome and learning, of whoſe skil in the tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

*Miraris* Ianam Graio *ſermone valere,*
*Quo primum nata eſt tempore* Graia *fuit.*

*When* Dudley *led his Armies to the Eaſt.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition againſt the Rebels in Norfolke, & making haſt away appointed the reſt of his forces to meete him at Newmarket Heath; of whom this ſaying is reported, that paſsing through Shorditch, the Lord *Gray* in his company, ſeeing the people in great numbers came to ſee him, he ſaid, The people preſſe to ſee vs, but none bidde God ſpeede vs.

*That with the Counſels warranty was back'd.*

*Iohn Dudley* Duke of Northumberland, whē he went out againſt Queene *Mary*, had his Cōmiſsion ſealed for the generall ſhip of the Army, by the conſent of the whole Counſell of the Land; inſomuch that paſsing through the Coūſell Chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arondell wiſhed that he might haue gone with him in that expedition, and to ſpend his blood in the quarrell.

*When Suffolks power doth* Suffolks *hopes withſtand,*
*Northumberland doth leaue* Northumberland.

The Suffolke men were the firſt, that euer reſorted to Queene *Mary* in her diſtreſſe, repairing to her ſuccours, whilſt ſhe remained both at Keningall and at Fremingham Caſtle, ſtill increaſing her aydes, vntill the Duke of Northumberland, was left forſaken at Cambridge.

FINIS.

THE worlds faire Roſe, and *Henries* froſty fire,
*Iohns* tyrannie; and chaſt *Matilda's* wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious *Mortimer*,
The ſcourge of Fraunce, and his chaſt loue I ſong,
Depoſed *Richard*, *Iſabell* exil'd,
The gallant *Tudor*, and fayre *Katherine*,
Duke *Humfrey*, and old *Cobhams* hapleſſe child,
Couragious *Pole*, and that braue ſpiritfull Queene,
*Edward*, and that delicious London Dame,
*Brandon*, and that rich dowager of Fraunce,
*Surrey*, with his fayre paragon of fame,
*Dudleys* miſhap, and vertuous *Grayes* miſchance,
Their ſeuerall loues ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now giue me leaue at laſt, to ſing mine owne.

## *To the Reader of his Poems.*

### Sonet. 2.

INto theſe loues who but for paſsion lookes,
At this firſt ſight, here let him lay them by,
And ſeeke elſwhere in turning other bookes,
vvhich better may his labour ſatisfie.
No far-fetch'd ſigh ſhall euer wound my breſt,
Loue from mine eye, a teare ſhall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whyning Sonets dreſt,
(A Libertine) fantaſticklie I ſing;
My verſe is the true image of my mind,
Euer in motion, ſtill deſiring change,
To choyce of all varietie inclin'd,
And in all humors ſportiuely I range;
My actiue Muſe is of the worlds right ſtraine,
That cannot long one faſhion entertaine.

### Sonet. 3.

MAny there be excelling in this kind,
VVhoſe well trick'd rimes with all inuention ſwell,
Let each commend as beſt ſhall like his minde,
Some *Sidney*, *Constable*, ſome *Daniell*.
That thus theyr names familiarly I ſing,
Let none thinke them diſparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may ſpeake of a King,
And ſo may theſe be ſpoken of by mee;
My wanton verſe nere keepes one certaine ſtay,
But now, at hand; then, ſeekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes aſtray,
vvilde, madding, iocond, & irreguler;
Like me that luſt, my honeſt mery rimes,
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

Sonet.

### Sonet. 4.

THine eyes taught me the Alphabet of loue,
To con my Croſrow ere I learn'd to ſpell;
For I was apt, a Scholler like to proue,
Gaue me ſvveet lookes when as I learned well,
Vowes were my vowels when I then begun
At my firſt leſſon in thy ſacred name,
My conſonants the next when I had done,
VVords conſonant, and ſounding to thy fame;
My liquids then, were liquid Chriſtall teares,
My cares my mutes, ſo mute to craue releefe,
My dolefull Dipthongs, were my lifes diſpaires,
Redoubling ſighs, the accents of my griefe;
My loues ſchoolemiſtres now hath taught me
That I can read a ſtory of my woe.

### Sonet. 5.

MY hart was ſlaine, and none but you and I,
vvho ſhould I thinke the murder ſhould commit;
Since but your ſelfe, there was no creature by,
But onely I, guiltleſſe of murth'ring it;
It ſlew it ſelfe; the verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead and me not acceſſarie;
VVell, well, I feare it will be prou'd by you,
The euidence ſo great a proofe doth carry.
But ô, ſee ſee, we need enquire no further,
Vpon your lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murther,
Your cheekes yet pale ſince firſt they gaue the wound.
By this, I ſee, how euer things be paſt,
Yet heauen will ſtill haue murther out at laſt.

## Sonet. 6.

TAking my pen, with words to caſt my woes,
Duly to count the ſum of all my cares
I find, my griefe innumerable growes,
The reckonings riſe to millions of diſpaires;
And thus deuiding of my fatall howres,
The payments of my loue I reade, and croſſe
Subſtracting, ſet my ſweets vnto my ſowres,
My ioyes arérage leades me to my loſſe:
And thus mine eyes a debtour to thine eye,
vvhich by extortion gayneth all their lookes,
My hart hath payd ſuch greeuous vſury,
That all her wealth lies in thy beauties bookes;
And all is thine which hath beene due to mee,
And I a Bankrupt quite vndone by thee.

### *An alluſion to* Narciſſus.

## Sonet. 7.

BEauty ſometime in all her glory crowned,
Paſsing by that cleere fountaine of thine eye,
Her ſun-ſhine face there chauncing to eſpie,
Forgot her ſelfe, deeming ſhe had beene drowned,
And thus whilſt Beauty, on her beauty gazed,
vvho then (yet liuing) thought ſhe had been dying;
And yet in death ſome hope of life eſpying,
vvith her owne rare perfections ſo amazed;
Twixt ioy and griefe, yet with a ſmiling frowning,
The glorious ſun-beames of her eyes bright ſhining,
And ſhe on her owne deſteny diuining,
Caſt in her ſelfe, to ſaue her ſelfe by drowning;
The well of *Nectar*, pau'd with pearle and gold,
vvhere ſhe remaines for all eyes to behold.

## Sonet. 8.

NOthing but no and I, and I and no,
How falls it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell yee (Faire) ile not be aunſwered ſo,
vvith this affirming no, denying I,
I ſay I loue, you ſlightly aunſwer I:
I ſay you loue, you pule me out a no;
I ſay I die, you eccho me with I,
Saue me I cry, you ſigh me out a no:
Muſt woe and I, haue naught but no and I?
No, I am I, if I no more can haue,
Aunſwer no more, with ſilence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I doe craue;
Let no and I, with I and you be ſo,
Then aunſwer no, and I, and I, and no.

## Sonet. 9.

LOue once would daunce within my Miſtres eye,
And wanting muſique fitting for the place,
Swore that I ſhould the Inſtrument ſupply,
And ſodainly preſents me with her face:
Straightwayes my pulſe playes liuely in my vaines,
My panting breath doth keepe a meaner time,
My quau'ring artiers be the Tenours ſtraynes,
My trembling ſinewes ſerue the Counterchime,
My hollow ſighs the deepeſt baſe doe beare,
True diapazon in diſtincted ſound;
My panting hart the treble makes the ayre,
And deſcants finely on the muſiques ground;
Thus like a Lute or Violl did I lye,
vvhilſt he proud ſlaue daunc'd galliards in her eye.

## Sonet. 10.

LOue in an humor playd the prodigall,
And bids my ſences to a ſolemne feaſt,
Yet more to grace the company withall,
Inuites my hart to be the chiefeſt gueſt;
No other drinke would ſerue this gluttons turne,
But precious teares diſtilling from mine eyne,
vvhich with my ſighs this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carouſes in this coſtly wine,
VVhere, in his cups or'come with foule exceſſe,
Begins to play a ſwaggering Ruffins part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkennes
Slew my deere friend, his kind and trueſt hart;
A gentle warning friends, thus may you ſee
vvhat 'tis to keepe a drunkard company.

## *To the Moone.* Sonet. 11.

P*Hœbe* looke downe, and here behold in mee,
The elements within thy ſphere incloſed,
How kindly Nature plac'd them vnder thee,
And in my world, ſee hovv they are diſpoſed;
My hope is earth, the loweſt, cold and dry,
The groſſer mother of deepe melancholie,
VVater my teares, coold with humidity,
VVan, flegmatick, inclind by nature wholie;
My ſighs, the ayre, hote, moyſt, aſcending hier,
Subtile of ſanguine, dy'de in my harts dolor,
My thoughts, they be the element of fire,
Hote, dry, and percing, ſtill inclind to choller,
Thine eye the Orbe vnto all theſe, from whence,
Proceedes their effects of powerfull influence.

Sonet

## Sonet. 12.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Then to the ſonne of ſome rich penyfather,
vvho hauing now brought on his end with care,
Leaues to his ſon all he had heap'd together;
This new rich nouice, lauiſh of his cheſt,
To one man giues, & on another ſpends;
Then here he ryots; yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend ſome to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obſcurity dooſt waſt,
Falſe friends thy kindnes, borne but to deceiue thee;
Thy loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beauty, which with age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to me was lent,
I giue thee back, when all the reſt is ſpent.

## Sonet. 13.

YOu not alone, when you are ſtill alone,
O God from you that I could priuate be,
Since you one were, I neuer ſince was one,
Since you in me, my ſelfe ſince out of me
Tranſported from my ſelfe into your beeing
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to eyther,
Senceles with too much ioy, each other ſeeing,
And onely abſent when we are together.
Giue me my ſelfe, and take your ſelfe againe,
Deuiſe ſome means but how I may forſake you,
So much is mine that doth with you remaine,
That taking what is mine, with me I take you,
You doe bewitch me, & that I could flie,
From my ſelfe you, or from your owne ſelfe I.

## *To the Soule.* Sonet. 14.

THat learned Father which ſo firmely proues
The ſoule of man immortall and diuine,
And doth the ſeuerall offices define,
*Anima.* Giues her that name as ſhee the body moues,
*Amor.* Then is ſhe loue imbracing Charitie,
*Animus.* Mouing a will in vs it is the mind,
*Mens.* Retayning knowledge, ſtill the ſame in kind;
*Memoria.* As intelectuall it is the memorie,
*Ratio.* In iudging, Reaſon onely is her name,
*Senſus.* In ſpeedy apprehenſion it is ſence,
*Conſciencia.* In right or wrong, they call her conſcience;
*Spiritus.* The ſpirit, when it to Godward doth inflame,
These of the ſoule the ſeuerall functions bee,
VVhich my hart lightned by thy loue doth ſee.

## *To the Shadow.* Sonet. 15.

LEtters and lines we ſee are ſoone defaced,
Mettles doe waſte, and fret with cankers ruſt,
The Diamond ſhall once conſume to duſt,
And freſheſt colours with foule ſtaines diſgraced.
Paper and incke, can paint but naked words,
To write with blood, of force offends the ſight,
And if with teares, I finde them all too light;
And ſighes and ſignes, a ſilly hope affords.
O ſweeteſt Shadow, how thou ſeru'ſt my turne,
VVhich ſtill ſhalt be, as long as there is Sunne,
Nor whilſt the world is, neuer ſhall be done,
VVhilſt Moone ſhall ſhine, or any fire ſhall burne.
That euery thing whence ſhadow doth proceede,
May in his ſhadow, my loues ſtory reade.

To

## To Sleepe. Sonet. 16.

SVVeet Sleepe ſo arm'd with Beauties arrowes darting,
Seepe in thy beauty, beauty in ſleepe appeareth,
Sleepe lightning beauty, beauty ſleepes darknes cleereth,
Eyther to other, miracles imparting:
Sleepe watching beauty, beauty, ſoft ſleepe garding,
Beauty in ſleepe, ſleepe in beauty charmed,
Sleepes aged coldnes, with beauties fire warmed,
Sleepe with delight, beauty with loue rewarding.
Sleepe and beautie, with equall forces ſtriuing,
Beauty her ſtrength vnto ſleepes weakenes lending,
Sleepe with beauty, beauty with ſleepe contending,
Yet others force, the others force reuiuing,
And eithers foe, the others foe imbrace,
Mine eyes beheld this conflict in thy face.

## Sonet. 17.

VIewing the glaſſe of my youths miſeries,
I ſee the face of my deformed cares,
VVith withered browes, all wrinckled with diſpaires,
That for my youth the teares fell from mine eyes.
Then in theſe teares, the mirrors of theſe eyes,
Thy faireſt youth and beauty doe I ſee,
Imprinted there by looking ſtill on thee,
Thus midſt my woes, ten thouſand ioyes ariſe.
Yet in theſe ioyes, the ſhadowes of my good,
In thys fayre limmed ground as white as ſnow,
Painted the blackeſt image of my woe,
VVith murthering hands imbru'd in mine owne blood,
And in this Image his darke clowdy eyes,
My life, and loue, I heere anatomize.

Sonet

### *To the Phenix.* Sonet 18.

WIthin the compaſſe of this ſpacious round
Amongſt all birds the Phenix is alone,
VVhich but by you could neuer haue beene knowne,
None like to that, none like to you is found,
Heape your owne vertues ſeaſoned by their ſunne,
On heauenly top of your deuine deſire;
Then with your beauty ſet the ſame on fire,
So by your death, your life ſhall be begunne.
Your ſelfe thus burned in this ſacred flame,
VVith your owne ſweetnes all the heauens perfuming,
And ſtill encreaſing as you are conſuming,
Shall ſpring againe from th'aſhes of your fame.
And mounting vp, ſhall to the heauens aſcend,
So may you liue, paſt world, paſt fame, paſt end.

### *To Time.* Sonet. 19.

STay, ſtay, ſweet Time, behold or ere thou paſſe,
From world to world, thou long haſt ſought to ſee,
That wonder now wherein all wonders bee,
VVhere heauen beholds her in a mortall glaſſe,
Nay, looke thee Time in this celeſtiall glaſſe,
And thy youth paſt, in this faire mirrour ſee;
Behold worlds Beauty in her infancie,
VVhat ſhe was then, and thou or ere ſhe was.
Now paſſe on Time, to after worlds tell this,
Tell truly Time what in thy time hath beene;
That they may tell more worlds what time hath ſeene,
And heauen may ioy to thinke on paſt worlds blis.
Heere make a Period Time, and ſay for me,
She was whoſe like, againe ſhall neuer be.

### *To the celeſtiall numbers.*

### Sonet. 20.

VNto the world, to learning, and to heauen,
  Three nines there are, to euery one a nine,
One number of the earth, the other both diuine,
One woman now makes three od numbers euen.
Nine orders firſt of Angels be in heauen,
Nine Muſes doe with learning ſtill frequent:
Theſe with the Gods are euer reſident:
Nine worthy ones vnto the world were giuen.
My worthy one to theſe nine worthies, addeth,
And my faire Muſe, one Muſe vnto the nine;
And my good Angell in my ſoule diuine,
with one more order, theſe nine orders gladdeth.
  My Muſe, my worthy, and my Angell then,
  Makes euery one of theſe three nines a ten.

### Sonet. 21.

YOu cannot loue my pretty hart, and why?
  There was a time, you told me that you would,
But now againe you will the ſame deny,
If it might pleaſe you, would to God you could;
VVhat will you hate? nay that you will not neither,
Nor loue, nor hate, how then? what will you do,
VVhat will you keepe a meane then betwixt eyther?
Or will you loue me, and yet hate me to?
Yet ſerues not this, what next, what other ſhift?
You will, and will not, what a coyle is heere,
I ſee your craft, now I perceaue your drift,
And all this while, I was miſtaken there.
  Your loue and hate is this, I now doe proue you,
  You loue in hate, by hate to make me loue you.

## Sonet. 22.

AN euill ſpirit your beauty haunts me ſtill,
vvhere-with (alas) I haue been long poſſeſt,
vvhich ceaſeth not to tempt me vnto ill,
Nor giues me once but one pore minutes reſt.
In me it ſpeakes, whether I ſleepe or wake,
And when by meanes to driue it out I try,
vvith greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in moſt extreamity
Before my face, it layes all my diſpaires,
And haſts me on vnto a ſuddaine death;
Now tempting me, to drowne my ſelfe in teares,
And then in ſighing to giue vp my breath:
Thus am I ſtill prouok'd to euery euill,
By this good wicked ſpirit, ſweet Angel deuill.

## *To the Spheares.* Sonet. 23.

THou which do'ſt guide this little world of loue,
Thy planets manſions heere thou mayſt behold,
My brow the ſpheare where *Saturne* ſtill doth moue,
vvrinkled with cares: and withered, dry, and cold;
Mine eyes the Orbe where *Iupiter* doth trace,
vvhich gently ſmile becauſe they looke on thee,
*Mars* in my ſwarty viſage takes his place,
Made leane with loue, where furious conflicts bee.
*Sol* in my breaſt with his hote ſcorching flame,
And in my hart alone doth *Venus* raigne:
*Mercury* my hands the Organs of thy fame,
And *Luna* glides in my fantaſtick braine;
The ſtarry heauen thy prayſe by me expreſt,
Thou the firſt moouer, guiding all the reſt.

Sonet,

## Sonet. 24.

Loue baniſh'd heauen, in earth was held in ſcorne,
vvandring abroad in neede and beggery,
And wanting friends though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crau'd the almes of ſuch as paſſed by,
I like a man, deuout and charitable ;
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandring gueſt,
vvith ſighs and teares ſtill furniſhing his table,
vvith what might make the miſerable bleſt ;
But this vngratefull for my good deſart,
Entic'd my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
VVho gaue conſent to ſteale away my hart,
And ſet my breaſt his lodging on a fire :
vvell, well, my friends, when beggers grow thus bold,
No meruaile then though charity grow cold.

## Sonet. 25.

O VVhy ſhould nature nigardly reſtraine,
The Sotherne Nations reliſh not our tongue,
Elſe ſhould my lines glide on the vvaues of Rhene,
And crowne the Pirens with my liuing ſong ;
But bounded thus to Scotland get you forth.
Thence take you wing vnto the Orcades,
There let my verſe get glory in the North,
Making my ſighs to thawe the frozen ſeas,
And let the Bards within the Iriſh Iſe,
To whom my Muſe with fiery wings ſhall paſſe ;
Call backe the ſtifneckd rebels from exile,
Aud molifie the ſlaughtering Galliglaſſe :
And when my flowing numbers they rehearſe,
Let VVolues and Beares be charmed with my verſe.

Sonet.

## *To Deſpaire.* Sonet. 26.

I Euer loue, where neuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuer-hoping care,
And my liues hope would die but for diſpaire,
My neuer certaine ioy, breeds euer-certaine feares.
Vncertaine-dread, giues wings vnto my hope,
Yet my hopes wings are loden ſo with feare,
As they cannot aſcend to my hopes ſpheare,
Yet feare giues them more then a heauenly ſcope;
Yet this large roome is bounded with diſpaire,
So my loue is ſtill fettered with vaine hope,
And liberty depriues him of his ſcope,
And thus am I impriſond in the ayre;
Then ſweet Diſpaire, a while hold vp thy head,
Or all my hope for ſorrow will be dead.

## Sonet, 27.

I Gaue my fayth to Loue, Loue his to mee,
That hee and I, ſworne brothers ſhould remaine,
Thus fayth receiu'd, fayth giuen backe againe,
VVho would imagine bond more ſure could bee?
Loue flies to her, yet holds he my fayth taken,
Thus from my vertue raiſeth my offence,
Making me guilty by mine innocence;
And ſurer bond by beeing ſo forſaken,
He makes her aske what I before had vow'd,
Giuing her that, which he had giuen me,
I bound by him, and he by her made free,
VVho euer ſo hard breach of fayth alow'd?
Speake you that ſhould of right and wrong diſcuſſe,
VVas right ere wrong'd, or wrong ere righted thus?

## To Contrarietie. Sonet. 28.

THoſe teares quench hope, doe kindle my deſire,
Thoſe ſighs coole hart, are coales vnto my loue,
Icie diſdaine, is to my ſoule a fire,
And yet all theſe I contrary doe proue;
Deſire doth make hope burne, and dryeth teares,
Loue heates my hart, which my ſighs inly warmeth
vvith my ſoules gleed, diſdaine is ſpent to ayres,
It hurts and heales, it helpeth, and it harmeth,
My hope becomes a friend to my deſire;
My hart imbraceth loue, and loue my hart.
Diſdaine a Phenix is in my ſoules fire,
And vow from other, neuer to depart;
Such peacefull conflicts ſtirring in my life,
Foes liue in concord, and friends ſtill at ſtriſe.

## To the Sences. Sonet. 29.

WHen conquering loue did firſt my hart aſſaile,
Vnto mine ayde I ſummond euery ſence,
Doubting if that proude tyrant ſhould preuaile,
My hart ſhould ſuffer for mine eyes offence;
But he with beauty, firſt corrupted ſight,
My hearing bryb'd with her tongues harmony,
My taſte, by her ſweet lips drawne with delight,
My ſmelling wonne with her breaths ſpicerie;
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The King of ſences, greater then the reſt)
That yeelds loue vp the keyes vnto my hart,
And tells the other how they ſhould be bleſt;
And thus by thoſe of whom I hop'd for ayde,
To cruell Loue my ſoule was firſt betrayd.

## To the Veſtalls. Sonet. 30.

THoſe Prieſts, which firſt the Veſtall fire begun,
VVhich might be borrowed from no earthly flame,
Deuiſd a veſſell to receiue the ſunne,
Beeing ſtedfaſtly oppoſed to the ſame;
VVhere with ſweet vvood, laid curiouſly by Art,
VVhereon the ſunne might by reflection beate,
Receiuing ſtrength from euery ſecret part,
The fuell kindled with celeſtiall heate.
Thy bleſſed eyes, the ſunne which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the Veſtall flame,
The precious odors be my chaſt deſire,
My breaſt the fuell which includes the ſame;
Thou art my Veſta, thou my Goddeſſe art,
Thy hollowed Temple, onely is my hart.

## Sonet. 31.

ME thinks I ſee ſome crooked Mimick ieere
And taxe my Muſe with this fantaſtick grace,
Turning my papers, asks what haue we heere?
Making withall, ſome filthy anticke face;
I feare no cenſure, nor what thou canſt ſay,
Nor ſhall my ſpirit one iote of vigor loſe,
Think'ſt thou my wit ſhall keepe the pack-horſe way,
That euery dudgen low inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are impreſt,
And euery drudge doth dull our ſatiate eare,
Think'ſt thou my loue, ſhall in thoſe rags be dreſt
That euery dowdie, euery trull doth weare?
Vnto my pitch no common iudgement flies,
I ſcorne all earthlie dung-bred ſcarabies.

OVr floods-Queene *Thames*, for ſhips & Swans is crowned,
And ſtately Seuerne, for her ſhores is praiſed,
The chriſtall Trent, for Foords & fiſh renowned,
And Auons fame, to Albyons Cliues is raiſed.
Carlegion Cheſter, vaunts her holy Dee,
Yorke many wonders of her Ouſe can tell,
The Peake her Doue, whoſe banks ſo fertill bee,
And Kent will ſay, her Medway doth excell.
Cotſwoold commends her Iſis and her Tame,
Our Northern borders boaſt of Tweeds faire flood,
Our VVeſterne parts extoll their VVilys fame,
And old Legea brags of Daniſh blood;
Ardens ſweet Ankor let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* ſhee doth liue by thee.

## *To Imagination.* Sonet. 33.

WHilſt yet mine eyes doe ſurfet with delight,
My wofull hart impriſon'd in my breſt,
VViſheth to be transformd into my ſight,
That it like thoſe, in looking might be bleſt,
But whilſt mine eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their obiects ouerſoone depart,
Theſe now the others happines doe praiſe,
VViſhing themſelues that they were now my hart,
That eyes had hart, or that the hart had eyes,
As couetous the others vſe to haue,
But finding reaſon ſtill the ſame denies,
This to each other mutually they craue,
That ſince each other yet they cannot bee,
That eyes could thinke, or that my hart could ſee.

## *To Admiration.* Sonet. 34.

MAruaile not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Rauiſh'd a world beyond the fartheſt thought,
That knowing more then euer hath beene taught,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruaile not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Ayming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wiſedoms ſelfe, to miniſter direction,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruaile not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Though my conceite I farther ſeeme to bend,
Then poſsibly inuention can extend,
And yet am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
If thou wilt wonder, heers the wonder loue,
That this to mee doth yet no wonder proue.

## *To Miracle.* Sonet. 35.

SOme misbeleeuing, and prophane in loue,
VVhen I doe ſpeake of miracles by thee,
May ſay that thou art flattered by mee,
vvho onely write, my skill in verſe to proue.
See miracles, yee vnbeleeuing ſee,
A dumb-borne Muſe, made to expreſſe the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee,
Blinde were mine eyes, till they were ſeene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd, by vertues ſprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had lyne.
All vncleane thoughts, foule ſpirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by vertue that proceeds from thee.

## Sonet. 36.

REading ſometime, my ſorrowes to beguile,
I finde old Poets hills and floods admire,
One, he doth wonder monſter-breeding Nyle,
Another, maruailes Sulphure Ætnas fire.
Now broad-brimd Indus, then of Pindus height,
Pelion and Oſſa, froſty Caucaſe old,
The Delian Cynthus, then Olympus weight,
Slow Arrer, frantick Gallus, Cydnus cold.
Some Ganges, Iſter, and of Tagus tell,
Some whir-poole Po, and ſlyding Hypaſis;
Some old Pernaſſus, where the Muſes dwell,
Some Helycon, and ſome faire Simois;
A fooles thinke I, had you *Idea* ſeene,
Poore brookes & Banks had no ſuch wonders beene.

## Sonet. 37

SItting alone, loue bids me goe and write,
Reaſon plucks backe, commaunding me to ſtay,
Boaſting that ſhee doth ſtill direct the way,
Or els loue were vnable to endite;
Loue growing angry, vexed at the ſpleene,
And ſcorning Reaſons maimed Argument,
Straight taxeth Reaſon, wanting to inuent,
VVhere ſhee with Loue conuerſing hath not beene.
Reaſon reproched with this coy diſdaine,
Diſpighteth Loue, and laugheth at her folly,
And Loue contemning Reaſons reaſon wholy,
Thought it in weight too light by many a graine.
Reaſon put backe, doth out of ſight remoue,
And Loue alone, finds reaſon in my loue.

## Sonet. 38.

SOme, when in rime they of their loues doe tell,
VVith flames & lightning their exordiums paint,
Some call on heauen, ſome inuocate on hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint.
Elizium is too high a ſeate for mee,
I will not come in Stix or Phlegiton,
The thrice three Muſes but too wanton bee,
Like they that luſt, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull *Errinis* frights mee with her lookes,
My manhood dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Heccats* charming bookes,
I ſtill feare bugbeares in *Apollos* Cell.
I paſſe not for *Minerua* nor *Aſtræa*,
Onely I call vpon diuine *Idea*.

## Sonet. 39.

MY hart the Anuile where my thoughts doe beate,
My words the hammers, faſhioning my deſire,
My breaſt the forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the fuell which maintaines the fire.
My ſighes, the bellowes which the flame increaſeth,
Filling mine eares with noiſe and nightly groning,
Toyling with paine, my labour neuer ceaſeth,
In greeuous paſsions my woes ſtill bemoning.
Mine eyes with teares againſt the fire ſtriuing,
VVhoſe ſcorching gleed my hart to cynders turneth;
But with thoſe drops, the coales againe reuyuing,
Still more and more vnto my torment burneth.
VVith *Siſiphus* thus doe I role the ſtone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

## Sonet. 40.

WHy doe I ſpeake of ioy, or write of loue,
vvhen my hart is the very den of horror,
And in my ſoule the paines of hell I proue,
vvith all his torments and infernall terror?
VVhat ſhould I ſay, what yet remaines to doe?
My braine is dry with weeping all too long,
My ſighes be ſpent in vttring of my woe,
And I want words where-with to tell my wrong;
But ſtill diſtracted in loues Lunacie,
And Bedlam like thus rauing in my griefe,
Now raile vpon her haire, now on her eye,
Now call her Goddeſſe, then I call her theefe,
Now I denie her, then I doe confeſſe her,
Now doe I curſe her, then againe I bleſſe her.

## Sonet. 41.

MY loue makes hote the fire whoſe heate is ſpent,
The water, moiſture from my teares deriueth;
And my ſtrong ſighes, the ayres weake force reuiueth.
This loue, tears, ſighes, maintaine each one his element,
The fire, vnto my loue, compare a painted fire,
The water to my teares, as drops to Oceans be,
The ayre, vnto my ſighs, as Eagle to the flie,
The paſsions of diſpaire, but ioyes to my deſire.
Onely my loue is in the fire ingraued,
Onely my teares by Oceans may be geſſed,
Onely my ſighes are by the ayre expreſſed,
Yet fire, water, ayre, of nature not depriued.
VVhilſt fire, water, ayre, twixt heauen & earth ſhall be,
My loue, my teares, my ſighes, extinguiſht cannot be.

SOme men there be, which like my method well,
And doe commend the ſtrangenes of my vaine,
Some ſay, I haue a paſsing pleaſing ſtraine,
Some ſay, that in my humor I excell.
Some, who not kindly reliſh my conceite,
They ſay, (as Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my paſsions paine.
Thus ſundry men, their ſundry minds repeate.
I paſſe not I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends, or diſcommends my verſe,
It pleaſeth me, if I my plaints rehearſe,
And in my lines if ſhee my loue may ſee.
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
VVriting her praiſe, I cannot write amiſſe.

## Sonet. 43.

WHilſt thus my penne ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrincles in my face,
VVherein the Map of all my miſery,
Is modeld out the world of my diſgrace,
VVhilſt in deſpight of tyrannizing times,
*Medea* like I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my world-outwearing rimes,
And murther'ſt vertue with thy coy diſdaine;
And though in youth, my youth vntimely perriſh,
To keepe thee from obliuion and the graue,
Enſuing ages yet my rimes ſhall cherriſh,
VVhere I entomb'd, my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name ſhall mount vpon eternitie.

## Sonet. 44.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my chayre,
Drownd in the teares extorted by my lines,
vvith heauy ſighs whilſt thus I breake the ayre,
Paynting my paſsions in theſe ſad diſsignes,
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happy verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her liuing fame,
Euer hence-forth my boſome be your hearſe,
vvherein the world ſhal now entombe her name,
Encloſe my muſick you poore ſenceleſſe walls,
Sith ſhe is deafe and will not heare my mones,
Soften your ſelues with euery teare that falls,
vvhilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to trees and ſtones :
vvhich with my plaints ſeeme yet with pitty moued,
Kinder then ſhe who I ſo long haue loued.

## Sonet. 45.

*CVpid*, dumb Idoll, peeuiſh Saint of loue,
No more ſhalt thou nor Saint nor Idoll be,
No God art thou, a Goddeſſe ſhe doth proue,
Of all thine honour ſhe hath robbed thee.
Thy bowe halfe broke, is peec'd with old deſire,
Her bowe is beauty, with ten thouſand ſtrings,
And euery one of pureſt golden vvyer.
The leaſt able to kill an hoaſt of Kings.
Thy ſhafts be ſpent, and ſhe (to war appointed)
Hides in thoſe chriſtall quiuers of her eyes,
More arrows with hart-piercing mettel pointed,
Then there be ſtars at midnight in the skyes.
with theſe, ſhe ſteales mens harts for her reliefe,
Yet happy he that's robd of ſuch a thiefe.

Sonet.

## Sonet. 46.

THou leaden braine which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſay'ſt my lines be dull and doe not moue,
I meruaile not thou feelſt not my delight,
vvhich neuer feltſt my fiery tuch of loue.
But thou whoſe pen hath like a Pack-horſe ſeru'd,
vvhoſe ſtomack vnto gaule hath turn'd thy foode,
vvhoſe ſences like poore priſoners hunger-ſtaru'd,
vvhoſe griefe hath parch'd thy body, dry'd thy blood.
Thou which haſt ſcorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, ſober, glad, and ſorry,
Thou which haſt band thy thoughts & curſt thy breath,
vvith thouſand plagues more then in purgatory.
Thou thus whoſe ſpirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaud my lines.

### *An aluſion to* Dedalus *and* Icarus.

## Sonet. 47.

MY hart impriſoned in a hopeleſſe Ile,
Peopled with Armies of pale iealous eyes,
The ſhores beſet with thouſand ſecret ſpies,
Muſt paſſe by ayre, or elſe dye in exile,
He fram'd him wings with feathers of his thought,
vvhich by their nature learn'd to mount the skie,
And with the ſame he practiſed to flie,
Till he himſelfe this Eagles Art had taught.
Thus ſoring ſtill, not looking once below,
So neere thine eyes celeſtiall ſunne aſpired,
That with the rayes his waſting pineons fired,
Thus was the wanton cauſe of his owne woe,
Downe fell he in thy beauties Ocean drenched,
Yet there he burnes, in fire that's neuer quenched.

## Sonet. 48.

CLeere Ankor, on whoſe ſiluer-ſanded ſhore,
My ſoule ſhrin'd Saint, my faire *Idea* lyes:
O bleſſed Brooke, whoſe milk-white Swans adore,
That chriſtall ſtreame refined by her eyes.
VVhere ſweet Mirth-breathing *Zephyre* in the ſpring,
Gently diſtils his Nectar-dropping ſhowers,
vvhere Nightingales in Arden ſit and ſing,
Amongſt thoſe dainty dew-empearled flowers;
Say thus faire Brooke when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queene,
Loe heere thy ſheepheard ſpent his wandring yeeres:
And in theſe ſhades deere Nimph he oft hath beene,
And heere to thee he ſacrifiz'd his teares.
Faire Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou ſweet Ankor art my Helicon.

## Sonet. 49.

YEt reade at laſt the ſtory of my woe,
The drery abſtracts of my endleſſe cares:
vvith my lyfes ſorrow enterlined ſo,
Smok'd with my ſighs, and blotted with my teares.
The ſad memorialls of my miſeries,
Pend in the griefe of mine afflicted ghoſt:
My lyfes complaint in dolefull Elegies,
vvith ſo pure loue as time could neuer boaſt.
Receaue the Incenſe which I offer heere,
By my ſtrong faith aſcending to thy fame,
My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praiſe, my prayer,
My ſoules oblations to thy ſacred name.
vvhich name my Muſe to higheſt heauen ſhall raiſe,
By chaſt deſire, true loue, and vertues praiſe.

## Sonet. 50.

MY Fayre, if thou wilt regiſter my loue,
More then worlds volumes ſhall thereof ariſe,
Preſerue my teares, and thou thy ſelfe ſhalt proue
A ſecond flood downe rayning from mine eyes.
Note but my ſighs, and thine eyes ſhall behold,
The ſun-beames ſmothered with immortall ſmoke:
And if by thee my prayers may be enrold,
They heauen and earth to pitty ſhall prouoke.
Looke thou into my breaſt, and thou ſhalt ſee
Chaſt holy vowes for my ſoules ſacrifice;
That ſoule (ſweete Mayde) which ſo hath honored thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy ſacred eyes.
Thoſe eyes to my hart ſhining euer bright,
vvhen darknes hath obſcur'd each other light.

### *An aluſion to the Eglets.*

## Sonet. 51.

MY thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of loue,
And for their vertues I deſired to know,
Vpon the neſt I ſet them, forth to proue,
If they were of the Eagles kind or no.
But they no ſooner ſaw my Sunne appeare,
But on her rayes with gazing eyes they ſtood,
vvhich proou'd my birds delighted in the ayre,
And that they came of this rare kingly brood.
But now their plumes ful ſumd with ſweet deſire,
To ſhew their kind, began to clime the skyes:
Doe what I could my Eaglets would aſpire,
Straight mounting vp to thy celeſtiall eyes.
And thus (my Fayre) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my breaſt into thine eyes be gone.

Sonet.

## Sonet. 52.

MY faire, had I not erſt adorn'd my Lute,
vvith thoſe ſweet ſtrings ſtolne from thy golden haire,
Vnto the world had all my ioyes beene mute,
Nor had I learn'd to deſcant on my faire:
Had not mine eye ſeene thy celeſtiall eye,
Nor my hart knowne the power of thy name,
I had beene buried to poſterity,
Thy name vnſounded in the trumpe of fame.
But thy diuine perfections by their skill,
This miracle (loe) on my Muſe haue tried,
And haue inſpir'd a fury in my quill,
That in my verſe thou liueſt deified.
That from thy ſelfe the cauſe is thus deriued,
That by thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe ſhal be ſuruiued.

## Sonet. 53.

DEfine my loue, and tell the ioyes of heauen,
Expreſſe my woes, and ſhew the paynes of hell,
Declare what fate vnlucky ſtarres haue giuen,
And aske a world vpon my life to dwell.
Make knowne that faith, vnkindnes could not moue,
Compare my worth with others baſe deſert,
Let vertue be the tuch-ſtone of my loue,
So may the heauens reade wonders in my hart.
Behold the cloudes which haue eclips'd my ſunne,
And view the croſſes which my courſe doth let,
Till me, if euer ſince the world begunne,
So faire a morning had ſo foule a ſet?
And by all meanes, let foule vnkindnes proue,
And ſhew the ſecond to ſo pure a loue.

## Sonet. 54.

WHen firſt I ended, then I firſt began,
The more I trauell, further from my reſt,
vvhere moſt I loſt, there moſt of all I wan;
Pined with hunger, riſing from a feaſt.
Me thinks I flee, yet want I legs to goe,
vviſe in conceite, in act a very ſot,
Rauiſht with ioy, amidſt a hell of woe,
vvhat moſt I ſeeme, that ſureſt am I not.
I build my hopes a world aboue the skie,
Yet with the Mole, I creepe into the earth,
In plenty, am I ſtaru'd with penurie,
And yet I ſurfet in the greateſt dearth.
I haue, I want, diſpaire, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a Sea of Ice, aud drown'd amidſt a fire.

## Sonet. 55.

TRuce gentle loue, a parly now I craue,
Me thinks, tis long ſince firſt, theſe wars begun,
Nor thou nor I, the better yet can haue:
Bad is the match where neither party wone.
I, offer free conditions of faire peace,
My hart for hoſtage, that it ſhall remaine,
Diſcharge our forces heere, let malice ceaſe,
So for my pledge, thou giue me pledge againe.
Or if nothing but death will ſerue thy turne,
Still thirſting for ſubuerſion of my ſtate;
Doe what thou canſt, raze, maſſacre, and burne,
Let the world ſee the vtmoſt of thy hate:
I ſend defiance, ſince if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquiſhing, the conqueſt is mine owne.

Sonet.

## *A Conſonet.* Sonet. 56.

EYes with your teares, blind if you bee,
vvhy haue theſe teares ſuch eyes to ſee,
Poore eyes, if yours teares cannot moue,
My teares, eyes, then muſt moue my loue,
Then eyes, ſince you haue loſt your ſight,
vveepe ſtill, and teares ſhall lend you light,
Till both deſolu'd, and both want might.
No, no, cleere eyes, you are not blind,
But in my teares diſcerne my mind:
Teares be the language which you ſpeake,
vvhich my hart wanting, yet muſt breake;
My tongue muſt ceaſe to tell my wrongs,
And make my ſighs to get them tongs,
Yet more then this to her belongs.

## *To* Lucie *Counteſſe of Bedford.*

## Sonet. 57.

GReat Lady, eſſence of my chiefeſt good,
Of the moſt pure and fineſt tempred ſpirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, enobled by thy blood,
vvhich by diſcent true vertue do'ſt inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
vvhich thou by birth tak'ſt from thy gracious mother,
vvhoſe royall minds with equall motion ſtriue,
vvhich moſt in honour ſhall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muſe her ſelfe ſhall taske,
vvhich rain'ſt vpon me thy ſweet golden ſhowers,
And but thy ſelfe, no ſubiect will I aske,
Vpon whoſe praiſe my ſoule ſhall ſpend her powers.
Sweet Lady yet, grace this poore Muſe of mine,
vvhoſe faith, whoſe zeale, whoſe life, whoſe all is thine.

Sonet.

## *To the Lady* Anne Harington.

### Sonet. 58.

MAdam, my words cannot expreſſe my mind,
My zealous kindnes to make knowne to you,
vvhen your deſerts all ſeuerally I find,
In this attempt of me doe claime their due,
Your gracious kindnes that doth claime my hart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each doe claime a part,
And leaue me thus the leaſt part of mine owne:
vvhat ſhould commend your modeſty and wit,
Is by your wit and modeſty commended,
And ſtandeth dumbe, in moſt admiring it,
And where it ſhould begin, it there is ended;
Returning this your prayſes onely due,
And to your ſelfe ſay you are onely you.

## *To Sir* Anthony Cooke.

### Sonet. 59.

VOuchſafe to grace theſe rude vnpoliſh'd rimes,
vvhich but for you had ſlept in ſable night,
And come abroad now in theſe glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the purenes of the light.
But ſith you ſee their deſteny is ſuch,
That in the world their fortune they muſt try,
Perhaps they better ſhall abide the tuch,
vvearing your name their gracious liuery.
Yet theſe mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor trafique further then this happy Clime,
Nor filch from *Portes* nor from *Petrarchs* pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Diuine *Sir Philip*, I auouch thy writ,
I am no Pickpurſe of anothers wit.

FINIS.

# To the excellent Lady *Lucie*, Counteſſe of Bedford.

*Madam, after all the admired wits of this excellent age, which haue laboured in the ſad complaints of faire and vnfortunate* Roſamond, *and by the excellency of inuention, haue ſounded the depth of her ſundry paſſions: I preſent to your Ladiſhip this Epiſtle of hers to* King Henry, *whom I may rather call her louer then beloued. Heere muſt your Ladiſhippe behold variablenes in reſolution: woes conſtantly grounded: laments abruptly broken off: much confidence, no certainty, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers: and many deformed cares, in one vniformed Epiſtle. I ſtriue not to affect ſingularity, yet would faine flie imitation, & proſtrate mine own weaknes to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye muſt modell forth what my pen hath layd together, much would ſhe ſay to a King, much would I ſay to a Counteſſe, but that the method of my Epiſtle muſt conclude the modeſty of hers: which I wiſh may recommend my euer vowed ſeruice to your honour.*

Michaell Drayton.

# * Faultes eſcaped.

IN folio 77, line 14, for T'empeach our famous, read T'enrich our famous.

In folio 85, line 20, for my fame, read my Fanne.

In folio 96, line 17, for one eye, read our eye.